THE
WRITINGS OF MANKIND

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THE ROMAN FORUM

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Authorized Text

THE WRITINGS OF MANKIND

Selections from the Writings of All Ages, with Extensive Historical Notes, Comment and Criticism, Giving the Customs, Habits, Characters; the Arts, Philosophies and Religions, of Those Nations That Have Contributed Most to Civilization

By

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"JOURNEYS THROUGH BOOKLAND", ETC

TWENTY VOLUMES
Illustrated

VOLUME FIVE
GREECE · LATIN



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CHAPTER XXIV

GREEK PHILOSOPHY: PLATO

THE SOPHISTS. Literally, a sophist is merely a wise man, and accordingly we find that Pythagoras, Socrates, and even Plato himself frequently have been referred to as Sophists. They were the teachers of Greece, men of learning, who taught and were paid by their pupils for the instruction. Among the best known of these men were Protagoras, Gorgias and Hippias, each wise in his own way and each having a decided following. Socrates, however, attacked the Sophists with much bitterness and by conclusive arguments placed them in disrepute, especially on account of their charges for instruction. Plato followed in the steps of his master, and by 350 B. C. the Sophists had practically disappeared

from public favor, and the word *sophistry* came to mean a pretension to knowledge rather than real knowledge.

II. Biography of Plato. About 427 B. C. there lived on the island of Aegina, a dependency of Athens, a man of means named Ariston, who claimed descent from Codrus, and his wife, Perictione, who claimed to be of the family of Solon. Probably on the seventh of Thargelion (May) of the year named there was born to this couple a son, whom they named Aristocles, and this boy, who took the surname of Plato, became the greatest philosopher of all time and the greatest master of Greek prose style, if not of prose style altogether.

Coming from such a parentage, a cousin of Critias and a nephew of Charmides, Plato was the typical aristocratic Athenian youth, receiving the education in music and gymnastics which was given to the well-born of that wonderful city, although his training must have been limited somewhat by the difficult position in which Athens was placed by the unfavorable turn then taken by the Peloponnesian War. At an early age he distinguished himself as a gymnast when contending in the Isthmian and Pythian games and wrote poetry which showed facility and wit, although a little later the young man burned all these productions when he fell under the great influence which molded his whole after life.

Plato was only nineteen or twenty years old when he met Socrates, and the friendship

formed at that time lasted till the tragic death of the master and bore fruit in the wonderful writings of the pupil.

The known facts concerning the actual life of Plato are few. It is probable that during the latter half of the Peloponnesian War he took some part in the military campaigns, and when the government of the Thirty Tyrants was first established he was pleased with the outlook. However, a single year of their disastrous rule convinced him to the contrary, and the judicial murder of Socrates disgusted him with all existing forms of government, convincing him that there was no hope for Greece until "either philosophers should become kings or kings philosophers."

During the latter part of the life of Socrates Plato rendered his old master whatever assistance he could, and on the death of the latter he left Athens and went to Megara, traveling extensively thereafter in Greece, Southern Italy, and even Egypt and Northern Africa. Toward the end of this perhaps self-imposed exile he visited the court of Dionysus the Elder in Syracuse, but offending that monarch by his freedom of speech, he narrowly escaped with his life. At the age of forty, or in 387 B. C., he returned to Athens and established the Academy, making Athens the educational center of Greece and creating in that city a university life which continued for eight centuries.

For forty years, or until his death in the year 347 B. C., Plato taught in the Academy,

debating with his favorite pupils the high and lofty questions which the occasion presented, and writing those immortal works of which we still possess almost the entire collection.

III. The Academy. Academus was a mythical Greek hero who was supposed to have revealed to Castor and Pollux the hiding place of their sister Helen. In a western suburb of Athens lay a garden named the Academy in honor of that great hero, and here in an early day a gymnastic school was established. Later Cimon, the son of Miltiades, purchased the tract, adorned it with statues, olive trees and other decorative features and gave it to the public. This became the favorite walk of Socrates and his disciples and later was used by Plato, whose home was in the neighborhood. Thus the followers of Plato soon came to be known as the Academicians, and "academic" philosophy was synonymous with "Platonic."

IV. The Works of Plato. Schleiermacher, the German philosopher, theologian and critic, has arranged the writings of Plato in three divisions on the basis of their subject-matter. and although Grote and other critics have denied that Plato had a preconceived system, the scheme is not a bad one for the student of Plato's works and serves better, perhaps, than any other to show what the great philosopher accomplished. The arrangement of Schleiermacher is as follows:

I. In this class are placed those elementary dialogues which contain the germ of all that

follows, namely, of ideas as the proper object of the study of philosophy, and of logic as the proper instrument. In this group are the *Phaedrus, Lysis, Protagoras, Laches, Charmides, Euthyphro* and *Parmenides,* to which as an appendix he adds the *Apology, Crito, Ion, Hippias Minor, Hipparchus, Minos* and *Alcibiades II.*

2. The second class contains the progressive dialogues which treat of the distinction between common and philosophical knowledge as applied to the two real sciences, namely, physics and ethics. The dialogues placed in this class are *Gorgias, Theaetetus, Meno, Euthydemus, Cratylus, Sophist, Statesman, Symposium, Phaedo* and *Philebus,* with an appendix containing the *Theages, Erastae, Alcibiades I, Menexenus, Hippias Major* and *Clitophon.*

3. The purpose of the constructive dialogues is to unite the practical and speculative ideas of all and carry them to finished conclusions. They are the *Republic, Timaeus* and *Critias,* with an appendix containing the *Laws* and the *Epistles.*

V. PLATO'S PERSONALITY AND HIS LITERARY STYLE. Where we have so little direct knowledge of a man's life and so little that is descriptive of his acts and characteristics, our only means of knowing him intimately comes through his writings. While literary style is not an evidence of character, yet through it character is to a certain extent indicated, and

no discussion of Plato as a writer can be made without considering Plato as a man. For that reason we have given this section its apparently incongruous title.

The *mime* was a simple ancient drama in which scenes from real life were presented in a ridiculous manner, usually accompanied by dialogues written in prose or poetic measure and full of slang, dialect and pithy aphorisms. In Greece there were two great mime writers, Epicharmus and Sophron, who had at the time of Plato obtained great popularity in Athens, the former writing in poetry, the latter in prose. Plato seized upon the mime dialogue in prose first as the means of amusing his friends by a close and humorous study of social events and conversations. Later in his hands it reached a more dignified and substantial form and served as the medium by which he communicated his most profound thought, and in doing so established by his dialogues that new and effective kind of literature which still remains in use.

All but one of the works of Plato which we have mentioned above are in the form of the dialogue and in all but one Socrates is the leading speaker. Practically all of the comprehensive knowledge and the deep speculations of Plato are enunciated through the mouth of his great lay figure, for such Socrates certainly becomes in the later work of his pupil, no matter what may have been his position in the earlier dialogues.



From Painting by Raphael, Vatican, Rome

SCHOOL OF ATHENS

It is safe to say that Plato had mastered all the knowledge of his time and that he thoroughly understood the teachings of his predecessors and was particularly influenced by those of Pythagoras and Socrates. Nevertheless, he gives everything the stamp of his own originality, and his logical arguments, his sane and reasonable conclusions are still so convincing that we are lost in wonder when we think that he was the first to blaze the trail into the density of metaphysics.

He expressed himself in what may be called a faultless prose, clear, refined, vigorous and graceful. Whenever the student finds Plato difficult to read, it is because of the difficulty of thought and not because of any confusion in the medium by which the thought is expressed. He had imagination, too, in a large degree, and this quality gave to his writings a charm and beauty possessed in a greater degree by none. The *Symposium,* or *Banquet,* from which we quoted the concluding incidents in the chapter on Socrates, might well be considered in power, beauty and imaginative truth the highest work of prose fiction ever composed.

Plato was not a dreamer but a man of keen insight, inclined to satirize evil wherever he saw it, yet in general he looked more for beauty in nature than for evil. Yet Plato, idealist as he was, should not be considered as a carefree, glorious being, happy in his philosophy. His shoulders were stooped as with

care, and his eyes were keen and searching, like those which see quite through the deeds of men.

His pupils loved him, and his friends esteemed him highly, yet he had his enemies, who satirized him and the "dandified young men" who flocked to the Academy. The eccentricities of his manner and the extravagance of statement into which his imaginative temperament led him do not stand in the light of our vision, as we can see in him a mind deep enough to analyze the most profound questions of politics or metaphysics and fine enough to detect every shade of physical or moral beauty.

Again, his sympathy with humanity, his knowledge of the emotions and his power in depicting them are practically unrivaled. Says a noted English teacher, "There is nothing in any tragedy, ancient or modern, nothing in poetry or history (with one exception) like the last hours of Socrates in Plato." For a verification of this praise, one has only to read the extracts from *Phaedo* in the chapter on Socrates.

It is true that the work of Plato in his later years is marked by a certain melancholy and disillusionment which was undoubtedly intensified by the changes which time had wrought in his favorite pupils and the tendency of the Greeks to rail at philosophy and scorn the scholar in politics. In those later years Plato was a pathetic figure, but yet there were devoted pupils about him, and many of the

citizens continued to follow his teachings. If something of discouragement and despair tinged his feelings, his work is characterized to the end by the same clear thought and subtle reasoning. He was at the end of a brilliant and noble life, and like the seer that he was, there opened before him a glimpse of the higher life. Murray says, "If a man's life can be valued by what he thinks and what he lives, then Plato must rank among the saints of human history."

The influence which Plato has had, even upon modern thought, is inestimable. Local schools sprang up freely in the centuries immediately following his death; in the works of Cicero, Plutarch, of the Christian Fathers and the earlier scholastics we find traces of him everywhere; the medieval renaissance in Italy and England may be directly attributed to his influence; the modern revival of historical and philosophical learning in Germany has had its inspiration largely from the Greek teacher; while to-day in this country, even, his thought is becoming increasingly important.

Emerson said of Plato:

> Among books, Plato only is entitled to Omar's fanatical compliment to the Koran, when he said, "Burn the libraries; for their value is in this book." These sentences contain the culture of nations; these are the corner-stone of schools; these are the fountain-head of literatures. . . . Every brisk young man, who says in succession fine things to each reluctant generation,—Boëthius, Rabelais, Erasmus, Bruno, Locke, Rousseau, Alfieri, Coleridge,—is some reader of Plato, translating into the vernacular, wittily, his good things.

. . . No wife, no children had he, but the thinkers of all civilized nations are his posterity, and are tinged with his mind.

VI. PLATO'S PHILOSOPHY. To give in a nutshell the philosophy of Plato is an utter impossibility, and even to convey an adequate idea of its many-sidedness within reasonable limits is exceedingly difficult. The most we can hope to attain is a suggestion of various lines of thought, which, perhaps, the reader can carry to a fuller conclusion in the many excellent translations of the immortal dialogues.

There are a few fundamental ideas, however, which may be made reasonably clear. In the first place, Plato gained from Socrates a faith in rational discussion and a confidence that the conclusions obtained thereby were truth; at least, if not absolute verity, they formed a protecting bulwark against egregious error. Clear thought could only be obtained by perfect conceptions and exact definitions of terms used in the discussions, and some of the most entertaining passages in the dialogues show Socrates convicting poets, scholars and politicians of loose generalizations and a fluent use of words which they could not exactly define. This system of dialectics, or critical examination of concepts, in the hands of these great masters placed even brilliant scholars at their mercy. They followed the methods which later on Aristotle reduced to systematic form, and established thereby the logic of all time. In the second place, Plato taught that it was

not sufficient for the various human arts and sciences to be placed strictly upon a scientific basis, but that also the whole art of personal life and conduct should be made amenable to the same strict rules. The positive and concrete application of this idea is set forth in the *Republic,* of which we shall speak at greater length hereafter. While Plato's system of ethics, then, was based upon abstract logic, it was redeemed and made convincing to the popular mind by his devout faith in the moral integrity of the universe, his imaginative use of poetical myth, his belief in immortality and the certainty of God's judgment.

Plato's writings cannot be called atheistic, although his idea of the Deity may be vague and unsatisfactory, and the interpretations which later writers have placed upon some of his rather mystic ideas have given strength to the notion that he countenanced not only a disbelief in the polytheism of his nation, but failed to find a satisfactory substitute, and that some of his teachings could only result in a somewhat fantastic immorality. None of these ideas, however, are prevalent to-day.

Thus far we have omitted mention of what may perhaps be considered the keynote or fundamental principle of all Plato's philosophy. This may be said to be contained in his theory of Ideas. Plato believed in an eternal and self-existent cause, the origin of all things. From this divine being emanate not only the immortal souls of men, but the entire universe,

into all parts and portions of which the divine spirit enters. Those things which we see or touch or learn through our senses have no existence in themselves, but are mere fleeting emanations of the divine idea. This flower, this rock, this man are not the real form, but the perishable copy of the divine idea which exists forever in changeless unity and which is the only real source of knowledge. Thus it follows that knowledge is innate; in other words, that we are born with a full and complete strength of knowledge acquired by the soul before birth, when it was able to contemplate with its spiritual eye the real ideas: our present ideas are but mere recollections of the eternal ones with which the soul came in contact before birth. Such a doctrine seems to conflict with common sense, and indications show that Plato was aware of this; but metaphysics is not always common sense, and most thinkers are loath to assert that ultimate realities are nearer akin to the object perceived by the senses than to our conceptions of them.

When we *learn,* then, we merely *collect again* (that is, recollect) the ideas of a previous state through the suggestions, more or less imperfect, of existent things. For instance, no two things are absolutely and perfectly equal, but the idea of equality persists in our recollection, and the imperfect examples which we see suggest to us the knowledge of it. Plato demonstrates this in his *Meno,* in which he shows that an ignorant boy may be caused to form

difficult conceptions in mathematics without the use of any measure but skillful questioning. Carrying this theory still farther and into the spiritual world, he develops his high standards of morality and goodness which manifest themselves outwardly in temperance, justice and purity.

Space does not permit us to speak at any greater length of these things, but we will close our chapter with a few commentaries upon particular writings, and with some extracts from them.

VII. CONTRASTING THE LAWYER AND THE PHILOSOPHER. The reader will find several extracts from Plato in the chapter on Socrates, and these, combined with what we give in this chapter, however inadequate to expound the philosophy of the great Athenian, should be sufficient to give a very fair idea of his mode of thought, method of reasoning and literary style.

In this selection, Socrates is represented as speaking to Theodorus and contrasting the lawyer and the philosopher:

But the lawyer is always in a hurry; there is the water of the clepsydra driving him on, and not allowing him to expatiate at will; and there is his adversary standing over him, enforcing his rights; the affidavit, which in their phraseology is termed the brief, is recited; and from this he must not deviate. He is a servant, and is disputing about a fellow-servant before his master, who is seated, and has the cause in his hands; the trial is never about some indifferent matter, but always concerns himself; and often he has to run for his life. The

consequence has been that he has become keen and shrewd; he has learned how to flatter his master in word and indulge him in deed; but his soul is small and unrighteous. His slavish condition has deprived him of growth and uprightness and independence; dangers and fears, which were too much for his truth and honesty, came upon him in early years, when the tenderness of youth was unequal to them, and he has been driven into crooked ways; from the first he has practiced deception and retaliation, and has become stunted. And so he has passed out of youth into manhood, having no soundness in him; and is now, as he thinks, a master in wisdom.

I will illustrate my meaning, Theodorus, by the jest which the clever, witty Thracian handmaid made about Thales, when he fell into a well as he was looking up at the stars. She said, that he was so eager to know what was going on in heaven, that he could not see what was before his feet. This is a jest which is equally applicable to all philosophers. For the philosopher is wholly unacquainted with his next-door neighbor; he is ignorant, not only of what he is doing, but whether he is or is not a human creature; he is searching into the essence of man, and is unwearied in discovering what belongs to such a nature to do or suffer different from any other.

And thus, on every occasion, private as well as public, as I said at first, when he appears in a law-court, or in any place in which he has to speak of things which are at his feet, and before his eyes, he is the jest, not only of Thracian handmaids, but of the general herd, tumbling into wells and every sort of disaster through his inexperience. He looks such an awkward creature, and conveys the impression that he is stupid. When he is reviled, he has nothing personal to say in answer to the civilities of his adversaries, for he knows no scandals of any one, and they do not interest him; and therefore he is laughed at for his sheepishness; and when others are being praised and glorified, he cannot help laughing very sincerely in the simplicity of his heart; and this again makes him look like a fool. . . .

Such are the two characters, Theodorus: the one of the philosopher or gentleman, who may be excused for appearing simple and useless when he has to perform some menial office, such as packing up a bag, or flavoring a sauce or fawning speech; the other, of the man who is able to do every kind of service smartly and neatly, but knows not how to wear his cloak like a gentleman; still less does he acquire the music of speech or hymn the true life which is lived by immortals or men blessed of heaven.

VIII. On Love. In the following extract, which is taken from the *Banquet*, Plato discourses upon the subject of love. He has already given some account of his interview with Diotima, in which she has explained how love is the desire for immortality and beauty and how beauty of the soul is greater than beauty of the body. Then it is intimated that that which is to follow is a more unusual and advanced revelation. The use which Plato makes of the word *love* is a little hard for us to understand, as it seems to cover respect, friendship, affection, love and passion as we understand the terms; and there are passages in the dialogues which appear revolting to a modern reader, though it must be remembered that during the time of the trial Socrates was never accused of any immorality himself or of teaching it to his pupils.

"Your own meditation, O Socrates, might perhaps have initiated you in all these things which I have already taught you on the subject of Love. But those perfect and sublime ends to which these are only the means, I know not that you would have been competent

to discover. I will declare them, therefore, and will render them as intelligible as possible: do you meanwhile strain all your attention to trace the obscure depth of the subject. He who aspires to love rightly, ought from his earliest youth to seek an intercourse with beautiful forms, and first to make a single form the object of his love, and therein to generate intellectual excellences. He ought, then, to consider that beauty in whatever form it resides is the brother of that beauty which subsists in another form; and if he ought to pursue that which is beautiful in form, it would be absurd to imagine that beauty is not one and the same thing in all forms, and would therefore remit much of his ardent preference towards one, through his perception of the multitude of claims upon his love. In addition, he would consider the beauty which is in souls more excellent than that which is in form. So that one endowed with an admirable soul, even though the flower of the form were withered, would suffice him as the object of his love and care, and the companion with whom he might seek and produce such conclusions as tend to the improvement of youth; so that it might be led to observe the beauty and the conformity which there is in the observation of its duties and the laws, and to esteem little the mere beauty of the outward form. He would then conduct his pupil to science, so that he might look upon the loveliness of wisdom; and that contemplating thus the universal beauty, no longer would he unworthily and meanly enslave himself to the attractions of one form in love, nor one subject of discipline or science, but would turn towards the wide ocean of intellectual beauty, and from the sight of the lovely and majestic forms which it contains, would abundantly bring forth his conceptions in philosophy; until, strengthened and confirmed, he should at length steadily contemplate one science, which is the science of this universal beauty.

"Attempt, I entreat you, to mark what I say with as keen an observation as you can. He who has been disciplined to this point in Love, by contemplating beauti-

ful objects gradually, and in their order, now arriving at the end of all that concerns Love, on a sudden beholds a beauty wonderful in its nature. This is it, O Socrates, for the sake of which all the former labors were endured. It is eternal, unproduced, indestructible; neither subject to increase nor decay: not, like other things, partly beautiful and partly deformed; not at one time beautiful and at another time not; not beautiful in relation to one thing and deformed in relation to another; not here beautiful and there deformed; not beautiful in the estimation of one person and deformed in that of another; nor can this supreme beauty be figured to the imagination like a beautiful face, or beautiful hands, or any portion of the body, nor like any discourse, nor any science. Nor does it subsist in any other that lives or is, either in earth, or in heaven, or in any other place; but it is eternally uniform and consistent, and monoeidic with itself. All other things are beautiful through a participation of it, with this condition, that although they are subject to production and decay, it never becomes more or less, or endures any change. When any one, ascending from a correct system of Love, begins to contemplate this supreme beauty, he already touches the consummation of his labor. For such as discipline themselves upon this system, or are conducted by another beginning to ascend through these transitory objects which are beautiful, towards that which is beauty itself, proceeding as on steps from the love of one form to that of two, and from that of two, to that of all forms which are beautiful; and from beautiful forms to beautiful habits and institutions, and from institutions to beautiful doctrines; until, from the meditation of many doctrines, they arrive at that which is nothing else than the doctrine of the supreme beauty itself, in the knowledge and contemplation of which at length they repose.

"Such a life as this, my dear Socrates," exclaimed the stranger Prophetess, "spent in the contemplation of the beautiful, is the life for men to live; which if you chance ever to experience, you will esteem far beyond

gold and rich garments, and even those lovely persons whom you and many others now gaze on with astonishment, and are prepared neither to eat nor drink so that you may behold and live for ever with these objects of your love! What then shall we imagine to be the aspect of the supreme beauty itself, simple, pure, uncontaminated with the intermixture of human flesh and colors, and all other idle and unreal shapes attendant on mortality; the divine, the original, the supreme, the monoeidic beautiful itself? What must be the life of him who dwells with and gazes on that which it becomes us all to seek? Think you not that to him alone is accorded the prerogative of bringing forth, not images and shadows of virtue, for he is in contact not with a shadow but with reality; with virtue itself, in the production and nourishment of which he becomes dear to the gods, and if such a privilege is conceded to any human being, himself immortal."

IX. EXTRACTS FROM THE "APOLOGY." The only one of the works of Plato which is not in dialogue form is the *Apology,* which consists of a long speech put into the mouth of Socrates to voice his defense of the charges which had been made against him. Rather, the *Apology* is three speeches, the first of which is represented as delivered before the verdict, the second after the verdict and before the sentence, and the third after the sentence of death. We quote the third:

You have hastened matters a little, men of Athens, but for that little gain you will be called the murderers of Socrates the Wise by all who want to find fault with the city. For those who wish to reproach you will insist that I am wise, though I may not be so. Had you but waited a little longer, you would have found this happen of itself: for you can see how old I am, far on in life,

with death at hand. In this I am not speaking to all of you, but only to those who have sentenced me to death. And to them I will say one thing more. It may be, gentlemen, that you imagine I have been convicted for lack of arguments by which I could have convinced you, had I thought it right to say and do anything in order to escape punishment. Far from it. No; convicted I have been, for lack of—not arguments, but audacity and impudence, and readiness to say what would have been a delight for you to hear, lamenting and bewailing my position, saying and doing all kinds of things unworthy of myself, as I consider, but such as you have grown accustomed to hear from others. I did not think it right then to behave through fear unlike a free-born man, and I do not repent now of my defense; I would far rather die after that defense than live upon your terms. As in war, so in a court of justice, not I nor any man should scheme to escape death by any and every means. Many a time in battle it is plain the soldier could avoid death if he flung away his arms and turned to supplicate his pursuers, and there are many such devices in every hour of danger for escaping death, if we are prepared to say and do anything whatever. But, sirs, it may be that the difficulty is not to flee from death, but from guilt. Guilt is swifter than death. And so it is that I, who am slow and old, have been caught by the slower-paced, and my accusers, who are clever and quick, by the quick-footed, by wickedness. And now I am to go away, under sentence of death from you: but on them truth has passed sentence of unrighteousness and injustice. I abide by the decision, and so must they. Perhaps indeed, it had to be just so: and I think it is very well.

And now that that is over I desire to prophesy to you, you who have condemned me. For now I have come to the time when men can prophesy—when they are to die. I say to you, you who have killed me, punishment will fall on you immediately after my death, far heavier for you to bear—I call God to witness!—than your punishment of me. For you have done this thinking

to escape the need of giving any account of your lives: but exactly the contrary will come to pass, and so I tell you. Those who will call you to account will be more numerous,—I have kept them back till now, and you have not noticed them,—and they will be the harder to bear inasmuch as they are younger, and you will be troubled all the more. For if you think that by putting men to death you can stop every one from blaming you for living as you should not live, I tell you you are mistaken; that way of escape is neither feasible nor noble; the noblest way, and the easiest, is not to maim others, but to fit ourselves for righteousness. That is the prophecy I give to you who have condemned me, and so I leave you.

But with those who have acquitted me I should be glad to talk about this matter, until the Archons are at leisure and I go to the place where I am to die. So I will ask you, gentlemen, to stay with me for the time. There is no reason why we should not talk together while we can, and tell each other our dreams. I would like to show you, as my friends, what can be the meaning of this that has befallen me. A wonderful thing, my judges,—for I may call you judges, and not call you amiss,—a wonderful thing has happened to me. The warning that comes to me, my spiritual sign, has always in all my former life been most incessant, and has opposed me in most trifling matters, whenever I was about to act amiss; and now there has befallen me, as you see yourselves, what might really be thought, as it is thought, the greatest of all evils. And yet, when I left my home in the morning, the signal from God was not against me, nor when I came up here into the court, nor in my speech, whatever I was about to say; and yet at other times it has often stopped me in the very middle of what I was saying; but never once in this matter has it opposed me in any word or deed. What do I suppose to be the reason? I will tell you. This that has befallen me is surely good, and it cannot possibly be that we are right in our opinion, those of us who hold that death is an evil. A great proof

of this has come to me: it cannot but be that the well-known signal would have stopped me, unless what I was going to meet was good.

Let us look at it in this way too, and we shall find much hope that it is so. Death must be one of two things: either it is to have no consciousness at all of anything whatever, or else, as some say, it is a kind of change and migration of the soul from this world to another. Now if there is no consciousness at all, and it is like sleep when the sleeper does not dream, I say there would be a wonderful gain in death. For I am sure if any man were to take that night in which he slept so deeply that he saw no dreams, and put beside it all the other nights and days of his whole life, and compare them, and say how many of them all were better spent or happier than that one night,—I am sure that not the ordinary man alone, but the King of Persia himself, would find them few to count. If death is of this nature I would consider it a gain; for the whole of time would seem no longer than one single night. But if it is a journey to another land, if what some say is true and all the dead are really there, if this is so, my judges, what greater good could there be? If a man were to go to the House of Death, and leave all these self-styled judges to find the true judges there, who, so it is said, give justice in that world, —Minos and Rhadamanthus, Aeacus and Triptolemus, and all the sons of the gods who have done justly in this life,—would that journey be ill to take? Or to meet Orpheus and Musaeus, Hesiod and Homer, what would you give for that, any of you? I would give a hundred deaths if it is true. And for me especially it would be a wonderful life there, if I met Palamedes, and Ajax, the son of Telamon, or any of the men of old who died by an unjust decree: to compare my experience with theirs would be full of pleasure, surely, And best of all, to go on still with the men of that world as with the men of this, inquiring and questioning and learning who is wise among them, and who may think he is, but is not. How much would one give, my judges, to question the hero

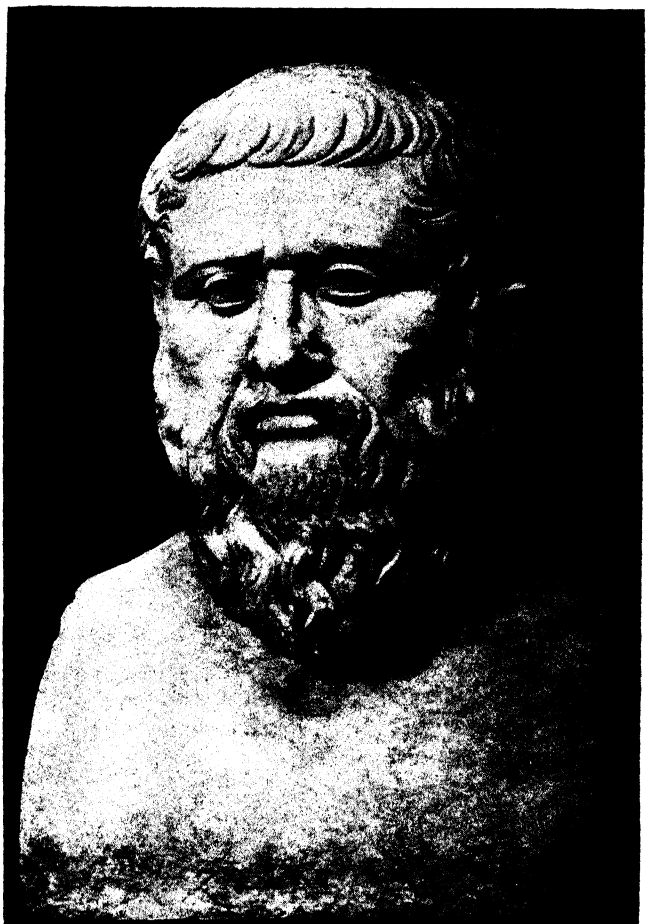
who led the host at Troy, or Odysseus, or Sisyphus, or any of the countless men and women I could name? To talk with them there, and live with them, and question them, would be happiness unspeakable. Certainly there they will not put one to death for that; they are far happier in all things than we of this world, and they are immortal for evermore,—if what some say is true.

And you too, my judges, must think of death with hope, and remember this at least is true, that no evil can come to a good man in life or death, and that he is not forgotten of God; what has come to me now has not come by chance, but it is clear to me that it was better for me to die and be quit of trouble. That is why the signal never came to turn me back, and I cannot say that I am altogether angry with my accusers and those who have condemned me. Yet it was not with that intention that they condemned and accused me; they meant to do me harm, and they are to be blamed for that. This much, however, I will ask of them. When my sons come of age, sirs, will you reprove them and trouble them as I troubled you, if you think they care for money or anything else more than righteousness? And if they seem to be something when they are really nothing, reproach them as I reproached you for not seeking what they need, and for thinking they are somewhat when they are worth nothing. And if you do this, we shall have received justice at your hands, my sons and I.

But now it is time for us to go, I to death, and you to life; and which of us goes to the better state is known to none but God.

X. From the "Phaedrus." The following is a brief extract from the long conversation which deals with the art of letters and public speaking:

Socrates. It being admitted that the efficacy of speech is to win men's souls, it follows of necessity that the intended speaker must be acquainted with all kinds of



From Bust in Vatican, Rome

PLATO
427–347 B. C.

THE GREAT PHILOSOPHER.

soul that exist. Now of these kinds there are a certain number, each being of a certain sort; whence result different characters in different individuals. And this division being established, there are again a certain number of kinds of speeches, each of a certain character. Persons, therefore, of a certain character are by speeches of a certain character easily persuaded for certain reasons into certain things, while persons of a different character are under the same circumstances hard to be persuaded. These distinctions, then, must be competently understood; but even when understood, our speaker must be able to follow them rapidly with his perceptive faculties, as they fall under his notice in the course and operation of daily life, or as yet he knows no more of his art than the mere speeches he used to hear from his master at school. But when he is in a condition to say what sort of man is likely to be persuaded by what sort of speech, and on meeting with an individual in the world, is able to read his character at a glance, and say to himself, Here is the man, and here the nature, for which I heard those speeches from my master, now actually present before me; him, therefore, I must address with this sort of speech, in this sort of manner, if I mean to persuade him to this sort of thing—when, I say, he is possessed of all this knowledge, and has learnt, moreover, the proper time for speaking, and the proper time for being silent, and has further learnt to distinguish between the seasonable and unseasonable use of the style sententious, the style pathetic, the style indignant, and all your other styles of speaking in which he has been instructed, then, I maintain, and not till then, is his art wrought into a beautiful and a perfect work. But if he omit any of these requisites, whether in writing, or teaching, or speaking, while he professes to be performing his work scientifically, the hearer who refuses to be persuaded achieves a victory over him. But, Phaedrus, but, Socrates—we shall doubtless hear from our friend the treatise-writer—is this to be your sole art of speaking, or may we put up with one conducted on somewhat different principles?

Phaedrus. None other, I take it, Socrates, can possibly be allowed, and yet this of yours appears no slight undertaking.

Soc. True, Phaedrus, it is not slight. And for this reason we ought to turn over all their writings again and again, to see whether there be found anywhere an easier and a briefer road to the art, in order that we may not uselessly travel on a long and rough one when we might go by one both smooth and short. So if you have ever heard of anything available for our purpose, either from Lysias, or any other teacher, make an effort to remember and tell it me.

Phaed. If the effort were sufficient, Socrates, I should be able to do so; as it is, I can remember nothing at the moment.

Soc. What say you then to my repeating a statement which I have heard from certain gentlemen who handle the subject?

Phaed. I should like it of all things.

Soc. Well, the saying is, you know, Phaedrus, that it's fair to state even the wolf's cause.

Phaed. It is, and do you comply with it.

Soc. I will. They tell me there is no need in the world to treat the matter so solemnly, or to carry it back to so remote a source, by such long meanderings. For there is not the slightest occasion—this we also mentioned at the beginning of our argument—for people, intending to be competent speakers, to have anything at all to do with the truth, about actions just or good, or about men who are such either by nature or education. For in courts of justice, they say, no one troubles himself in the least degree with the truth of these matters, but only with what is plausible, that is to say, with what is likely; to this, therefore, you must give all your attention if you mean to speak by rule of art. Nay, there are occasions when you must not even state facts as they have actually happened, if the story be improbable, but only such as are likely, whether in accusation or defense. And, in short, in whatever you say, it is the

probable that you must chiefly aim at, and pay no regard at all to the true. For the observance of this, throughout your speech, will supply you with the entire art.

Phaed. Yes, Socrates, this is exactly the language employed by our professed masters in the art of speaking. I remember, that in the early part of our conversation, we did slightly touch upon this sort of principle, and that this is held to be of paramount importance by the gentlemen of the profession.

Soc. Nay, Phaedrus, I'm sure you have read over and over again the great Tisias himself. So let Tisias tell us in person whether he means anything else by the probable, than what accords with the opinion of the many.

Phaed. What else can I? answers Tisias.

Soc. On the strength then, I suppose, of this sapient and scientific discovery, he proceeds to announce, that if a weak, but courageous man, is brought to trial for having knocked down and robbed of his clothes, or purse, a strong and cowardly one, neither accuser nor accused is to tell the truth to the judges, but the coward is to say that the other had assistance when he knocked him down; while the brave man must first prove the fact of their being alone, and then, appealing to their favorite probable, exclaim, Why, how could a man like myself have ever thought of attacking a man like that? But the other, you may be sure, is not to plead his own cowardice, but rather essay some fresh falsehood, which will, perhaps, supply his adversary with the means of refuting the accusation. And so, whatever be the matter on hand, this, he says, is the style of pleading warranted by art. Is it not so, Phaedrus?

Phaed. It is.

Soc. Recondite truly is the art, and wonderful the skill of its inventor, be he Tisias, or who he may, and whatever be the name he delights to be called by. But, Phaedrus, shall we answer him or not?

Phaed. With what?

Soc. With this. Long before you joined our conversation, Tisias, we chanced to observe, that this vaunted probability of yours only made itself felt in the minds of the many, by virtue of its resemblance to the truth. And we have since proved, that in all cases the various shades of resemblance are best detected by the man who is best acquainted with the truth in question. So that, if you have anything else to say on the art of speaking, we shall be delighted to hear it; if not, we will abide by our previous position, that unless a speaker has reckoned up the different natures of his hearers, and is able both to separate things into their several kinds, and embrace particulars under one general idea, he will never reach that highest point of excellence in the art which is attainable by the power of man. But this knowledge he can never possibly acquire without great labor; labor which the wise man ought to bestow, not with a view to speaking and acting before the world, but for the sake of making himself able, both by word and deed, to please the gods as best he can. For verily, Tisias, so speak wiser men than you or I, it behooves not the reasonable man to study pleasing fellow-bondsmen, save only if he may in passing, but masters good, and of good descent. If, therefore, our circuit be a long one, marvel not; for it is for the sake of high ends that we have to make it, and not for such as you conceive. Still, even yours, as our argument proves, may be best attained, if you choose to derive them from our source.

Phaed. The ends you speak of, Socrates, are very glorious, I know, if a man could but attain to them.

Soc. But surely, my friend, if the ends be glorious, all that befalls us in seeking them is glorious also?

Phaed. Indeed it is.

Soc. So far, then, as regards the scientific and unscientific treatment of discourse: let this suffice.

Phaed. And well it may.

Soc. But the question of propriety and impropriety in writing, and how to make a composition graceful or inelegant, remains to be considered. Does it not?

Phaed. Yes.

Soc. Are you aware, Phaedrus, by what conduct or language, with respect to speaking, a man will please God best?

Phaed. Not at all;—are you?

Soc. At any rate I can tell you a story of the ancients on the subject. Whether it be true or not, they know themselves; but if haply *we* could find the truth, could we possibly, think you, pay heed any longer to the opinions of men?

Phaed. That would be indeed ridiculous; but pray tell me the story you say you have heard.

Soc. Well, I heard that in the neighborhood of Naucratis, in Egypt, there lived one of the ancient gods of that country; the same to whom that holy bird is consecrated which they call, as you know, Ibis, and whose own name was Theuth. He, they proceed, was the first to invent numbers and arithmetic, and geometry and astronomy; draughts moreover, and dice, and, above all, letters. Now the whole of Egypt was at that time under the sway of Thamus, who resided near the capital city of the upper region, which the Greeks call Egyptian Thebes. The god himself they called Ammon. To him, therefore, Theuth repaired; and, displaying his inventions, recommended their general diffusion among the Egyptians. The King asked him the use of each, and received his explanations, as he thought them good or bad, with praise or censure. Now on each of the arts Thamus is reported to have said a great deal to Theuth, both in its favor and disfavor. It would take a long story to repeat it all. But when they came to the letters, Theuth began: "This invention, O King, will make the Egyptians wiser, and better able to remember, it being a medicine which I have discovered both for memory and wisdom." The King replied: "Most ingenious Theuth, one man is capable of giving birth to an art, another of estimating the amount of good or harm it will do to those who are intended to use it. And so now you, as being the father of letters, have ascribed to them, in your fondness, exactly

the reverse of their real effects. For this invention of yours will produce forgetfulness in the minds of those who learn it, by causing them to neglect their memory, inasmuch as, from their confidence in writing, they will recollect by the external aid of foreign symbols, and not by the internal use of their own faculties. Your discovery, therefore, is a medicine not for memory, but for recollection,—for recalling to, not for keeping in mind. And you are providing for your disciples a show of wisdom without the reality. For, acquiring by your means much information unaided by instruction, they will appear to possess much knowledge, while, in fact, they will, for the most part, know nothing at all; and, moreover, be disagreeable people to deal with, as having become wise in their own conceit, instead of truly wise."

Phaed. You possess a facility, Socrates, for making up tales of Egypt, or any other strange country you please.

Soc. We are told, my friend, that the voice of an oak, in the holy ground of Zeus of Dodona, was the first ever gifted with prophecy. The men of these days, not being clever like you moderns, were content, in their simplicity, to listen to an oak or a stone, if only it spake the truth. But to you, it seems, it makes a difference who the speaker is, and from what country he comes; you do not merely consider whether the fact be, or be not, as he states it.

Phaed. Your reproof is just. And I believe the truth, with regard to letters, to be as the Theban pronounces.

XI. THE "REPUBLIC." The *Laws* is a long and learned philosophical treatise on laws in the abstract and the laws of Athens in particular. It was written late in Plato's life, and shows the extent of his legal learning.

Plato was many years in working out his most elaborate treatise, the *Republic*. It begins with a humorous dialogue on righteousness between Socrates and one of his followers, but soon drifts into the serious expounding of

Plato's ideal of a city and its government. In the ideal city the chief end of government is not that an individual or a faction may rule, not that men may multiply wealth and indulge in pleasures as they will, but that complete harmony and order should exist, all for the true happiness of the individual, whatever his rank. The chief means to this end is a rigid justice based upon the faculties of the human mind; that is to say, that the city should be like a man with evenly-balanced labor and rewards. As the faculties of soul group themselves into three classes—the appetites and desires; the emotions and passions; the ruling power, reason—so the population of a city may be separated into three corresponding groups, the industrial class, the military class and the governing class. Membership in these classes is not dependent on the birth of the individual, except in so far as birth gives aptitude. The rulers or governing part of the population are the embodiment of the reason of the community, and are selected from among the military class by rigid tests. That the ruling class may be wholly disinterested in their management of affairs, they are not to be allowed to hold any property, and wives and children belong to them in common and not to individuals. In order to become proficient in the art of governing, the customary education in music and gymnastics is not sufficient, but the young must receive instruction and training in mathematics, astronomy and the art of discourse.

When we say that an ideal republic or city, such as Plato has in mind, involves the equalizing of the sexes, the abolition of marriage, the devotion of the whole state to the causes of education, to socialism and communism, we may in a large measure state facts, but the characteristics we have mentioned when presented by Plato have a spirit and meaning that make them seem feasible and altogether charming. That spirit, however, can only be obtained by reading the work in its entirety, and many a person who is not interested in Plato's abstract philosophy or his ethics may see in the author of the *Republic* an inspired preacher and prophet, whose words it is a delight to read.

Merely because it is interesting in itself and charmingly told, we quote the mythical story of Erus as it appears in the last few pages of the tenth and final book of the *Republic:*

But, however, I will not, said I, tell you the apologue of Alcinus, but that, indeed, of a brave man, Erus the son of Armenius, by descent a Pamphilian, who happening on a time to die in battle, when the dead were on the tenth day carried off, already all corrupted, he was taken up sound, and being carried home, as he was about to be buried on the twelfth day, when laid on the funeral pile, he revived, and being revived, he told what he saw in the other state, and said: That after his soul went out, it went with many others, and that they came to a certain region of spirits, where there were two gulfs in the earth, near to one another, and other two openings in the heavens, opposite to them, and that the judges sat between these. And when they gave judgment, they commanded the just to go to the right hand, and upwards through the heaven, fixing before them the accounts of

the judgment pronounced; but the unjust they commanded to the left, and downwards, and these likewise had behind them the accounts of all they had done. But on his coming before the judges, they said it behoved him to be a messenger to men concerning things there, and they commanded him to hear, and to contemplate everything in the place. And that he saw here, through two openings, one of the heaven and one of the earth, the souls going away, after they were there judged; and through the other two openings he saw, rising through the one out of the earth, souls full of squalidness and dust; and through the other he saw other souls descending pure from heaven; and that always on their arrival, they seemed to come off a long journey, and that they gladly went to rest themselves in the meadow, as in a public assembly, and saluted one another, such as were of acquaintance, and that these who rose out of the earth, asked the others concerning the things above, and those from heaven asked them concerning the things below, and that they told one another: those wailing and weeping whilst they called to mind what and how many things they suffered and saw in their journey under earth (for it was a journey of a thousand years), and that these again from heaven explained their enjoyments and spectacles of inexpressible beauty. To narrate many of them, Glauco, would take much time; but this, he said, was the sum, whatever pieces of injustice any had committed, and how many soever any one had injured, they were punished for all these separately tenfold, and that it was in each, according to the rate of an hundred years, the life of man being considered as so long, that they might suffer tenfold punishment of the injustice they had done. So that if any one had put any to death, either by betraying cities, or armies, or bringing men into slavery, or being confederates in any other wickedness, for each of all these they reaped tenfold sufferings; and if, again, they had benefited any by good deeds, and had been just and holy, they reaped what was worthy, according to these actions. Of those who died very young, and lived

but a little time, he told what is not worth relating in respect of other things. But of impiety and piety towards the gods, and parents, and of suicide, he told the more remarkable retributions. For he said he was present when one was asked by another where the great Aridaeus was? This Aridaeus had been tyrant in a certain city of Pamphylia a thousand years before that time, and had killed his aged father and his elder brother, and had done many other unhallowed deeds, as it was reported. And he said the one who was asked, replied: He neither comes, said he, nor ever will come hither. For we then surely saw this likewise among other dreadful spectacles, when we were near the mouth of the opening, and were about to come up after having suffered all our sufferings, we beheld both him on a sudden, and others likewise, the most of whom were tyrants, and some private persons who had committed great iniquity, whom, when they imagined they were to get up, the mouth of the opening did not admit, but bellowed when any of those who were so polluted with wickedness, or who had not been sufficiently punished, made an attempt to ascend. And then, said he, fierce men, and all of fire to look at, standing by and understanding the bellowing, took them and led them apart, Aridaeus and the rest, binding their hands and their feet, and thrusting down their head, and pulling off their skin, dragged them to an outer road, tearing them on thorns, declaring always to those who passed by, on what accounts they suffered these things, and that they were carrying them to be thrown into Tartarus. And hence, he said, that amidst all their various terrors, this terror surpassed, lest the mouth should bellow, and that when it was silent, every one most gladly ascended. And that the punishments and torments were such as these, and their rewards were the reverse of these. And that every one, after they had been seven days in the meadow, arising thence, it behoved them to depart on the eighth day, and arrive at another place on the fourth day after, from whence they perceived from above, through the whole heaven and earth, a light stretched as a pillar,

mostly resembling the rainbow, but more bright, and pure. At which they arrived in one day's journey, and thence they perceived through the middle of the light from heaven, the extremities of its ligatures extended: for that this light was the belt of heaven, like the transverse beams of ships in like manner keeping the whole circumference united. And that from the extremities hung the distaff of necessity, by which all the revolutions were turned round, whose spindle, and point, were both of adamant, but its whirl mixed of this and of other things, and that the nature of the whirl was of such a kind, as to its figure, as is any one we see here. And you must conceive it, from what he said, to be of such a kind as this. As if in some great hollow whirl, carved throughout, there was such another, but lesser within it, fitted to it, like casks fitted one within another, and in the same manner a third, and a fourth, and other four, for that the whirls were eight in all, as circles one within another, having their lips appearing upwards, and forming round the spindle one united convexity of one whirl; and that the spindle was driven through the middle of the eight; and that the first and outmost whirl had the widest circumference in the lip, that the sixth had the second wide, and that of the fourth is the third wide, and the fourth wide that of the eighth, and the fifth wide that of the seventh, the sixth wide that of the fifth, and the seventh wide that of the third, and the eighth wide that of the second. And that that of the largest is variegated, that of the seventh is the brightest, and that of the eighth hath its color from the shining of the seventh, that of the second and fifth like to one another, more yellow than those others. But the third hath the whitest color, the fourth reddish; the second in whiteness surpassing the sixth, and that the distaff must turn round in a circle with the whole it carries, and whilst the whole is turning round, the seven inner circles are gently turned round in a contrary motion to the whole. And that of these, the eighth moves the swiftest, and next to it, and equal to one another, the seventh, the sixth and the fifth; and that

the third went in a motion which as appeared to them completed its circle in the same way as the fourth. The fourth in swiftness was the third, and the fifth was the second, and it was turned round on the knees of necessity. And that on each of its circles there was seated a Siren on the upper side carried round, and uttering her voice in one monotone, but that the whole of them being eight, composed one harmony. That there were other three sitting round at equal distance one from another, each on a throne, the daughters of necessity, the Fates, in white vestments, and having crowns on their heads; Lachesis, and Clotho, and Atropos, singing to the harmony of the Sirens, Lachesis singing the past, Clotho the present, and Atropos the future. And that Clotho, at certain intervals, with her right hand laid hold of the spindle, and along with her mother turned about the outer circle; and Atropos, in like manner, turned the inner ones with her left hand; and that Lachesis touched both of these severally with either hand. After they arrive here, it behoves them to go directly to Lachesis. That then a certain prophet first of all ranges them in order, and then taking the lots, and the models of lives, from the knees of Lachesis, and ascending a lofty tribunal, he says: "The speech of virgin Lachesis, the daughter of necessity; souls of a day! The beginning of another period of men of mortal race. The daemon shall not receive you as his lot, but you shall choose the daemon: he who draws the first, let him first make choice of a life, to which he must of necessity adhere: virtue is independent which every one shall partake of, more or less, according as he honors, or dishonors her: the cause is in himself, who makes the choice, and God is blameless." And that when he had said these things, he threw on all of them the lots, and that each took up the one which fell beside him, and that he was allowed to take no other than it. And that when he had taken it, he knew what number he had drawn. That after this he placed on the ground before them, the models of lives many more than those we see at present. And that they were of every kind.

For three were lives of all sorts of animals, and human lives of every kind. And that among these, there were tyrannies also, some of them perpetual, and others destroyed in the midst of their greatness, and ending in poverty, banishment, and want. That there were also lives of renowned men, some for their appearance as to beauty, strength, and agility; and others renowned for their descent and the virtues of their ancestors. There were the lives of renowned women in the same manner. But that there was no disposition of soul among these models, because, of necessity, on choosing a different life it becometh different itself. As to other things, riches and poverty, sickness and health, they were mixed with one another, and some were in a middle station between these. There, then, as appears, friend Glauco, is the whole danger of man. And, on these accounts, this, of all things, is most to be studied, in what manner every one of us, omitting other studies, shall become an inquirer and learner in this study, if by any means he be able to learn and find out who shall make him expert and intelligent to discern a good life and a bad; and to choose everywhere, and at all times, the best of what is possible, considering all the things now mentioned, both compounded and separated from one another, what they are with respect to the virtue of life. And to understand what good or evil beauty operates when mixed with poverty, or riches, and with this or the other habit of soul; and what is operated by noble and ignoble descent, by privacy, and by public station, by strength and weakness, docility and indocility, and everything else of the kind which naturally pertains to the soul, and likewise of what is acquired when blended one with another; so as to be able from all these things to compute, and having an eye to the nature of the soul, to comprehend both the worse and the better life, pronouncing that to be the worse which shall lead the soul to become more unjust, and that to be the better life which shall lead it to become more just, and to dismiss every other consideration. For we have seen that in life and in death this is the best choice.

But it is necessary that one have this opinion firm as an adamant in him, when he goes into the other world, in order that there also he may be unmoved with riches, or any such evils, and may not, stumbling into tyrannies, and other such practices, do many and incurable mischiefs, and himself suffer still greater; but may understand to choose always the middle life, as to these things, and to shun the extremes on either hand, both in this life as far as is possible, and in the whole of hereafter. For thus man becomes most happy. For that then the messenger from the other world further told how that the prophet spoke thus: Even, to him who comes last, choosing with judgment, living consistently, there is prepared a desirable life, no way bad. Let neither him who is first be heedless in his choice, nor let him who is last, despair. He said that when the prophet had spoken these things, the first who drew a lot run instantly and chose the greatest tyranny, but through folly and insatiableness had not sufficiently examined all things on making his choice, but was ignorant that in this life there was this destiny, the devouring of his own children, and other evils, and that afterwards, when he had considered it at leisure, he wailed and lamented his choice, not having observed the admonitions of the prophet above mentioned. For that he did not accuse himself, as the author of his misfortunes, but fortune and the daemons, and everything instead of himself; and that he was one of those who came from heaven, who had in his former life lived in a regulated republic, and had been virtuous by custom without philosophy, and that in general among these, there were not a few found who came from heaven, as being unexercised in trials. But that the most of those who came from earth, as they had endured hardships themselves, and had seen others in hardships, did not precipitately make their choice; and hence, and through the fortune of the lot, to most souls there was an exchange of good and evil things. Since if one should always, whenever he comes into this life, soundly philosophize, and the lot of election should not fall on him the

very last, it would seem from what hath been told us from thence, that he shall be happy not only here, but when he goes hence, and his journey hither back again shall not be earthy and rugged, but smooth and heavenly. This spectacle, he said, was worthy to behold, in what manner the several souls made choice of their life; for it was both pitiful and ridiculous and wonderful to behold, as each for the most part chose according to the habit of their former life. For he told that he saw the soul which was formerly the soul of Orpheus making choice of the life of a swan, through hatred of womankind, being unwilling to be born of woman on account of the death he suffered from them. He saw, likewise, the soul of Thamyris, making choice of the life of a nightingale, and he saw likewise a swan turning to the choice of human life, and other musical animals, in like manner, as is likely. And that he saw one soul, in making its choice, choosing the life of a lion, and that it was the soul of Telamonian Ajax, shunning to become a man, remembering the judgment given with reference to the armor. That next he saw the soul of Agamemnon, and that this one, in hatred also of the human kind, on account of his misfortunes, exchanged it for the life of an eagle. And that he saw the soul of Atalanta choosing her lot amidst the rest, and having attentively observed the great honors paid an athletic man, was unable to pass by, but took it. That after it he saw the soul of Epaeus the Panopean going into the nature of a skillful workwoman. And that far off, among the last, he saw the soul of the buffoon Thersites assuming the ape. And that by chance, he saw the soul of Ulysses, who had drawn its lot last of all, going to make its choice: that in remembrance of its former toils, and tired of ambition, it went about a long time seeking the life of a private man of no business, and with difficulty found it lying somewhere, neglected by the rest. And that when it saw it, it said that he would have made the same choice if he had gotten the first lot, and gladly made choice of it. And that in like manner the souls of wild beasts went into men, and men again into

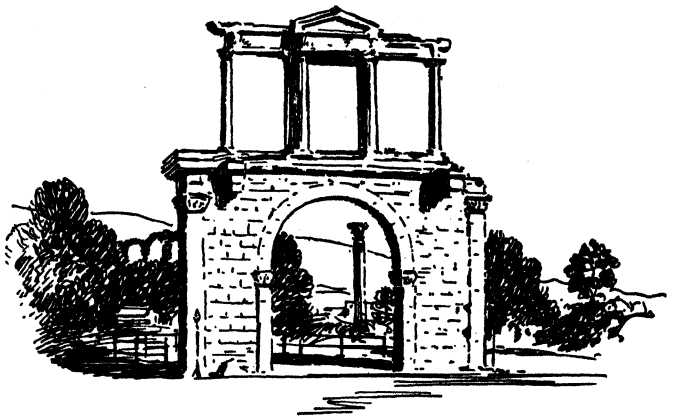
beasts. The unjust changing into wild beasts, and the just into tame, and that they were blended by all sorts of mixtures. That after all the souls had chosen their lives according as they drew their lots, they went all in order to Lachesis, and that she gave to every one the daemon he chose, and sent him along to be the guardian of his life, and the accomplisher of what he had chosen. He first of all conducts it to Clotho, to ratify under her hand and by the whirl of the vortex of her spindle, the destiny he had chosen by lot; and after being with her, he leads him back again to the spinning of Atropos, who maketh the destinies irreversible, and that from hence they proceed directly under the throne of Necessity. And after he had passed by it, as all others passed, they marched all into the plain of Lethe amidst dreadful heat and scorching, for he said that it is void of trees and everything that the earth produceth. That when night came on they encamped beside the river Amelete, whose water no vessel contains; a certain measure then of the water all of them must of necessity drink, and such of them as are not preserved by prudence, drink more than the measure, and that he who drinks, always forgets everything. And that after they were laid asleep, and it became midnight, there was thunder, and an earthquake, and they were thence on a sudden carried upwards, some one way, and some another, approaching to generation, like stars. But that he himself was forbidden to drink of the water. Where however, and in what manner, he came into his body, he knew nothing, but suddenly looking up in the morning he saw himself already laid on the funeral pile. And this fable, Glauco, hath been preserved, and is not lost, and it may preserve us, if we observe it, and shall happily pass over the river Lethe, and shall not contaminate the soul.

But if the company will be persuaded by me, accounting the soul immortal, and able to bear all evil and all good, we shall always hold the road which leads above. And justice with prudence we shall by all means pursue in order that we may be friends both to ourselves and to

the gods, both whilst we remain here, and when we receive its rewards, like victors assembled together; and, we shall both here, and in that thousand years' journey we have described, enjoy a happy life.



HERA



CHAPTER XXV

GREEK PHILOSOPHY: THE SOCRATIC SCHOOLS; ARISTOTLE

INTRODUCTION. Only Plato accepted in full the doctrines of Socrates, and were it not for the fact that so many other philosophers found the source of their inspiration in Socrates, we might be tempted to believe that Plato was the real Socrates. Before considering Aristotle, who follows consistently and naturally after Plato, it may be wise to consider those schools of philosophy which had their beginnings in one or more of the ideas that Socrates advanced but which developed in utterly divergent directions and reached conclusions little dreamed of by the original thinker.

II. EUCLIDES, OR EUCLID OF MEGARA. This philosopher, of whose life we have very little

information and of whose writings there is nothing extant, was one of the most ardent of the disciples of Socrates. Residents of Megara were forbidden to visit Athens, but Euclid disguised himself, attended the conversations of Socrates, and is represented as being present at the final discourse. He seized upon the doctrine that virtue depended upon knowledge; accordingly, he magnified dialectics and led his followers into controversial arguments and disputes which may have paved the way for the later skeptics. The school, variously called Megarian, dialectic, or eristic school, which Euclid founded at Megara, at one time included Plato among its adherents.

III. ARISTIPPUS AND THE CYRENIAN, HEDONIST, OR EPICUREAN SCHOOL. Another of the disciples of Socrates was Aristippus, who gained from his master the idea that pleasure in one form or another is the chief end and aim of life. Accordingly, after the death of Socrates, he lived as a philosophical voluptuary in Cyrene, in Africa, where his school was established, at the court of Syracuse, and at Aegina. His doctrine, in brief, was that all our knowledge comes from sensation, hence whatever gives pleasure must be good, and that there are no such things as moral obligations if they limit pleasure; however, it is wise for a man to practice self-control and moderation and master his passions that he may the longer enjoy his pleasures, and finally,

that the greatest pleasure of all is found in the cultivation of the mind.

This is the earliest Greek pronouncement of the doctrine of hedonism, which in one form or another has held its place until the present time. The school of Aristippus was called the Cyrenaic school; Epicurus, a later Greek, carried the doctrine still further, and the name *Epicurean* has rather displaced Cyrenaic, although there is little real difference in the doctrine.

IV. ANTISTHENES. Finding in the teachings of Socrates a meaning the exact opposite of that accepted by Aristippus, Antisthenes held that pleasure and learning are both contemptible, and that virtue alone is worthy of practice. This is the chief doctrine of the Cynic school of philosophy, which, carried to the extreme, meant that civilization is a farce, and that true happiness comes from the gratification of only those tastes and passions which man has in common with the brutes. The philosophers of this school were never numerous, but they have attracted a great deal of attention because of their snarling moroseness and the ostentatious meanness of their lives. They affected the garb of mendicants and seemed to delight in rags and squalor. Yet Socrates declared that he could see the pride of Antisthenes through the holes in his garments.

V. DIOGENES. The most celebrated of the ancient Cynics was Diogenes, who was born at Sinope, in Pontus. When his father, a banker,

was detected in dishonesty, which perhaps was shared by Diogenes, the latter left for Athens, where he attached himself to Antisthenes, in spite of coldness and even blows from his master. At last, however, the persistence of the young man won over the philosopher, and the two continued to be the best of friends.

A greater revolution is rarely seen in the character and actions of any man. Diogenes, caught by the fervor of his teacher, accepted his extremest views and at once entered upon a course of penury and self-mortification which it is hard to understand. He clothed himself in the coarsest of garments, fed upon the plainest of foods, and having no regular place for sleeping at night, lay down on the pavement or in the porticoes of buildings wherever he might be when darkness found him. At one time, it is said, he took up his residence for a while in a huge tub or jar that stood in a public place. Eccentric as he was, however, the Athenians rather admired his contemptuous attitude toward society and its conventions and permitted him the greatest liberty of comment and savage rebuke. He jeered the literary men for neglecting contemporary sufferings while they read of those of Ulysses, at astronomers for gazing at heavenly bodies while they were utterly ignorant of the earth, and, in fact, at every established social form and custom.

Once on a voyage to Aegina he was carried to the island of Crete and put up for sale as a slave. When asked at what business he was

proficient, he remarked, "At commanding." He was purchased by Xeniades, who made him tutor of his children.

A famous but probably mythical story tells of his meeting with Alexander the Great at about this time. Alexander said to him, "I am Alexander the Great." The philosopher replied, "I am Diogenes the Cynic." "In what way can I serve you?" inquired Alexander. "By getting out of my light," retorted the cynic. The self-possession of Diogenes so pleased the great conqueror that he is said to have remarked, "If I were not Alexander, I should wish to be Diogenes." It is said, too, that both men died on the same day, Diogenes in Corinth, 323 B. C. Nothing remains of the writings of Diogenes, although in antiquity some literary works were attributed to him.

VI. The Life of Aristotle. Having discussed briefly the philosophy of those schools which selected as their guide merely a part of the teachings of Socrates, we may return now to the one who stands in lineal descent but once removed, and who carried into practical and systematic form the teachings of Plato, the comprehending pupil of Socrates. Aristotle was born in the year 384 B. C., at Stagira, a Greek colony, and is frequently called the Stagirite. He came of a family which for several generations had been given to the study of medicine, and his father was the physician and friend of Amyntas, King of Macedonia. Although Aristotle himself never undertook



ALEXANDER AND DIOGENES

"IN WHAT WAY CAN I SERVE YOU?" INQUIRED ALEXANDER. "BY GETTING OUT OF MY LIGHT," RETORTED THE CYNIC.

the study of medicine, yet his training must have been along that line.

In his eighteenth year he went to Athens for the purpose of studying under Plato, but finding that the philosopher was absent in Syracuse, Aristotle occupied himself in independent study until 364 B. C., when Plato returned. Thereupon he enrolled himself among the pupils of the latter, and remained with him for twenty years as the most brilliant and learned of all the remarkable pupils who were then gathered in Athens. At one time Plato remarked that Aristotle was the intellect of his school. Nevertheless, when the master died, he left the headship of his academy to his nephew; Aristotle immediately left Athens and for three years resided quietly with two friends at the court of Hermeias, ruler of Atarneus. At the end of that time Hermeias was treacherously slain by the Persians, but Aristotle escaped with his niece and subsequently married her.

At no time does it seem probable that Aristotle's relations with the Macedonian court were entirely broken off, for in 343 B. C. he moved to Pela at the request of Philip, and established himself as tutor to the young Macedonian Prince Alexander, then fourteen years of age. Just what he taught Alexander we have no means of knowing, but it is said that the conduct of Alexander in prosecuting war against Persia was in complete opposition to the wishes and instruction of his tutor. When Alexander mounted the throne and be-

gan his career of conquest, Aristotle, then fifty years of age, returned to Athens and organized the school which he had long desired. He met with his pupils in a building known as the "long walk" and, as he delivered his instruction while walking back and forth with his pupils, the students of his school came to be known as "peripatetics," and his system of philosophy was called the "peripatetic system." He continued his teaching for about twelve years, but when, upon the death of Alexander, things appeared more favorable for the Greeks, Aristotle was accused of impiety; remembering the fate of Socrates, he fled from Athens, after saying publicly that he fled from the city in order to save it from a second sin against philosophy. He died in his sixty-third year, in Chalcis.

VII. The Writings of Aristotle. The writings which have come down to us under the name of Aristotle are much confused, and modern critics have determined positively that a great many are spurious, while others, for the present at least, should be put into the doubtful class. However, enough remains to show us that as a philosopher he deserved to rank with Socrates and Plato, while as an accomplished scholar he was superior to them both. His vast range of learning and the magnitude of his ideas place him among the first of the world's learned men.

The language he uses is abrupt, broken, and oftentimes fragmentary, as though rather the

notes for intended lectures than a complete literary treatise. There are none of the beauties and graces of Plato in his writings, and few people will read Aristotle if they are searching only for interesting things in good literary style. His later students divided his works into those which were intended for publication and those which were merely materials for lectures, and his reputation among the ancients rested wholly upon the former class.

The range of subjects upon which he wrote is startlingly broad, as he has treatises upon logic, physics, philosophy, ethics, politics and literature, many of which are of extreme length and show an encyclopedic knowledge that is little short of marvelous. It seems as though he had intended to cover the whole ground of philosophical knowledge and to systematize it on a philosophical basis. Aristotle was the first to study the sciences scientifically, and his consideration of every topic was eminently philosophical. Of all systems that had up to that time been propounded, his was the most clearly adapted to the wants of mankind and so comprehensive that there were but few physical needs or moral desiderata upon which he did not touch. Most admirable, perhaps, is his work as a logician, for he perfected dialectics and brought reasoning into the fixed form which, with very little improvement, it has retained till the present day.

If we do not attempt to give any further idea of the philosophy of Aristotle, it is be-

cause as a writer of literature he does not command our especial attention, and because of the further fact that his discoveries and doctrines have become so thoroughly incorporated into our own knowledge that we scarcely recognize them. Nevertheless, within fifty years after his death his school had declined in influence, and his ideas lost much of their force, until revived in the Roman period, when they entered upon their permanent influence in science and literature.

VIII. "THE NICOMACHEAN ETHICS" AND "POLITICS." Aristotle, late in life, had one son named Nicomachus, and for some reason not known the principal philosophical work of the father is called *The Nicomachean Ethics.* When we say the principal ethical work, we must remember, however, that his *Politics* is really only the second half of one great treatise, of which the *Ethics* just mentioned is the other. Sometimes it is difficult to see why the two should have been divided, as politics appears in the first and individual ethics in the second. Without attempting to discuss these works, we will simply reproduce a selection from each and leave the writings for those who study philosophy rather than literature.

The first extract is from Book Eight of the *Ethics,* and is the first part of a discussion of Friendship:

Next would seem properly to follow a dissertation on Friendship: because, in the first place, it is either itself a virtue or connected with virtue; and next it is a thing

most necessary for life, since no one would choose to live without friends though he should have all the other good things in the world: and, in fact, men who are rich or possessed of authority and influence are thought to have special need of friends: for where is the use of such prosperity if there be taken away the doing of kindnesses of which friends are the most usual and most commendable objects? Or how can it be kept or preserved without friends? because the greater it is so much the more slippery and hazardous: in poverty moreover and all other adversities men think friends to be their only refuge.

Furthermore, Friendship helps the young to keep from error: the old, in respect of attention and such deficiencies in action as their weakness makes them liable to; and those who are in their prime, in respect of noble deeds ("They *two* together going," Homer says, you may remember), because they are thus more able to devise plans and carry them out.

Again, it seems to be implanted in us by Nature: as, for instance, in the parent towards the offspring and the offspring towards the parent (not merely in the human species, but likewise in birds and most animals), and in those of the same tribe towards one another, and specially in men of the same nation; for which reason we commend those men who love their fellows: and one may see in the course of travel how close of kin and how friendly man is to man.

Furthermore, Friendship seems to be the bond of Social Communities, and legislators seem to be more anxious to secure it than Justice even. I mean, Unanimity is somewhat like to Friendship, and this they certainly aim at and specially drive out faction as being inimical.

Again, where people are in Friendship Justice is not required; but, on the other hand, though they are just they need Friendship in addition, and that principle which is most truly just is thought to partake of the nature of Friendship.

Lastly, not only is it a thing necessary but honorable

likewise: since we praise those who are fond of friends, and the having numerous friends is thought a matter of credit to a man; some go so far as to hold, that "good man" and "friend" are terms synonymous.

Yet the disputed points respecting it are not few: some men lay down that it is a kind of resemblance, and that men who are like one another are friends: whence come the common sayings, "Like will to like," "Birds of a feather," and so on. Others, on the contrary, say, that all such come under the maxim, "Two of a trade never agree."

Again, some men push their inquiries on these points higher and reason physically: as Euripides, who says,

"The earth by drought consumed doth love the rain,
And the great heaven, overcharged with rain,
Doth love to fall in showers upon the earth."

Heraclitus, again, maintains, that "contrariety is expedient, and that the best agreement arises from things differing, and that all things come into being in the way of the principle of antagonism."

Empedocles, among others, in direct opposition to these, affirms, that "like aims at like."

These physical questions we will take leave to omit, inasmuch as they are foreign to the present inquiry; and we will examine such as are proper to man and concern moral characters and feelings: as, for instance, "Does Friendship arise among all without distinction, or is it impossible for bad men to be friends?" and, "Is there but one species of Friendship, or several?" for they who ground the opinion that there is but one on the fact that Friendship admits of degrees hold that upon insufficient proof; because things which are different in species admit likewise of degrees.

Our view will soon be cleared on these points when we have ascertained what is properly the object-matter of Friendship: for it is thought that not everything indiscriminately, but some peculiar matter alone, is the object of this affection; that is to say, what is good, or pleasur-

able, or useful. Now it would seem that that is useful through which accrues any good or pleasure, and so the objects of Friendship, as absolute Ends, are the good and the pleasurable.

A question here arises; whether it is good absolutely or that which is good to the individuals, for which men feel Friendship (these two being sometimes distinct): and similarly in respect of the pleasurable. It seems then that each individual feels it towards that which is good to himself, and that abstractedly it is the real good which is the object of Friendship, and to each individual that which is good to each. It comes then to this; that each individual feels Friendship not for what *is* but for that which *conveys to his mind the impression of being* good to himself. But this will make no real difference, because that which is truly the object of Friendship will also convey this impression to the mind.

There are then three causes from which men feel Friendship: but the term is not applied to the case of fondness for things inanimate because there is no requital of the affection nor desire for the good of those objects: it certainly savors of the ridiculous to say that a man fond of wine wishes well to it: the only sense in which it is true being that he wishes it to be kept safe and sound for his own use and benefit. But to the friend they say one should wish all good for his sake. And when men do thus wish good to another (he not reciprocating the feeling), people call them Kindly; because Friendship they describe as being "Kindliness between persons who reciprocate it." But must they not add that the feeling must be mutually known? for many men are kindly disposed towards those whom they have never seen but whom they conceive to be amiable or useful: and this notion amounts to the same thing as a real feeling between them.

Well, these are plainly Kindly-disposed towards one another: but how can one call them friends while their mutual feelings are unknown to one another? to complete the idea of Friendship, then, it is requisite that they have

kindly feelings towards one another, and wish one another good from one of the aforementioned causes, and that these kindly feelings should be mutually known.

As the motives to Friendship differ in kind so do the respective feelings and Friendships. The species then of Friendship are three, in number equal to the objects of it, since in the line of each there may be "mutual affection mutually known."

Now they who have Friendship for one another desire one another's good according to the motive of their Friendship; accordingly they whose motive is utility have no Friendship for one another really, but only in so far as some good arises to them from one another.

And they whose motive is pleasure are in like case: I mean, they have Friendship for men of easy pleasantry, not because they are of a given character but because they are pleasant to themselves. So then they whose motive to Friendship is utility love their friends for what is good to themselves; they whose motive is pleasure do so for what is pleasurable to themselves; that is to say, not in so far as the friend beloved *is* but in so far as he is useful or pleasurable. These Friendships then are a matter of result: since the object is not beloved in that he is the man he is but in that he furnishes advantage or pleasure, as the case may be.

Such Friendships are of course very liable to dissolution if the parties do not continue alike: I mean, that the others cease to have any Friendship for them when they are no longer pleasurable or useful. Now it is the nature of utility not to be permanent but constantly varying; so, of course, when the motive which made them friends is vanished, the Friendship likewise dissolves; since it existed only relatively to those circumstances.

Friendship of this kind is thought to exist principally among the old (because men at that time of life pursue not what is pleasurable but what is profitable); and in such, of men in their prime and of the young, as are given to the pursuit of profit. They that are such have no intimate intercourse with one another; for sometimes

they are not even pleasurable to one another: nor, in fact, do they desire such intercourse unless their friends are profitable to them, because they are pleasurable only in so far as they have hopes of advantage. With these Friendships is commonly ranked that of hospitality.

But the Friendship of the young is thought to be based on the motive of pleasure: because they live at the beck and call of passion and generally pursue what is pleasurable to themselves and the object of the present moment: and as their age changes so likewise do their pleasures.

This is the reason why they form and dissolve Friendships rapidly: since the Friendship changes with the pleasurable object and such pleasure changes quickly.

The young are also much given up to Love; this passion being, in great measure, a matter of impulse and based on pleasure: for which cause they conceive Friendships and quickly drop them, changing often in the same day: but these wish for society and intimate intercourse with their friends, since they thus attain the object of their Friendship.

That then is perfect Friendship which subsists between those who are good and whose similiarity consists in their goodness: for these men wish one another's good in similar ways; in so far as they are good (and good they are in themselves); and those are specially friends who wish good to their friends for their sakes, because they feel thus towards them on their own account and not as a mere matter of result; so the Friendship between these men continues to subsist so long as they are good; and goodness, we know, has in it a principle of permanence.

Moreover, each party is good abstractedly and also relatively to his friend, for all good men are not only abstractedly good but also useful to one another. Such friends are also mutally pleasurable because all good men are so abstractedly, and also relatively to one another, inasmuch as to each individual those actions are pleasurable which correspond to his nature, and all such as are

like them. Now when men are good these will be always the same, or at least similar.

Friendship then under these circumstances is permanent, as we should reasonably expect, since it combines in itself all the requisite qualifications of friends. I mean, that Friendship of whatever kind is based upon good or pleasure (either abstractedly or relatively to the person entertaining the sentiment of Friendship), and results from a similarity of some sort; and to this kind belong all the aforementioned requisites in the parties themselves, because in this the parties are similar, and so on: moreover, in it there is the abstractedly good and the abstractedly pleasant, and as these are specially the object-matter of Friendship so the feeling and the state of Friendship is found most intense and most excellent in men thus qualified.

Rare it is probable Friendships of this kind will be, because men of this kind are rare. Besides, all requisite qualifications being presupposed, there is further required time and intimacy: for, as the proverb says, men cannot know one another "till they have eaten the requisite quantity of salt together;" nor can they in fact admit one another to intimacy, much less be friends, till each has appeared to the other and been proved to be a fit object of Friendship. They who speedily commence an interchange of friendly actions may be said to wish to be friends, but they are not so unless they are also proper objects of Friendship and mutually known to be such: that is to say, a desire for Friendship may arise quickly but not Friendship itself.

Well, this Friendship is perfect both in respect of the time and in all other points; and exactly the same and similar results accrue to each party from the other; which ought to be the case between friends.

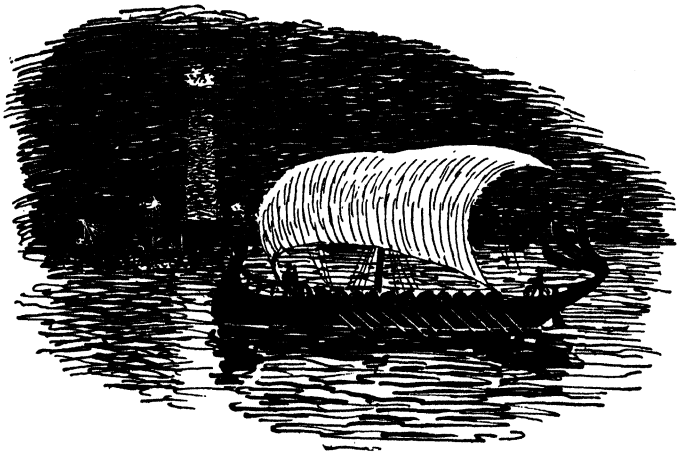
The second extract appears at the end of Book Seven in *Politics*, and relates to the proper education of the small child.

When a child is born it must be supposed that the strength of its body will depend greatly upon the quality of its food. Now whoever will examine into the nature of animals, and also observe those people who are very desirous their children should acquire a warlike habit, will find that they feed them chiefly with milk, as being best accommodated to their bodies, but without wine, to prevent any distempers: those motions also which are natural to their age are very serviceable; and to prevent any of their limbs from being crooked, on account of their extreme ductility, some people even now use particular machines that their bodies may not be distorted. It is also useful to inure them to the cold when they are very little; for this is very serviceable for their health; and also to inure them to the business of war; for which reason it is customary with many of the barbarians to dip their children in rivers when the water is cold; with others to clothe them very slightly, as among the Celts; for whatever it is possible to accustom children to, it is best to accustom them to it at first, but to do it by degrees: besides, boys have naturally a habit of loving the cold, on account of the heat. These, then, and such-like things ought to be the first object of our attention: the next age to this continues till the child is five years old; during which time it is best to teach him nothing at all, not even necessary labor, lest it should hinder his growth; but he should be accustomed to use so much motion as not to acquire a lazy habit of body; which he will get by various means and by play also: his play also ought to be neither illiberal nor too laborious nor lazy. Their governors and preceptors also should take care what sort of tales and stories it may be proper for them to hear; for all these ought to pave the way for their future instruction: for which reason the generality of their play should be imitations of what they are afterwards to do seriously. They too do wrong who forbid by laws the disputes between boys and their quarrels, for they contribute to increase their growth; as they are a sort of exercise to the body: for the struggles of the heart and the compression of the spirits give strength to those who labor, which happens

to boys in their disputes. The preceptors also ought to have an eye upon their manner of life, and those with whom they converse; and to take care that they are never in the company of slaves. At this time and till they are seven years old it is necessary that they should be educated at home. It is also very proper to banish, both from their hearing and sight, everything which is illiberal and the like. Indeed it is as much the business of the legislator as anything else, to banish every indecent expression out of the state: for from a permission to speak whatever is shameful, very quickly arises the doing it, and this particularly with young people: for which reason let them never speak nor hear any such thing: but if it appears that any freeman has done or said anything that is forbidden before he is of age to be thought fit to partake of the common meals, let him be punished by disgrace and stripes; but if a person above that age does so, let him be treated as you would a slave, on account of his being infamous. Since we forbid his speaking everything which is forbidden, it is necessary that he neither sees obscene stories nor pictures; the magistrates therefore are to take care that there are no statues or pictures of anything of this nature, except only to those gods to whom the law permits them, and to which the law allows persons of a certain age to pay their devotions, for themselves, their wives, and children. It should also be illegal for young persons to be present either at iambics or comedies before they are arrived at that age when they are allowed to partake of the pleasures of the table: indeed a good education will preserve them from all the evils which attend on these things. We have at present just touched upon this subject; it will be our business hereafter, when we properly come to it, to determine whether this care of children is unnecessary, or, if necessary, in what manner it must be done; at present we have only mentioned it as necessary. Probably the saying of Theodorus, the tragic actor, was not a bad one—That he would permit no one, not even the meanest actor, to go upon the stage before him, that he might first en-

gage the ear of the audience. The same thing happens both in our connections with men and things: what we meet with first pleases best; for which reason children should be kept strangers to everything which is bad, more particularly whatsoever is loose and offensive to good manners. When five years are accomplished, the two next may be very properly employed in being spectators of those exercises they will afterwards have to learn. There are two periods into which education ought to be divided, according to the age of the child; the one is from his being seven years of age to the time of puberty; the other from thence till he is one-and-twenty: for those who divide ages by the number seven are in general wrong: it is much better to follow the division of nature; for every art and every instruction is intended to complete what nature has left defective: we must first consider if any regulation whatsoever is requisite for children; in the next place, if it is advantageous to make it a common care, or that every one should act therein as he pleases; in the third place, what it ought to be.

IX. Conclusion. We have devoted considerable space to the Greek philosophers and yet have barely touched upon the great body of their doctrines. Moreover, the development of philosophy among the Greeks did not stop with Aristotle, but continued throughout the succeeding centuries of their history. However, it was not until the Roman period that any one worthy to bear the mantle of Socrates, Plato or Aristotle appeared, and even then his work was so closely related to Roman thought and accomplishments that Epictetus is better considered among the Romans of his day. Accordingly, the teachings of the Stoic school, as they developed from the writings of Zeno, will be deferred for consideration at that time.



CHAPTER XXVI

THE ALEXANDRIAN AGE

ALEXANDRIA. In the winter of 332 B. C. Alexander the Great founded a city at the Canopic mouth of the Nile, to which he gave his own name, as was his custom. The city was laid out in the form of a rectangle, with the streets crossing at right angles, and was reached by a fine double harbor where commerce might be well protected. On the island of Pharos was built a lighthouse, which was ranked as one of the Seven Wonders of the World, and this high tower, from which torches were waved to guide ships into the harbor, is the first lighthouse of which we have any mention. The city grew rapidly, and very early attained commercial importance.

When Alexander's empire was divided,

Egypt fell to the Ptolemies, who made Alexandria their capital and attracted to it a large foreign population, especially of Jews and Greeks, to each of whom a special quarter of the city was given. The royal palace was a magnificent building, as was also the great museum and library, of which we shall speak at greater length. Under the Ptolemies, Alexandria became not only a commercial metropolis, but it attained an eminence in intellectual life during the third and second centuries B. C., second only to that of Athens in her prime.

After Egypt passed into the hands of the Romans, in 30 B. C., Alexandria lost its position as the chief city of the Hellenic world, and although for many centuries it remained one of the chief cities of the Roman Empire, its decline after the first century of the Christian Era was rapid.

The modern city is well built and has many improvements; it is now one of the chief commercial ports on the Mediterranean, but has wholly lost its ancient importance as a literary center.

II. The Library. The first of the Ptolemies, known as Ptolemy Soter, offered every inducement to bring learned men to his capital. Ptolemy founded, about 284 B. C., the most famous library of antiquity and probably the largest collection of books made before the invention of printing. Under Ptolemy II (Philadelphus) the development of the library of Demetrius was continued, and with it was

joined a vast museum on a scale hitherto unknown. The management was intrusted to the greatest of scholars, who studied Greek literature industriously, classified the authors and laid the foundation for modern knowledge of the subject. The first librarian was Xenodotus of Ephesus, and the first catalogue appears to have been the work of Callimachus. Under each author's name was given a brief biographical sketch, a list of the author's genuine and spurious works, an index of first lines, and the number of lines in the standard manuscripts.

In this collection was included the literature of all nations, Jewish, Chaldaic, Persian, Egyptian, etc., as well as Greek and Latin. In the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus it is said that there were 500,000 rolls of manuscript in the library, but as it took a dozen or more rolls to make one of our ordinary-sized books, the number of actual volumes does not seem incredible. Ptolemy Euergetes continued to exhibit toward scholars the same favor which his predecessors had shown, and the library grew apace. When Caesar visited it in 47 B. C. the number of rolls had risen to 700,000, but in the burning of the fleet the fire extended to the city and consumed a large part of these books, though the loss was partially replaced by the library of Pergamus, which Antony gave to Cleopatra. In the Roman times the library of the Serapeum, an annex to the main library, seems to have been of the greatest importance, but this was destroyed when the Christians

sacked the city in A. D. 390. What became of the rest of the library is not positively known, although Christian nations have long attributed its burning to the Caliph Omar, though many scholars now believe that few books had survived to his time.

III. ORIGIN OF ALEXANDRIAN LITERATURE. When Attica lost her political independence, Athens lost her literary supremacy, for, to the Athenian, politics was like the breath of life, and when Athens was no longer a center of interest the best of the Greeks drifted elsewhere to find in other places and among other people opportunities for their peculiar genius. As we have seen, the liberal policy of the Ptolemies attracted scholars in numbers to Alexandria, and in that land, where so many hundreds of years previously a great civilization had developed, the Greeks again made an intellectual capital for the world.

The literature of that period, however, did not bear the stamp of originality which had characterized the production of Athens, and from the time of the decline of Athenian supremacy the literature of Greece lost its unique characteristics. Up to the time of the death of Demosthenes, for instance, the Greeks were doing what had never been done before—were creating a wonderful literature without models and without direction or instruction. It is this astonishing originality which makes the study of Greek literature of such prime importance; but now, when we turn to the litera-

ture of the Alexandrian Age, we find much that is surprisingly beautiful and extremely interesting, yet it is just a first-class literature, such as has been produced in many another country, whose creation had the advantage of all the work which had been done in Athens.

So, while in the Alexandrian Age there were writers of skill and literary elegance, yet our debt to them is not a great one. What the Alexandrians did, however, was to study, arrange, classify and carry to logical conclusions the ideas of their Athenian predecessors. In science, mathematics and natural philosophy their discoveries and inventions were remarkable, for they made practical application of the principles which were handed down to them. Interesting as it would be to give some account of the practical labors of that day, we must again remind ourselves that our subject of study is the Greeks through their literature.

Throughout this period, in spite of single authors whose work deserves our admiration, there was a steady decline in literary power and elegance, so that soon after the Roman conquest Alexandria lost her Greek scholars, and her literature took on another phase. Rome had risen into prominence, and Roman rulers drew the Greek scholars into Italy, where we shall continue to meet them for a time.

IV. Prose Writers of Alexandria. The prose writers of Alexandria concerned themselves principally with scientific, historical and philosophical subjects. Many of the poets were

also skilled in prose writing and chose to write upon almost every available subject. Their style was rather stilted and pedantic, so that from all the multitude of works produced during the Alexandrian epoch there are none in prose which we shall care to quote on account of their literary superiority. Grammarians and critics wrote dry treatises on the early literature, histories in abundance were produced, the legends of the Greeks were collected and classified, and a scientific chronology was established in Greek history.

Perhaps more important than any other one influence upon the prose writings as well as on the philosophical thought of the age was the intimate knowledge which was now acquired of the Hebrews and their literature through the means of the great collections in the Alexandrian library. The Greeks themselves had become dissatisfied with their own religion, knew it was nonsense, and were searching for a substitute, which they did not wholly find in the systems of their philosophers. Now they became acquainted with the religious books of all nations which Alexander had conquered, and the Bible was translated into Greek under the name of the Septuagint, which, as we have seen, has influenced the civilized world more than any other book that ever appeared. It is supposed that this remarkable translation was begun under Ptolemy Soter, but it is known that it was not finished until a considerably later period.

About 300 B. C. Euclid produced his *Elements of Pure Mathematics,* which even to-day is the basis of all geometrical treatises. Archimedes, a pupil of Euclid, wrote upon mathematics and astronomy, but his wonderful discoveries are of vastly more importance than the style of his writings, which were in the Doric dialect. He founded the theory of statics, discovered the law of specific gravity, constructed the hydraulic screw, utilized the principle of pulleys and evolved other scientific principles which we have learned to use without thinking that there must have been a time when they were unknown. The writings of Eratosthenes related chiefly to chronology and astronomical geography, though many of his treatises are philosophical. To Hipparchus should be credited the discovery of the precession of the equinoxes, and because of his remarkable *Catalogue of the Fixed Stars* he is considered the founder of exact astronomy.

V. The Alexandrian Poets. Poetry flourished in Alexandria, and during that time appeared such writers as Philetas, Callimachus, Apollonius, Theocritus, Bion and Moschus.

About 260 B. C. lived Philetas of Cos, who became popular, especially among Roman writers of the Augustan Age, because of his ingenious versification, which, however, lacked the attributes of higher poetry. About all we know of him is that he was the tutor of Ptolemy Philadelphus and that he was extremely slender and emaciated, for some Greek para-

grapher remarked of him that he had to wear lead in the soles of his shoes in order to keep from blowing away. His elegies, however, were so far eclipsed by his successors that little consideration has been given them.

VI. CALLIMACHUS. The life of Callimachus covers a period from about 310 B. C. to 240 B. C., during which he lived at Alexandria, under the reigns of Ptolemy Philadelphus and his son and successor, Ptolemy Euergetes. He was born at Cyrene of the noble and distinguished family of the Battiadae, and is sometimes known as Battiades. Though known to history as grammarian, critic and poet, what few remain entire of his numerous works consist of six hymns to the deities and sixty-four epigrams. For the greater part of his life he was the chief of the royal library, though at one time he founded and for some years conducted a school of literature. Among his distinguished pupils was Apollonius of Rhodes, with whom he quarreled, as we shall see in a subsequent section.

He probably catalogued the vast collections in the library and wrote commentaries on the authors, thus preparing the way for critical Greek studies. If we are to believe the accounts of the ancients, he must have been a prolific writer, for they mention some eight hundred works as coming from his pen. His hymns are characterized by great learning and somewhat stilted phraseology. In them can be found little of religious inspiration, and it

cannot be said that he improved upon the work of Hesiod in his *Theogony,* for he introduces the names of a number of different gods and does little to clear up the difficulties of the Theogonic myths. So while he was a learned scholar, yet from the fragments which remain of his serious work we must recognize that he belonged to the decadent age of Greek literature and held his position merely by the force of his great learning.

The hymns, with the exception of one which would better be classed as an elegy, are written in hexameters, and a sufficiently definite idea of their style and the fullness of mythical knowledge which they show may be obtained from the two following extracts from the *Hymn to Apollo:*

What force, what sudden impulse, thus can make
The laurel-branch, and all the temple shake!
Depart, ye souls profane; hence, hence! O fly
Far from this holy place! Apollo's nigh;
He knocks with gentle foot; the Delian palm
Submissive bends, and breathes a sweeter balm:
Soft swans, high hovering, catch th' auspicious sign,
Wave their white wings, and pour their notes divine.
Ye bolts, fly back; ye brazen doors, expand,
Leap from your hinges, Phoebus is at hand.
Begin, young men, begin the sacred song,
Wake all your lyres, and to the dances throng,
Remembering still, the Power is seen by none
Except the just and innocent alone;
Prepare your minds, and wash the spots away,
That hinder men to view th' all-piercing ray,
Lest ye provoke his favoring beams to bend
On happier climes, and happier skies ascend:

And lo! the Power, just opening on the sight,
Diffuses bliss, and shines with heavenly light.
Nor should the youthful choir with silent feet,
Or harps unstrung, approaching Phoebus meet,
If soon they wish to mount the nuptial bed,
To deck with sweet perfumes the hoary head,
On old foundations lofty walls to build,
Or raise new cities in some distant field.
Ye listening crowds, in awful silence hear
Apollo's praises, and the song revere;
Even raging seas subside, when poets sing
The bow, the harp of the Lycorean king:
Nor Thetis, wretched mother, dares deplore
Her lov'd, her lost Achilles, now no more!
But thrill'd with awe, she checks her grief and pain,
When Io paean sounds along the main.
The weeping rock, once Niobe, suspends
Its tears a while, and mute attention lends;
No more she seems a monument of woe,
Nor female sighs through Phrygian marble flow.
Sound Io! Io! such the dreadful end
Of impious mortals, that with gods contend;
Who dares high heaven's immortal powers engage,
Against our king a rebel war would wage,
And who rebels against our sovereign's sway
Would brave the bright far-shooting god of day.
But rich rewards await the grateful choir
That still to Phoebus tune the living lyre;
From him all honor springs, and high above
He sits in power, at the right hand of Jove.
Beyond the day, beyond the night prolong
The sacred theme, to charm the god of song
Let all resound his praise; behold how bright
Apollo shines in robes of golden light;
Gold are his quiver, harp, and Lyctian bow,
And his fair feet with golden sandals glow.
All-bright in gold appears the Power divine,
And boundless wealth adorns his Delphic shrine.
Immortal youth and heavenly beauty crown

His cheeks, unshaded by the softest down,
But his fair tresses drop ambrosial dews,
Distil soft oils, and healing balm diffuse:
And on what favor'd city these shall fall,
Life, health, and safety guard the sacred wall.

.

Now Io! Io paean! rings around
As first from Delphi rose the sacred sound,
When Phoebus swift descending deign'd to show
His heavenly skill to draw the golden bow.
For when no mortal weapons could repel
Enormous Python horrible and fell,
From his bright bow incessant arrows flew,
And, as he rose, the hissing serpent slew.
Whilst Io! Io paean! numbers cry,
Haste launch thy darts, for surely from the sky
Thou cam'st the great preserver of mankind,
As thy fair mother at thy birth design'd.
An equal foe, pale Envy, late drew near,
And thus suggested in Apollo's ear;
I hate the bard who pours not forth his song
In swelling numbers, loud, sublime, and strong;
No lofty lay should in low murmurs glide,
But wild as waves, and sounding as the tide.
Fierce with his foot indignant Phoebus spurn'd
Th' invidious monster, and in wrath return'd.
Wide rolls Euphrates' wave, but soil'd with mud,
And dust and slime pollute the swelling flood:
For Ceres still the fair Melissae bring
The purest water from the smallest spring,
That softly murmuring creeps along the plain,
And falls with gentle cadence to the main.
Propitious Phoebus! thus thy power extend,
And soon shall Envy to the shades descend.

The epigrams of Callimachus are much more interesting, as the following will show. They are taken from the translation of H. W. Tytler,

as were also the extracts from the *Hymn to Apollo:*

I

A youth in haste to Mytilene came,
And anxious, thus reveals his amorous flame
To Pittacus the wise: "O sacred Sire,
For two fair nymphs I burn with equal fire,
One lovely maid in rank and wealth like me,
But one superior, and of high degree.
Since both return my love, and each invites
To celebrate with her the nuptial rites,
Perplex'd with doubts, for sage advice I come:
Whom shall I wed? 'Tis you must fix my doom."
So spake th' impatient youth; th' attentive sage
Rais'd the support of his declining age,
An ancient staff; and pointing to the ground
Where sportive striplings lash'd around
With eager strokes: "Let yonder boys," he cried,
"Solve the dispute, and your long doubts decide."
The youth drew nigh, and listen'd with surprise,
Whilst from the laughing crowd these words arise,
"Let equal tops with equal tops contend."
The boys prevail'd, and soon the contest end.
The youth departing shunn'd the wealthy dame,
And choose th' inferior maid to quence his flame.
Go thou, my friend, obey the sage, and lead
An equal beauty to thy nuptial bed.

II

I, Timon, hated human race;
Ye passengers, begone,
Curse as ye will, but leave the place,
And let me rest alone.

III

Say, Timon, sunk in night, abhorr'st thou now
The light above, or gloomy shades below?
"I hate the shades, since fill'd with human-kind
In greater numbers than I left behind."

IV

A pious youth approaching where
His stepdame's body lay,
Officious crown'd her statue there
With flow'rets fresh and gay;

Nor thought his father's wife, when dead,
Her malice could retain:
The statue thunder'd on his head
And fix'd him to the plain.

Ye foster-sons, avoid his doom,
Nor hang a flow'ry wreath
Around an envious stepdame's tomb,
Lest ye too sink in death.

V

Beneath this tomb, in sacred sleep,
The virtuous Saon lies;
Ye passengers, forbear to weep,
A good man never dies.

VI

Stranger. Where's Charidas buried? I speak without fear

Monument. The son of Arimnas lies moldering here.

Stranger. O tell me, good Charidas, what's in thy tomb?

Charidas. Inquisitive mortal, there's nothing but gloom.

Str. Say, wilt thou return?—*Char.* Wicked trifler, begone.

Str. What's Pluto?—*Char.* A fable, and we are undone.

If there's pleasure in death, and sure I speak true,
Pellaeus' fat ox will be happy as you.

VII

Whoe'er with hallow'd feet approaches near,
Behold, Callimachus lies buried here.
I drew my breath from fam'd Cyrene's shore,
And the same name my son and father bore.

My warlike sire in arms much glory won,
But brighter trophies grac'd his favor'd son;
Lov'd by the tuneful nine he sweetly sung,
And stopped the venom of th' invidious tongue:
For whom the muse beholds with favoring eyes
In early youth, she'll ne'er again despise.

VIII

O'er Cretan hills a virgin chanc'd to stray,
And bore the swain Astacides away,
To Dicte's wood his instant flight compels,
Where under rustling oaks a priest he dwells:
Ye shepherds, cease to sing in Daphne's praise;
To fam'd Astacides your voices raise.

IX

Fond Callignotus sigh'd and swore,
'Tis Violante I adore,
The brightest beauty on the plain,
And she alone my heart shall gain.
He swore; but lovers' vows, they say,
To heaven could never make their way,
Nor penetrate the bless'd abode,
Nor reach the ears of any god.
While for another maid he burns,
Forsaken Violante mourns
Her blasted hopes, her honor gone;
As Megra's race were once undone.

X

I hate the bard who strolls along,
And sells in streets his borrow'd song;
I seldom walk the public way,
Where here and there the vulgar stray;
Inconstant friends I never court,
Nor to the common spring resort;
I still despise the rabble's rage,
Nor with the noisy crowd engage;
'Tis fine, 'tis fine, a reader cries;
Indignant Echo thus replies,

135

Though ne'er so good, perhaps divine,
Another bard wrote every line.

XI

The huntsman o'er the hills pursues
The timid hare, and keenly views
The tracks of hinds amid the snow,
Nor heeds the wint'ry winds that blow.
But should a stranger mildly say,
"Accept the game I kill'd to-day,—"
The proffer'd gift he quickly scorns,
And to th' uncertain chase returns:
Such is my love; I never prize
An easy fair, but her who flies.

XII

That I am poor is known to me,
My good Menippus, as to thee;
Then, by our love, insist no more
On what I knew too well before:
Such truths offend a stranger's ear,
But to a friend are most severe.

XIII

Twice Erasixen fill'd his cup,
And twice he drank the liquor up;
He drank his wine, but much too deep,
And clos'd his eyes in endless sleep.

XIV

If sober, and inclin'd to sport,
To you, my fair one, I resort;
The still-forbidden bliss to prove,
Accuse me then, and blame my love.
But if to rashness I incline,
Accuse me not, but blame the wine:
When love and wine at once inspire,
What mortal can control his fire?

Of late I came, I know not how,
Embrac'd my fair, and kiss'd her too;
It might be wrong; I feel no shame,
And, for the bliss, will bear the blame.

XV

Escap'd the horrors of a watery grave,
To Samothracian gods Eudemus gave
His little skiff; and said, "Ye mighty powers,
Accept my gift; the votive gift is yours."

XVI

Thus Micus chose to reimburse
Old Phrygian Aeschra, once his nurse:
Alive the dame on dainties fed;
He plac'd an image o'er her dead;
That late posterity may know
What kindness we to nurses owe.

VII. APOLLONIUS RHODIUS. About 295 B. C., during the reign of Ptolemy Euergetes, Apollonius Rhodius was born, either at Alexandria or Naucratis. It was in the very midst of that literary period which made Alexandria distinguished forever, and it is not surprising that a young man, especially one who had such a tutor as Callimachus, should decide to follow literary pursuits. · Callimachus was the leader of the literati of his time and a man whose dictum passed for law, but his poetry was artificial and his style was rigid. Apollonius, however, having in his veins all the fire of youth, determined to write in imitation of Homer, and the result was the *Argonautica,* a long poem in which there were doubtless many youthful crudities. When he published his work he was astonished

at the reception given it, especially by Callimachus, who assailed it with biting sarcasm and thus brought about a quarrel which was never healed, for Apollonius lampooned his master, who replied with stringent personal criticisms. Literary Alexandria sided with Callimachus, and Apollonius went to Rhodes, which was then second only to Alexandria as a seat of learning. Here he lived and wrote for many years, and became in his popularity so associated with that city that he has ever since been known as Apollonius of Rhodes.

His first work at Rhodes was carefully to revise and perfect his *Argonautica,* and so well did he succeed that the world of his day paid tribute to him, and he returned after many years to Alexandria in triumph. There some say he was made librarian, but from that time, if the story be true, we know little of him, although it may be assumed from the surviving fragments of his work that he lived industriously and happily among the treasures which surrounded him. His death occurred in 181 B. C.

Apollonius was very popular among the Romans, but has not received the attention he deserves from modern nations, especially from the English. Nevertheless, his great poem is straightforward, simple and entertaining, and the plot is not obscured by numerous minor incidents. He makes abundant use of the simile in a particularly graceful manner, and his descriptions are vivid and beautiful. While there

may be something of artificiality about his characters, yet Medea and Jason are both well painted.

VIII. THE "ARGONAUTICA." We have elsewhere given an account of the voyage of the Argonauts, and this is the subject of the long narrative poem upon which the reputation of Apollonius is based chiefly. The poem consists of four books, making a grand total of about six thousand lines. The first book gives an account of the gathering of the Greeks, the beginning of the expedition, and the withdrawal of Hercules on account of the loss of Hylas. The second book contains the narrative of their adventures on their voyage to Colchis. The third treats of the manner in which Jason obtained the Golden Fleece, and the fourth of his return to his home in Thessaly with Medea and the object of his search.

From the prose translation by Edward P. Coleridge we condense from the third book the story of Jason and Medea. Jason had arrived in Colchis, and had been seen by Medea, the daughter of the King. As usual, the gods interfered and sent Eros to cause the maiden to fall in love with Jason and so aid him in his quest:

Meantime Eros went through the clear air unseen, confusing them, as when the gad-fly ariseth against grazing heifers, the fly which herdsmen call the goad of cattle. Quickly within the porch, beneath the lintel, he stretched his bow and drew from his quiver a shaft of sorrow never yet used. Then did he pass unseen across the threshold

with hasty steps, glancing quickly round, and gliding close past the son of Aeson himself, he laid the notch of the arrow on the middle of the bow-string, and drawing it to the head with both hands he let it fly straight against Medea; and speechless amaze took hold upon her. But he sped away again from the high-roofed hall, laughing loudly. And the shaft burnt beneath the maiden's heart, like a flame, and ever she kept darting glances toward the son of Aeson, and her heart was wildly beating in her breast in distress, and she remembered nought but him, and her soul was melting with sweet sorrow. As when some poor workwoman hath strewn dry chips about a blazing brand—one whose business is to spin wool—that she may make a blaze at night beneath her roof, waking exceeding early; which darting up wondrously from the tiny brand doth consume all the chips with itself; even so love in his might, couched beneath her heart, was burning secretly; and her soft cheeks would pale and blush by turns, in the anguish of her soul.

At the banquet, Jason stated the object of his errand and was refused in fury by Aeetes, but after the submission of arguments, he finally agreed to give up the Fleece if Jason would yoke the brazen bulls, plow the field and sow the dragon's teeth. Through these trying early interviews Medea watched Jason:

And the son of Aeson shone out wondrously amongst them all for beauty and grace, and the maiden cast shy glances at him, holding her bright veil aside, consuming her heart with woe; and her thoughts stole after him like a dream, and flitted in his footsteps as he went. So they went forth from the house, sore at heart. And Chalciope, avoiding the wrath of Aeetes, had gone swiftly to her chamber with her sons. And in like manner came Medea after her; and much she brooded in her heart, even all

the cares that love doth urge. For before her eyes everything yet seemed to be, her lover's very form, the raiment that he wore, the words he said, the way he sat upon his seat, and how he went unto the door; and, as she thought thereon, she dreamed there never was such another man; and ever in her ears his voice was ringing and the sweet words he spake. And she feared for him, that the oxen or haply Aeetes with his own hands might slay him; and she mourned for him as though he were already slain outright, and the tears ran softly down her cheeks in her affliction from her exceeding pity; and, softly weeping, she uttered her voice aloud:—"Why doth this sorrow come o'er me to my grief? Whether he be the best or worst of heroes that is now to perish, let him die. Ah! would that he might escape unhurt. Yea, let that even come to pass, O dread goddess, daughter of Perses; let him escape death and return home. But if 'tis fated that he be slain by the oxen, let him learn ere his doom, that I at least exult not in his cruel fate."

Medea was reluctant to give aid, but in the end love overcame her scruples:

Now deep sleep relieved the maid Medea from her troubles, as she lay upon her bed. But anon fearsome cheating dreams assailed her, as they will a maiden in her woe. She thought yon stranger had taken that toil upon him, not because he greatly desired to carry off the ram's fleece, nor at all, for its sake, had he come to the city of Aeetes, but that he might lead her to his home to be his own true wife; and she dreamed that she herself strove with the oxen, and did the toil right easily; but her parents made light of their promise; for they had set the yoking of the oxen, not before their daughter, but before the stranger. Then arose a strife of doubtful issue betwixt her father and the strangers; and both did entrust it unto her to be even as she should direct. At once she chose that stranger, and forgat her parents, and grievous was their anguish, and they cried out in anger;

then did sleep forsake her, and she awoke with a cry. And she arose quivering with terror, and peered all round the walls of her chamber, and scarce could she regain her courage as before in her breast.

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Then did night spread darkness o'er the earth, and they who were at sea, the mariners, looked forth from their ships toward the Bear and the stars of Orion; and now did every wayfarer and gatekeeper long for sleep; and o'er every mother, weeping for children dead, fell the pall of deep slumber; no more did dogs howl through the town; no more was heard the noise of men, but silence wrapped the darkling gloom. Yet not at all did sleep shed its sweetness o'er Medea; for in her love for the son of Aeson many a care kept her awake, terrified at the mighty strength of the bulls, before whom he was to die a shameful death on Ares' acre. And her heart was wildly stirred within her breast; as when a sun-beam reflected from water plays upon the wall of a house, water just poured into a basin or a pail, maybe; hither and thither it darts and dances on the quick eddy; even so the maiden's heart was fluttering in her breast, and tears of pity flowed from her eyes; and, ever within, the pain was wasting her, smoldering through her body, and about her weakened nerves, and right beneath the back of her head, where the keenest pain doth enter in, when the tireless love-god lets loose his tortures on the heart. At one time she thought she would give him drugs to charm the bulls, at another she thought nay, but that she would die herself; anon she would not die herself, nor would she give him the drugs, but quietly even so would endure her sorrow. So she sat halting between two opinions, then spake, "Ah, woe is me! am I now to toss hither and thither in woe? my mind is wholly at a loss; there is no help for my suffering, but it burneth ever thus. Oh! would that I had died by the swift arrows of Artemis, or ever I had seen him, or ever the sons of Chalciope started for the Achaean land; some god or some spirit of vengeance hath brought them hither from thence

to cause us tears and woe enow. Well, let him perish in his attempt, if 'tis his lot to die upon the fallow. For how can I contrive the drugs, and my parents know it not? what tale am I to tell about them? What cunning, what crafty scheme shall there be for their aid? Shall I greet him kindly if I see him alone apart from his comrades? Unhappy maid am I; methinks I would not be quit of sorrow even though he were dead and gone. For sorrow will come upon me in the hour that he is bereft of life. Away with shame, perish beauty! he shall be saved, unhurt, and by my help; then let him go whithersoever his heart listeth. But may I die the self-same day that he fulfilleth his enterprise, either hanging by my neck from the roof-tree, or tasting of drugs that rive body and soul asunder. But, if I die thus, every eye will wink and mock at me, and every city far away will ring with the tale of my death, and the Colchian women will make a byword of me for their unseemly gibes; the maid who cared so dearly for a stranger that she died for him, who shamed her home and parents by yielding to her mad passion. What disgrace is there that will not be mine? Ah me! for my infatuation! Far better will it be this very night to leave life behind in my chamber by an unseen fate, avoiding all ill reproaches, or ever I complete this infamous disgrace!"

Therewith she went to fetch a casket, wherein were laid many drugs for her use, some healing, others very deadly. And she laid it on her lap, and wept. And her bosom was wet with her ceaseless weeping, for the tears flowed in streams as she sat there, making piteous lament for her fate. Then she hasted to choose a deadly drug, that she might taste thereof. And lo! she was just loosing the fastenings of the casket, eager to draw them forth, poor unhappy lady, when in an instant passed across her mind an awful horror of loathly Hades; and long time she stayed her hand in speechless fear, and life with all its cares seemed sweet to her. For she thought of all the joyous things there are amongst the living, and of her happy band of companions, as a maiden will; and

the sun grew sweeter to her than before to look upon, just to see if really in her heart of hearts she longed for each of them. So she laid the casket down again from off her knees, changing her mind by the prompting of Hera, and no more did her purpose waver other-whither; but she longed for the dawn to rise and come at once, that she might give Jason her magic drugs as she had covenanted, and meet him face to face. And oft would she loose the bolts of her door, as she watched for the daylight; and welcome to her was the light, when Dawn sent it forth, and each man went on his way through the city.

But the maid Medea, soon as ever she saw the light of dawn, caught up her golden tresses in her hands, which she had let hang about her in careless disarray, and wiped clean her tear-stained cheeks; and she cleansed her skin with ointment of heavenly fragrance, and put on a fair robe, fastened with brooches deftly turned; and upon her head, divinely fair, she cast a shining veil. Then she passed forth from her chamber there, treading the ground firmly, in forgetfulness of her sorrows, which were close upon her in their countless legions, while others were yet to follow afterward. And she bade her handmaids, who passed the night in the entering in of her fragrant bower, —twelve maids in all of her own age who had not yet found a mate,—quickly to yoke mules to the wain, to bear her to the lovely shrine of Hecate. Then did the maidens make ready the wain; but she, the while, chose from the depth of her casket a drug, which men say is called the drug of Prometheus. If a man should anoint his body therewith, after appeasing Persephone, that maiden only-begotten, with midnight sacrifice; verily that man could not be wounded by the blows of bronze weapons, nor would he yield to blazing fire, but on that day should his valiancy and might master theirs. This first had its birth, when the ravening eagle let drip to earth upon the wolds of Caucasus the bleeding life-stream of hapless Prometheus. The flower thereof, as it were a cubit high, appeareth in color like the saffron of Corycus, growing

upon a double stalk, but its root within the ground resembleth flesh just cut. Now she had gathered for her drugs the dark juice thereof, like to the sap of a mountain oak, in a Caspian shell, after she had washed herself in seven eternal springs, and seven times had called on Brimo, good nursing-mother, who roams by night, goddess of the nether world, and queen of the dead, in the murk of night, in sable raiment clad. And, from beneath, the dark earth quaked and bellowed, as the Titan root was cut, and the son of Iapetus too did groan, frantic with pain. That simple drew she forth and placed within her fragrant girdle, that was fastened about her fair waist. And forth to the door she came and mounted the swift car, and with her on either side went two handmaids; so she took the reins and the shapely whip in her right hand, and drove through the town; while those others, her handmaids, holding to the body of the wain behind, ran along the broad high-road, having kilted their fine robes up to their white knees. Fair as the daughter of Leto, when she mounts her golden car, and drives her fleet fawns o'er the downs across the calm waters of Parthenius, or haply from her bath in Amnisus' stream, as she cometh from far to the rich steam of a hetacomb; and with her come the nymphs, that bear her company, some gathering by the brink of the Amnisian spring, others about the groves and rocks with their countless rills; and around her wild creatures fawn and whimper, trembling at her approach. Even so the maidens hasted through the city, and the people made way on either side, shunning the eye of the Princess.

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Nor, I trow, had Medea any thought but this, for all her play; for none of all the games she played would serve for her amusement long. But she kept changing them in confusion, nor could she keep her eyes at rest towards her group of maids, but earnestly she would gaze o'er the paths afar, turning her cheeks aside. Oft her heart sank broken within her breast, whenever she fancied a footfall or a breath of wind was hurrying by.

But very soon came Jason in sight before her longing eyes, striding high o'er the plain, like Sirius when he rises from ocean, very fair and clear to see, but bringing woe unspeakable to flocks; so fair was the son of Aeson to see as he came nigh, but the sight of him brought hateful faintness upon her. Her heart sank within her breast, and her eyes grew dim withal, and o'er her cheeks rushed the hot blush; and her knees had no strength to move backward or forward, but her feet were rooted to the ground under her. Now her handmaids, the while, had withdrawn from them, one and all; so they twain stood facing one another without word or sound, like oaks or lofty pines, which stand rooted side by side in peace upon the mountains, when winds are still; but lo! there comes a breath of wind to rustle them, and sighs, that none can number, steal therefrom; even so those twain were soon to tell out all their tale before the breath of Love. But the son of Aeson perceived that she was scared by some bewilderment from heaven, and with a kindly smile he thus hailed her, "Why, maiden, art thou so fearful of me when I come alone? Verily I was never aforetime, not even when I dwelt in mine own country, one of those braggart fellows. Wherefore fear not exceedingly, maiden, either to question me or say what is in thine heart. Nay, but since we are met together as friends in this most holy place, where to sin were wrong, speak openly and tell me all; and deceive me not with comfortable words, for at first thou didst promise thine own sister to give me the drugs my heart desired. By Hecate herself, by thy parents, and by Zeus, whose hand is over strangers and suppliants, I entreat thee. As stranger and as suppliant both, am I come hither to thee to implore thee in my sore need. For without thee never shall I achieve my dismal task. And I will make thee recompense hereafter for thy help, as is right, making thy name and fame glorious, as becometh those who dwell apart; yea, and in like manner shall the other heroes spread thy fame through Hellas on their return; and so shall the heroes' wives and mothers, who now belike are

sitting on the shore and mourning for us, whose grievous sufferings thou wilt scatter to the winds. In days gone by, Ariadne, daughter of Minos, did, of her good heart, free Theseus from his evil task; she it was whom Pasiphae, daughter of the Sun-god, bore. Yea, and she went aboard his ship with him and left her country, since Minos did lull his rage; and the immortal gods showed their love as well, for there in mid sky is her sign, a crown of stars, which men call Ariadne's crown, wheeling by night amid the heavenly constellations. Such thanks shalt thou too have from the gods, if thou wilt save this famous host of chieftains. For surely from thy form, methinks, thou shouldst excel in gentle acts of kindness."

So spake he praising her; and she cast down her eyes with a sweet smile, and her heart within her melted, as he extolled her. And she looked straight into his eyes, and had no word to answer him withal at first, but longed to tell him all at once together. And forth from her fragrant girdle she drew the drug ungrudgingly, and he with joy took it in his hands at once. And now would she have drawn her whole soul forth from her breast and given it him at his desire eagerly; so mightily did love light up his sweet torch from the son of Aeson's yellow locks, and snatched bright glances from her eyes; and her heart wasted and melted within her, as the dew upon roses melts and wastes away in the sun's beams at morn. But they would fix their eyes one time upon the ground in modesty, and then again would cast a glance at each other, with a smile of love in their glad eyes. At the last, and scarcely then, the maiden thus did greet him:

"Take heed now, that I may devise some help for thee. When my father hath given thee, at thy coming for them, the fell teeth from the snake's jaws to sow withal, then watch for the hour when the night is evenly divided in twain, and after washing thyself in the stream of the tireless river, dig a round hole, alone apart from the others, in sable garb; there slay a ewe and sacrifice her whole, having heaped high the fire above the hole

itself. And propitiate Hecate, daughter of Perses, the only-begotten, pouring libations of honey from a chalice. Then when thou hast taken heed to appease the goddess, draw back again from the fire; and let no sound of feet or howling of dogs drive thee to turn round, lest haply thou cut all short and come not thyself back duly to thy companions. At dawn soak this drug; then strip and with it anoint thy body as it were with oil; and there shall be in it boundless valiancy and great strength, and thou wilt think thyself a match for deathless gods, not for men. Moreover, let thy shield and sword and spear be sprinkled therewith. Then shall not the keen swords of the earth-born men cut thee, nor shall the flame of those deadly bulls dart forth resistlessly against thee. Yet shalt thou not be thus mighty for a long space, but for that day only; yet never shrink thou from thy enterprise. And I will supply thee yet another help. So soon as thou hast yoked the strong oxen, and by thy might and manhood hast quickly ploughed the hard fallow, and they, the giants, at once spring up along the furrows when the teeth of the snake are sown over the dark soil, if thou but watch them rising in crowds from the lea, then cast secretly at them a heavy rock; and they will destroy one another upon it, like fierce dogs about their food; but be not thyself eager for the fray. Hereby shalt thou carry yon fleece to Hellas, far from Aea, I trow. Yet go, whither thou listest, when thou art gone hence."

So spake she, and dropping her eyes in silence before her did wet her cheek, divinely fair, with warm tears, mourning the day when he would wander far from her across the main. And once again she spake to him with sad words, taking hold on his right hand, for lo! shame had left her gaze: "Remember the name of Medea, if haply thou return one day to thy home; so will I remember thee when thou art gone. And tell me this in kindness, where is thy home, where wilt thou fare from hence in thy ship across the sea? Wilt thou go haply nigh to rich Orchomenus, or maybe toward the Aeaean isle?

And tell me of the maid thou didst speak of, the far-famed daughter of Pasiphae, who is of my father's kindred."

So spake she, and, as the maiden wept, love in his might stole o'er him as well, and thus he answered her, "Yea, verily, if I escape my fate, methinks I will never forget thee by night, nor yet by day, if indeed I shall escape scatheless to Achaea, and Aeetes set not before us some other toil yet worse than this."

So spake he, caressing her with fond and tender words. But grief, most bitter, stirred her heart, and in her distress she hailed him with earnest speech: "Only do thou, when thou comest to Iolchos, remember me; and I will remember thee even in spite of my parents. And may there come to me from a far-off land some voice, or some bird with tidings, when thou hast forgotten me; or may the swift winds catch me up and bear me hence across the sea to Iolchos, that I may remind thee that thou didst escape by my aid, reproaching thee to thy face! Would I might then sit me down openly in thy halls!"

So spake she, shedding piteous tears adown her cheeks, but Jason caught her up there and said: "God help thee, lady! leave the winds to wander emptily, and that bird too to bring thee tidings, for thy words are light as wind. For if thou ever come to those abodes and the land of Hellas, thou shalt have honor and respect amongst men and women, and they shall reverence thee even as a goddess, since their sons did return home again by thy counsel, yea, and many a brother of theirs and kinsman, and strong young husband was saved. And in our bridal bower shalt thou make ready our couch, and nought shall come 'twixt love and us, ere the doom of death o'ershadow us."

So spake he, and her heart within her melted as she heard, and yet she shuddered at the thought of that dark enterprise, poor maiden; but she was not long to refuse a home in Hellas. But now were her handmaidens looking about for her silently at a distance, much distressed,

for the time of day demanded the maiden's return home to her mother. But she thought not yet of going, for her heart rejoiced both in his beauty and his flattering words; but the son of Aeson, seeing that it was now late, did say, " 'Tis time to depart, lest the sun sink before we know it, and some stranger get to know all; yet will we meet again at this tryst."

Thus far those twain made trial of each other with gentle words; and then again they parted; Jason hasting back in joy to his comrades and the ship, and she to her handmaids; and they came nigh to meet her in a body, but she heeded them not as they gathered about her, for her soul had winged its flight to soar amid the clouds. With random steps she mounted the swift wain, and in one hand took the reins and in the other the carven whip to drive the mules withal, and they dashed swiftly cityward to her home. Now when she was come thither, Chalciope, in agony for her sons, did question her; but she, at a loss through fear and doubt, heard never a word, and made no haste to answer her questions. But she sat her down on a low stool at the foot of the couch, leaning her cheek on her left hand, and her eyes were wet with tears, as she darkly pondered what an evil work she was sharing by her counsels.

At dawn sent they to Aeetes two men, to ask him for the seed. Forth on their way went they, nor was their journey in vain, for Aeetes, the Prince, gave them, at their coming, the fell teeth.

Far in the west the sun was sinking beneath the dark earth, beyond the farthest hills of the Aethiopians; and night was yoking his steeds; so those heroes made ready their beds upon the ground by the hawsers. But Jason, soon as ever the stars of Helice, the bright Bear, did set, and all the firmament of heaven grew still, got him to the wilderness, like some stealthy thief, with all that was needful, for by day had he taken thought for everything; and Argus went with him bringing a ewe and milk from the flock, which things he took from the ship itself. But when he saw a spot, far from the tread of man, in a clear

water-mead beneath the open sky, then first of all he washed his tender body devoutly in the sacred river, and then put on a sable robe, which Hypsipyle of Lemnos erst gave him, in memory of many a night of love. Next he dug a hole in the ground, a cubit deep, and piled therein cleft wood, and cut the throat of the sheep and laid it carefully thereupon; then did he kindle the logs by putting fire under, and he poured upon the sacrifice mixed libations, calling Hecate by her name Brimo to help him in his toil. So then he called upon her and then stept back, and she, that awful goddess, heard him and came to the sacrifice of the son of Aeson from the nethermost hell, and about her on the branches of the oaks twined gruesome snakes, and there was the flash of countless torches, and the dogs of hell howled loudly round her. About her path all the meadows quaked, and those nymphs, that haunt marshes and rivers, and flit about that water-meadow of the Amarantian Phasis, cried out. Yea, and fear took hold upon the son of Aeson, but his feet brought him for all that without one glance backward, till he was amongst his comrades; and already Dawn, the child of morning, was rising above snow-capped Caucasus and shedding his light abroad.

In that hour Aeetes buckled on his stiff breast-plate, which Ares gave him; and on his head he put a golden helmet, with four plumes, blazing like the sun's round ball of light, when he first rises from ocean. In one hand he wielded a buckler of many hides, in the other a sword, dreadful, irresistible; that blade could none of the heroes have withstood, now that they had left Heracles far behind; he alone could have stood up to battle against it. And Phaethon held his shapely chariot with the fleet steeds nigh for him to mount; so he went up thereon and took the reins in his hands. Forth from the town he drove along the broad high-road, to take his station in the lists, and with him a countless throng hasted forth.

Meantime Jason, by the advice of Medea, soaked the drug, and sprinkled his shield and weighty spear and his sword all over; and his comrades around him tested his

harness with might and main; but they were not able to bend that spear ever so little, but it remained hard and unbroken as before in their stalwart hands. Then did Idas, that son of Aphareus, in furious anger, hack the butt end thereof with his mighty sword, but the edge leapt from it like a hammer from an anvil, beaten back, and the others, the heroes, cheered in their joy, with good hope for his emprise. Next did he sprinkle himself as well, and into him there entered fearful valiancy, marvelous, dauntless, and his hands on either side grew stronger, swelling with might. As when a war-horse, eager for the battle, leaps and neighs and paws the ground, and in his pride pricks up his ears and rears his neck; in like manner the son of Aeson exulted in the strength of his limbs. And oft he sprang into the air, hither and thither, brandishing his shield of bronze and his ashen spear in his hands. Thou wouldst have thought 'twas lightning in winter-time, darting from the gloomy sky, and leaping, flash on flash, from out the clouds, what time they hurry in their wake the blackest storm.

Now would they hold back no longer from their enterprise, but, sitting them in rows upon the benches, very quickly they rowed to yon plain of Ares. Now it lay over against the entrance to the town, as far therefrom as is the turning-post, which a chariot must win, from the starting-place, when at a prince's death his friends appoint contests for footmen and horsemen. There found they Aeetes and hosts of other Colchians; these were stationed on the Caucasian rocks, but he beside the river's winding bank.

Forth leapt the son of Aeson from the ship, with spear and shield, unto his task, so soon as his crew had fastened the cables; and with him he took a gleaming bronze helmet, full of sharp teeth, and his sword slung about his shoulders, with naked body, somewhat resembling Ares, and haply somewhat Apollo with his sword of gold. One glance he took along the lea, and saw the bulls' brazen yoke and the plough, made of one piece of ponderous adamant, upon it. So he drew nigh, and fixed

his strong sword upright to the hilt hard by, and set the helmet down resting against it. Then he set forward with shield alone, tracking the countless traces of the bulls, and they from some unseen den beneath the ground, where were their strong stalls, all wrapt in smoke and flame, rushed forth together, breathing flaming fire. Sore afraid were the heroes at that sight; but he, firmly planting himself, awaited their onset, as a reef of rock awaits the billows driven against it by the countless blasts. And in front he held his shield to meet them; and they together bellowing, smote thereon with their strong horns; yet they heft him up never a jot by their attack. As when the good leathern bellows of braziers now send forth a jet of flame through the holes in the smelting pot, kindling a consuming fire, and now again do cease their blast, while an awful roar goeth up therefrom, when it darts up from below; even so those two bulls did bellow as they breathed from their mouths the rushing fire, and all about Jason ran the consuming flame, striking him like lightning; but the maiden's spells protected him. Then did he catch the ox on his right hand by the top of his horn, and dragged him with all his might and main, till he was near the brazen yoke, and then he threw him down upon the ground on his knees with one quick kick against his brazen hoof. In like manner he tripped the other on his knees as he charged, smitten with one stroke. And he cast from him his broad shield on the earth, and kept those oxen twain where they were fallen on their knees, stepping from side to side, now here, now there, rushing headlong through the flame. But Aeetes marveled at the might of the man. Meantime those sons of Tyndarus,—for so had it been long before ordained for them,—came near, and gave him the yoke from off the ground to cast about them. And he bound it carefully upon their necks, and lifting the brazen pole between them, made fast its pointed tip unto the yoke. Then those twain started back from the fire toward the ship; but he once more took up his shield, and slung it on his back behind, and grasped the weighty helmet, full of sharp teeth, and his resist-

less spear, wherewith, like some laborer with a Pelasgian goad, he pricked them, thrusting beneath their flanks; and with a firm hand he guided the shapely plough-handle, fashioned of adamant. But the bulls, the while, were exceeding wroth, breathing against him furious flaming fire; and their breath was as the roar of blustering winds, in fear of which sea-faring folk do mostly furl their wide sail.

But yet a little while, and they started in obedience to the spear, and the grim fallow was cleft behind them, broken up by the might of the bulls and the strong ploughman. Terribly groaned the clods withal along the furrows of the plough as they were broken, each a man's burden; and he followed, pressing down the left stilt with heavy tread, while far from him he was casting the teeth along the clods as each was tilled, with many a backward glance, lest the fell crop of earth-born men should rise against him ere he was done; and on toiled those oxen, treading with their brazen hoofs. Now when the third part of day, as it waned from dawn, was still left, when swinked laborers call the sweet unyoking hour to come to them at once, in that hour the lea was finished ploughing by the tireless ploughman, for all it was four plough-gates; and he loosed the plough from the oxen, and scared them in flight o'er the plain. Then went he again unto the ship, while yet he saw the furrows free of the earth-born men. And he drew of the river's stream in his helmet, and quenched his thirst with water; and he bent his knees to supple them, and filled his mighty soul with courage, eager as a wild boar, that whets his tusks against the hunters, while from his angry mouth the foam runs in great flakes to the ground. Lo! now were those earth-born men springing up o'er all the tilth, and the acre of Ares the death-dealer was all bristling with mighty shields and twopointed spears and gleaming helmets; and the sheen thereof went flashing through the air from earth beneath to Olympus. As when, in the murk of night, after a heavy storm of snow hath fallen on the earth, the winds do scatter the wintry clouds once more, and all the

heavenly signs at once are seen shining through the gloom; even so those warriors shone as they grew up above the earth. But Jason remembered the counsel of crafty Medea, and caught up from the plain a great round rock, a fearful quoit for Ares the War-god; four strong men could not have stirred it ever so little from the ground. This did he take in his hand, and threw it very far into their midst with one swing, while himself did boldly couch beneath his shield. And the Colchians gave a mighty cry, like the cry of the sea when it roars on jagged rocks, but on the King Aeetes came dumb dismay at the hurtling of that mighty quoit. Then did they like sharp-toothed dogs leap upon it, and with loud yells did rend each other; and they were falling on their mother earth 'neath their own spears, like pines or oaks, which sudden gusts of wind do shake. Like as when a fiery meteor shoots from heaven, with a trail of light behind, a marvel to mankind, whoso see it dart and flash through the darkling air; in such wise rushed the son of Aeson on the earth-born men, and he bared his sword from the scabbard, and smote them, mowing them down one upon another, many in the belly and flanks as they were but half risen to the air, and some in the legs as they were rising, others just standing upright, and some as they were even now hastening to the fray. As when some yeoman, when a war hath broken out upon his boundaries, fearful lest men will ravage his fields, seizes in his hand a curved sickle, newly-sharpened, and hastes to cut his crop unripe, nor waiteth for it to ripen in its season by the beams of the sun; even so did he then cut the crop of earth-born men, and the furrows were filled with blood, as the channels of a spring are filled with water. There they fell; some on their faces, biting with their teeth the rough clods; some upon their backs; others on the palms of their hands and sides; like sea-monsters in shape to behold. And many wounded, or ever they had stept forth from the earth, bowed their damp brows to the ground and rested there, as much of them as had emerged to the air above. Even so shoots newly-planted in an orchard

do droop to the ground, snapped from their roots, when Zeus sendeth a torrent of rain, a toil to gardening folk; and heavy grief and bitter sorrow cometh on him who owns the plot of ground and tends the plants. So then o'er the heart of King Aeetes stole heavy grief. And he got him homeward to his town together with his Colchians, musing darkly how he might most quickly meet them.

And daylight died, and Jason's toil was ended.

IX. PASTORAL POETRY. Pastoral poetry, or as it was known to the ancients, bucolic poetry, describes country life, and may be dramatic, lyric or epic in form, the characters usually representing shepherds or humble people. *Eclogues* is another name given to the same class of poems, although less properly, perhaps.

The origin of pastoral poetry is somewhat difficult to trace, but it is usually attributed to Stesichorus of Himera, though the earliest extant pastorals are those of Theocritus. To him most of the European writers are indebted not only for subject and style, but many of the names which he used for his characters, such as Lycidas, Corydon, Daphnis and Amaryllis, have done noble duty in all countries.

Theocritus has been given the first position among pastoral writers, and he well deserves the honor. Bion and Moschus, who followed him, are confessedly his imitators, but Theocritus is immeasurably superior to them in his accurate and tasteful pictures of simple rural life and in the thoroughness of his appreciation of nature. In point of fame, no one approached him until Vergil wrote his *Eclogues,*

but they do not ring true to country life and bear more of polish than of nature.

In this connection, we may as well add that our own noted pastoral writers, while they have composed beautiful lyrics, have never risen to quite the same height of minstrelsy. Spenser, Pope, Gay, Lyttleton and Shenstone were all skilled writers, but their inspiration came rather from poetry than from nature and actual bucolic life.

The pastoral poems of the Alexandrian period were called idyls, from the fact that they were little pictures of common life, and indeed most of those which remain to us are short and simple.

X. THEOCRITUS. It is probable that Theocritus was a native of Syracuse, though that is almost as uncertain as is most of the information we have concerning his life. He appeared in Alexandria near the end of the reign of Ptolemy Soter, where, after receiving instruction from noted teachers, he began to distinguish himself as a poet, and in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus he reached great distinction. Three of his idyls are dedicated to that ruler. This indicates that he flourished about 272 B. C., but when he was born or when and how he died is quite unknown.

No Greek poet is more attractive, particularly to young students, than Theocritus, and in his lowly domain he rules supreme. We find in his writings a great variety of subjects, but the style with which he treats each is perfectly

in harmony with it. Strictly speaking, only ten of the thirty idyls of Theocritus are entirely of pastoral life: six are epics; two were written for special occasions; two are addresses to patrons; six are love poems, and four are realistic studies of common life. One of the latter is a mime still sometimes acted in Paris, though its humor, by reason of its nature, is almost unpleasant. In explanation of this feature of the work of Theocritus we must remember that his characters were peasants of the olden time, that they lacked the refinement of later days, and that the idea of Theocritus was to take his shepherds as he found them, make them act as they did act, and speak what they spoke, not what they ought to have spoken.

It is hard to single out from his matchless idyls those which will show his genius perfectly or which will tend to create in the reader an appetite for more. That his writings are charming and their beauties innumerable, we think may be seen even from translations. Those which we select for this work were rendered by J. M. Chapman.

The first idyl, a dirge on Daphnis, has perhaps had more imitators than any other poem of its length in existence: beginning with Bion's *Adonis* and the *Bion* of Moschus, we find following at intervals of many years Vergil's *Daphnis,* Milton's *Lycidas,* Shelley's *Adonais,* and others of less merit. The *Daphnis* of Theocritus is as follows:

THYRSIS THE SHEPHERD, AND THE GOATHERD

Thyrsis

Sweet is the music which the whispering pine
Makes to the murmuring fountains; sweet is thine,
Breathed from the pipe: the second prize thy due—
To Pan, the horned ram; to thee, the ewe;
And thine the yearling, when the ewe he takes—
A savory mess the tender yearling makes.

Goatherd

Sweeter thy song than yonder gliding down
Of water from the rock's o'erhanging crown;
If a ewe-sheep for fee the Muses gain,
Thou, shepherd! shalt a stall-fed lamb obtain;
But if it rather please the tuneful Nine
To take the lamb, the ewe shall then be thine.

Thyrsis

O wilt thou, for the Nymphs' sake, goatherd! fill
Thy pipe with music on this sloping hill,
Where grow the tamarisks? wilt sit, dear friend,
And play for me, while I thy goats attend?

Goatherd

We must not pipe at noon in any case;
For then Pan rests him, wearied from the chase.
Him, quick to wrath we fear, as us befits;
On his keen nostril sharp gall ever sits.
But thou—to thee the griefs of Daphnis known,
And the first skill in pastoral song thine own—
Come to yon elm, into whose shelter deep
Afront Priapus and the Naiads peep—
Where the thick oaks stand round the shepherd's seat:
There, sitting with me in that cool retreat,
If thou wilt sing, as when thou didst contest
With Libyan Chromis which could sing the best,
Thine, Thyrsis, this twin-bearing goat shall be,
That fills two milk-pails thrice a-day for me;
And this deep ivy-cup with sweetest wax

Bedewed, twin-eared, that of the graver smacks.
Around its lips lush ivy twines on high,
Sprinkled with drops of bright cassidony;
And as the curling ivy spreads around,
On every curl the saffron fruit is found.
With flowing robe and Lydian head-dress on,
Within, a woman to the life is done—
An exquisite design! on either side
Two men with flowing locks each other chide,
By turns contending for the woman's love,
But not a whit her mind their pleadings move.
One while she gives to this a glance and smile,
And turns and smiles on that another while.
But neither any certain favor gains—
Only their eyes are swollen for their pains.
Hard by, a rugged rock and fisher old,
Who drags a mighty net, and seems to hold,
Preparing for the cast: he stands to sight,
A fisher putting forth his utmost might.
A youth's strength in the gray-head seems to dwell
So much the sinews of his neck outswell.
And near that old man with his sea-tanned hue,
With purple grapes a vineyard shines to view.
A little boy sits by the thorn-hedge trim,
To watch the grapes—two foxes watching him:
One through the ranges of the vines proceeds,
And on the hanging vintage slyly feeds;
The other plots and vows his scrip to search,
And for his breakfast leave him—in the lurch.
Meanwhile he twines and to a rush fits well
A locust trap with stalks of asphodel;
And twines away with such absorbing glee,
Of scrip or vines he never thinks—not he!
The juicy curled acanthus hovers round
Th' Aeolian cup—when seen a marvel found.
Hither a Calydonian skipper brought it,
For a great cheese-cake and a goat I bought it;
Untouched by lip—this cup shall be thy hire,
If thou wilt sing that song of sweet desire.

I envy not: begin! the strain outpour;
'Twill not be thine on dim Oblivion's shore.

Thyrsis

Begin, dear Muses! the bucolic strain;
For Thyrsis sings, your own Aetnean swain.
Where were ye, Nymphs! when Daphnis pined away,
Where through his Tempe Peneus loves to stray,
Or Pindus lifts himself? Ye were not here—
Where broad Anapus flows or Acis clear,
Or where tall Aetna looks out on the main.

Begin, dear Muses! the bucolic strain.
From out the mountain-lair the lions growled,
Wailing his death—the wolves and jackals howled.

Begin, dear Muses! the bucolic strain:
Around him in a long and mournful train,
Sad-faced, a number of the horned kind,
Heifers, bulls, cows, and calves, lamenting pined.

First Hermes from the mountain came and said,
"Daphnis, by whom art thou disquieted?
For whom dost thou endure so fierce a flame?"

Then cowherds, goatherds, shepherds, thronging came,
And asked what ailed him. E'en Priapus went,
And said: "Sad Daphnis, why this languishment?
In every grove, by fountains, far and near,
Thee the loved girl is seeking every where.
Ah, foolish lover! to thyself unkind,
Miscalled a cowherd, with a goatherd's mind!
The goatherd when he sees his goats at play,
Envies their wanton sport and pines away.
And thou at sight of virgins, when they smile,
Dost look with longing eyes and pine the while,
Because with them the dance thou dost not lead."

No word he answered, but his grief did feed,
And brought to end his love, that held him fast,
And only ended with his life at last.

Then Cypris came—the queen of soft desire,
Smiling in secret, but pretending ire,
And said: "To conquer love did Daphnis boast,
But, Daphnis! is not love now uppermost?"
Her answered he: "Thou cruel sorrow-feeder!
Curst Cypris! mankind's hateful mischief-breeder!
'Tis plain my sun is set: but I shall show
The blight of love in Hades' house below.
'Where Cypris kiss'd a cowherd'—men will speak-
Hasten to Ida! thine Anchises seek.
Around their hives swarmed bees are humming here,
Here the low galingale—thick oaks are there.
Adonis, the fair youth, a shepherd too,
Wounds hares, and doth all savage beasts pursue.
Go! challenge Diomede to fight with thee—
'I tame the cowherd Daphnis, fight with me.'

"Ye bears, who in the mountain hollows dwell,
Ye tawny jackals, bounding wolves, farewell!
The cowherd Daphnis never more shall rove
In quest of you through thicket, wood, and grove.
Farewell, ye rivers, that your streams profuse
From Thymbris pour; farewell, sweet Arethuse!
I drove my kine—a cowherd whilom here—
To pleasant pasture, and to water clear.
Pan! Pan! if seated on a jagged peak
Of tall Lycaeus now; or thou dost seek
The heights of Maenalus—leave them a while,
And hasten to thy own Sicilian isle.
The tomb, which e'en the gods admire, leave now—
Lycaon's tomb and Helice's tall brow.
Hasten, my king! and take this pipe that clips,
Uttering its honey breath, the player's lips.
For even now, dragged downward, must I go,
By love dragged down to Hades' house below.
Now violets, ye thorns and brambles bear!
Narcissus now on junipers appear!
And on the pine-tree pears! since Daphnis dies,
To their own use all things be contraries!

The stag trail hounds; in rivalry their song
The mountain owls with nightingales prolong!''

He said, and ceased: and Cypris wished, indeed,
To raise him up, but she could not succeed;
His fate-alloted threads of life were spent,
And Daphnis to the doleful river went.
The whirlpool gorged him—by the Nymphs not scorned,
Dear to the Muses, and by them adorned.

Cease! cease, ye Muses! the bucolic strain.
Give me the cup and goat that I may drain
The pure milk from her; and, for duty's sake,
A due libation to the Muses make.
All hail, ye Muses! hail, and favor me,
And my hereafter song shall sweeter be.

Goatherd

Honey and honey-combs melt in thy mouth,
And figs from Aegilus! for thou, dear youth,
The musical cicada dost excel.
Behold the cup! how sweetly doth it smell!
'Twill seem to thee as though the lovely Hours
Had newly dipt it in their fountain-showers.
Hither, Cissaetha! milk her! yearling friskers,
Forbear—behold the ram's huge beard and whiskers!

The unforgetable second idyl, with its homely tragedy, is one of his strongest pieces of realism:

THE SORCERESS

Where are the laurels? where the philters? roll
The finest purple wool around the bowl.
Quick! Thestylis, that I with charms may bind
The man I love, but faithless and unkind.
This is the twelfth day he my sight hath fled,
And knows not whether I be quick or dead;
The twelfth day since he cross'd my threshold o'er,

Nor, cruel! once hath knocked upon my door,
In all that time. His fancy, apt to change,
Cypris and Love have elsewhere made to range.
I'll go—to see and chide him for my sorrow—
To Timagetus' wrestling-school to-morrow.
Now will I charm him with the magic rite:
Come forth, thou Moon! with thy propitious light;
Cold, silent goddess! at this witching hour
To thee I'll chant, and to th' Infernal Power,
Dread Hecate; whom, coming through the mounds
Of blood-swoln corses, flee the trembling hounds.
Hail, Hecate! prodigious demon, hail!
Come at the last, and make the work prevail;
That this strong brewage may perform its part
No worse than that was made by Circe's art,
By bold Medea, terrible as fair,
Or Perimeda of the golden hair.

Him hither, hither draw, my magic wheel!
First in the fire is burnt the barley meal;
Quick! Thestylis, quick! sprinkle more—yet more;
Wretch! whither do thine idle fancies soar?
Am I thy scorn and mock? sprinkle and say—
"The bones of Delphis thus I shred away."

Him hither, hither draw, my magic wheel!
Delphis has made me fiercest tortures feel;
I burn the laurel over Delphis now:
As crackles loud the kindled laurel bough,
Blazes, and e'en its dust we not discern—
So may the flesh of Delphis dropping burn!

Him hither, hither draw, my magic wheel!
As by the help divine, which I appeal,
I melt this wax, may Myndian Delphis melt!
As whirls this wheel, may he, love's impulse felt,
At my forsaken door be made to reel!

Him hither, hither draw, my magic wheel!
Bran now I offer: thou, Queen Artemis!

Canst move aught firm, e'en Adamantine Dis.
Hark! the dogs howl; the goddess now doth pass
The cross-roads through: ring, ring the sounding brass!

Him hither, hither draw, my magic wheel!
The sea is silent; not a breath doth steal
Over the stillness; but the troubled din
Of passion is not hushed my heart within;
I burn for him, who hath defamed my life,
Undone a virgin, made me not his wife.

Him hither, hither draw, my magic wheel!
Thrice the libation poured, I thrice unseal
My lips, August One! thrice these words I speak;
Whoever lies with Delphis, cheek by cheek,
May he forget her so much as they say
Theseus forgot, and left in Dia's bay
The bright-haired Ariadne—fast away
Sailing from Dia with his rapid keel.

Him hither, hither draw, my magic wheel!
A little herb in Arcady there grows,
Which colts and mares doth strangely discompose,
(Hence called Hippomanes); for this they skurry
O'er mountain-ranges with a frantic hurry:
Thus from the wrestling-school, all bright with oil,
May Delphis madly rush—with thoughts that boil;
May he for me this maddening passion feel!

Him hither, hither draw, my magic wheel!
This fringe he dropt, that ran his cloak across,
I tear, and to the furious fire I toss.
Ah, love! ah, cruel love! why dost outsuck
All of my blood, like marsh-leech firmly stuck?

Him hither, hither draw, my magic wheel!
A draught whose ill none antidote can heal
From a bruised lizard I'll to-morrow make:
Now, Thestylis, this poisonous brewage take,

And smear his threshold—there my mind must be,
As thereto bound; but he cares not for me:
And having smeared the door-way, spitting there,
Then say, "The bones of Delphis thus I smear."

Him hither, hither draw, my magic wheel!
How, left alone, shall I with sorrow deal?
Or where begin with my grief-plighted thought?
Who first on me this love—this mischief brought?
Anaxo came, on whom it fell this year
The basket to Diana's grove to bear:
She came for me and told me, in the show
'Mid many a beast a lioness would go.

Whence grew my love, divinest Moon! attend:
Theucharila, whose life did lately end,
My Thracian nurse, now numbered with the blest,
Came also to me, prayed me, strongly prest
To go and look upon the splendid show.
At last I went—ah, doomed to bitter woe!
My linen tunic, never worn before,
And Clearista's glistering robe I wore.

Whence grew my love, divinest Moon! attend:
Whilst I along the public road did wend,
Midway by Lycon's house, I saw, alas!
Delphis and youthful Eudamippus pass.
The beards of both were of a yellower dye
Than the bright gold-bedropt cassidony.
Twain wrestlers, lately breathed, their breasts, bright Queen!
Outshone the sparkles of thy golden sheen.

Whence grew my love, divinest Moon! attend:
I saw, loved, maddened! raging love did rend
My very soul! my bloom of beauty bright
Withered at once as by a sudden blight:
The pomp I saw not passing in my view,
And how I reached my home I never knew;

A fiery torment on my vitals fed;
Ten days and nights I lay upon my bed.

Whence grew my love, divinest Moon! attend:
Such hues and juices of the thapsus lend
Gloomed on my cheek; off dropt my crown of hair;
I was but skin and bones; in my despair
Whom sought I not? what magic-dealing crone
Consulted not? but I found help from none:
On hastened time, that brings all things to end.

Whence grew my love, divinest Moon! attend:
Then to my hand-maid I revealed my mind;
"Some remedy for my sore sickness find;
I pine for, dote upon, the Myndian youth,
Am altogether his in very sooth;
At Timagetus' school watch, bring him me,
For there he visits—there he loves to be.
And when you see him from the rest apart,
Then nod and softly whisper him, 'Sweetheart!
Simaetha calls you'—guide him here, my friend."

Whence grew my love, divinest Moon! attend:
She went and found the remedy I sought,
And to my house the blooming Delphis brought.
But when I saw him o'er my threshold-sill
Pass with light foot, I sudden grew more chill
Than wintry snow; and from my forehead burst
Sweat like the dew the melting South hath nurst;
I could not utter—e'en the murmur fine
That sleeping infants to their mothers whine;
Senseless I stiffened in my strange affright,
Like a wax-doll, the girl-child's dear delight.

Whence grew my love, divinest Moon! attend:
The heartless minion first on me did bend
His eager eyes, then sitting on the bed
He turned them on the ground, and softly said:—
"In calling me before I came self-moved,

Thou hast as much outpast me, my beloved,
As I did lately with swift foot out-pace
The beautiful Philinus in the race."—

(Whence grew my love, divinest Moon! attend:)
"For, by sweet Eros! with a second friend,
Or with a third, I should have come to-night,
Bringing sweet apples, crowned with poplar white,
Careful the wreath with purple stripes to blend:"

(Whence grew my love, divinest Moon! attend:)
"Had you received me—well; for me, 'mid all,
The handsome, active bachelor they call;
A kiss from those rich lips, that sweetly pout,
Had been enough; but had you shut me out,
And your barred doors had interposed delay,
Axes and torches then had forced a way."

(Whence grew my love, divinest Moon! attend:)
"To Cypris first in gratitude I bend,
Thou, next to her, hast snatched me from the fire,
In calling me half burnt with fierce desire;
For Eros oft a fiercer flame awakes
Than those Sicilian fires Hephaestus makes."

(Whence grew my love, divinest Moon! attend:)
"He from her bed the virgin oft doth send,
Stung by his furies; and the new-made bride
Scares from the warm couch and her husband's side."

These words he spoke; but I with credulous mind
Held his dear hand, and on the bed reclined:
Our bodies did by touching warmer grow,
And on our cheeks there came a hotter glow:
Sweetly we whispered; and, in short, dear Moon!
By Eros fired, we gained Cythera's boon.
Nor any blame on me could Delphis lay,
Nor haply I on him—'till yesterday.
I only learned to-day his yester ill:

While yet up-prancing the high eastern hill,
Her fiery-footed steeds from ocean's dew
With rosy-armed Aurora upward flew,
There came the mother of the festive pair,
Sweet-voiced Philista and Melixo fair,
And told me:—"Delphis loves elsewhere, I know,
But whom I know not; yet enamored so,
That from the banquet suddenly he fled,
To hang his lady's house with flowers, he said."
My old friend told me this, and told me truth:
For twice or thrice a day once came my youth,
And often left his Dorian pyx with me;
This the twelfth day since him I last did see.
Has he forgot me for another love?
With philters will I try his soul to move;
But if he still will grieve, betray me, mock,
He shall, by fate! the door of Hades knock.
That chest has drugs shall make him feel my rage;
The art I learned from an Assyrian sage.
Thy steeds to ocean now, bright Queen, direct;
What I have sworn to do I will effect.
Farewell, clear Moon! and skyey cressets bright,
That follow the soft-gliding wheels of Night.

The sixth idyl is a clownish pastoral with a strong touch of pathetic hopelessness:

THE SINGERS OF PASTORALS

To the same field, Aratus, bard divine!
Once Daphnis and Damoetas drove their kine.
This on the chin a yellow beard did show:
On that the down had just begun to grow.
During the noontide of the summer heat,
They by a fountain sung their ditties sweet.
But Daphnis first (to whom it did belong
As challenger) began the pastoral song.

Daphnis

"With apples Galatea pelts thy sheep,
Inviting one, whose pulses never leap

To love, whilst thou, cold Polypheme! dost pipe,
Regardless of the sea-born beauty ripe.
And lo! she pelts the watch-dog—with a bound
He barking starts, and angry looks around—
Then bays the sea; the waves soft-murmuring show
An angry dog fast running to and fro.
Take heed he leap not on her, coming fresh
From the sea-wave, and tear her dainty flesh.
But like the thistle-down, when summer glows,
The sportive nymph, soft moving, comes and goes;
Pursues who flies her, her pursuer flies,
And moves the landmark of love's boundaries.
What is not lovely, lovely oft doth seem
To the bewildered lover, Polypheme."

Preluding then, Damoetas thus began.

Damoetas

"I saw her pelt my flock, by mighty Pan!
Not unobserved by my dear single eye,
Through which I see, and shall see till I die.
Prophet of ill! let Telemus at home
Keep for his own sons all his woes to come.
I, to provoke her, look not in return,
And say that for another girl I burn.
At hearing which with envy, by Apollo!
The sea-nymph pines; and her eye-quest doth follow.
Leaping from out the sea like one that raves,
Amid my flocks, and peeps into the caves.
I make the dog bark just to discompose her;
He, when I loved her, whining used to nose her.
Noting my action, she perchance will find
Some messenger to let me know her mind.
I'll shut my door, till she on oath agree
To make her sweet bed on this isle with me.
Nor am I that unsightly one they say:
For in the calm, smooth wave the other day
I saw myself: and handsome was my beard,
And bright, methought, my single eye appeared.
And from the beautiful sea-mirror shone

My white teeth, brighter than the Parian stone.
To screen myself from influence malign,
Thrice on my breast I spat. This lesson fine
I learned from that wise crone Cotyttaris."

This sung, Damoetas gave his friend a kiss.
Of pipe and flute their mutual gifts they made—
Daphnis the pipe, the flute Damoetas played.
Thereto the heifers frisked in gambols rude:
And neither conquered; both were unsubdued.

Another purely rustic idyl is the ninth:

THE PASTOR, OR THE HERDSMEN

Daphnis. Menalcas

Daphnis! begin the pastoral song for me;
Begin, and let Menalcas follow thee.
Meanwhile the calves the mother-cows put under,
Let the bulls feed—but not roam far asunder,
Scorning the herd— and crop the leafy spray;
And leave the heifers to their frolic play.
Begin for me the sweet bucolic strain,
And let Menalcas take it up again.

Daphnis

"Sweet low the cow and calf—the tones are sweet,
The pipe, the cowherd and myself repeat.
My couch is by cool water, and is strown
With skins of milk-white heifers; them threw down,
While they cropt arbutus, the south-west wind
From the bluff crag. There stretched, no more I mind
The scorching summer than a loving pair
Their parents sage, who bid them each 'beware!' "

Thus Daphnis sweetly sung at my request;
Menalcas next his dulcet tones exprest.

Menalcas

"Aetna! my mother! in the hollow rock
My pleasant mansion is; I own a flock
Of many yearlings and of many sheep,

Numerous as those the dreamer sees in sleep.
Fleeces are lying at my head and feet;
On an oak-fire are boiling entrails sweet;
And on my hearth in winter-time I burn
Fagots of beech. I have no more concern
For winter—than the toothless elder cares
For walnuts, whose old dame his pap prepares."

Shepherd

Both I applauded, and made gifts to both,
A crook to Daphnis—the spontaneous growth
Of my own father's field, yet turned so well,
None could find fault with it; a sounding shell
I gave Menalcas; four besides myself
Fed on its flesh—I snared it from a shelf
Amid th' Icarian rocks. The conch he blew,
And far abroad the blast resounding flew.

Hail, pastoral Muses! and the song declare,
Which then I chanted for that friendly pair.
"On your tongue's tip may pustules never grow,
For speaking falsely what for false you know!
Cicale the cicale loves; and ant loves ant;
Hawk, hawk; and me the muse and song enchant
Of this my house be full! nor sudden spring,
Nor sleep is sweeter; nor to bees on wing
The bloom of flowers more dear delight diffuses,
Than to myself the presence of the Muses.
On whomso'er they look and sweetly smile,
Him Circe may not harm with cup or wile."

The most famous of his mimes, the one mentioned above, is contained in the fifteenth idyl, *The Syracusan Women:*

CHARACTERS

Gorgo. Praxinoa. Old woman. First stranger. Second stranger. Singing woman.

Gorgo

Is Praxinoa at home?

Praxinoa

Dear Gorgo, yes!
How late you are! I wonder, I confess,
That you are come e'en now. Quick, brazen-front!
[*To* EUNOA
A chair there—stupid! lay a cushion on't.

Gorgo

Thank you, 'tis very well.

Praxinoa

Be seated, pray.

Gorgo

My untamed soul! what dangers on the way!
I scarce could get alive here: such a crowd!
So many soldiers with their trappings proud!
A weary way it is—you live so far.

Praxinoa

The man, whose wits with sense are aye at war,
Bought at the world's end but to vex my soul
This dwelling—no! this serpent's lurking-hole,
That we might not be neighbors: plague o' my life,
His only joy is quarreling and strife.

Gorgo

Talk not of Dinon so before the boy;
See! how he looks at you!

Praxinoa

My honey-joy!
My pretty dear! 'tis not papa I mean.

Gorgo

Handsome papa! the urchin, by the Queen,
Knows every word you say.

Praxinoa

The other day—
For this in sooth of everything we say—
The mighty man of inches went and brought me
Salt—which for nitre and ceruse he bought me.

Gorgo

And so my Diocleide—a brother wit,
A money-waster, lately thought it fit
To give seven goodly drachms for fleeces five—
Mere rottenness, but dog's hair, as I live,
The plucking of old scrips—a work to make.
But come, your cloak and gold-claspt kirtle take,
And let us speed to Ptolemy's rich hall,
To see the fine Adonian festival.
The queen will make the show most grand, I hear.

Praxinoa

All things most rich in rich men's halls appear.
To those who have not seen it, one can tell
What one has seen.

Gorgo

'Tis time to go—'tis well
For those who all the year have holidays.

Praxinoa

Eunoa! my cloak—you wanton! quickly raise,
And place it near me—cats would softly sleep;
And haste for water—how the jade does creep!
The water first—now, did you ever see?
She brings the cloak first: well, then, give it me.
You wasteful slut, not too much—pour the water!
What! have you wet my kirtle! sorrow's daughter?
Stop, now: I'm washed—gods love me: where's the key
Of the great chest? be quick, and bring it me.

Gorgo

The gold-claspt and full-skirted gown you wear
Becomes you vastly. May I ask, my dear,
How much in all it cost you from the loom?

Praxinoa

Don't mention it: I'm sure I did consume
More than two minae on it: and I held on
The work with heart and soul.

Gorgo

But when done, well done!

Praxinoa

Truly—you're right. My parasol and cloak—
Arrange it nicely. Cry until you choke,
I will not take you, child; horse bites, you know—
Boo! Boo! no use to have you lame. Let's go.
Play with the little man, my Phrygian! call
The hound in; lock the street-door of the hall.

Gods, what a crowd: they swarm like ants, how ever
Shall we work through them with our best endeavor?
From when thy sire was numbered with the blest,
Many fine things, and this among the rest,
Hast thou done, Ptolemy! No villain walks
The street, and picks your pocket, as he talks
On some pretense with you, in Egypt's fashion:
As once complete in every style, mood, passion,
Resembling one another, rogues in grain,
Would mock and pilfer, and then—mock again.
What will become of us, dear Gorgo? see!
The king's war-horses! Pray, don't trample me,
Good sir! the bay-horse rears! how fierce a one!
Eunoa, stand from him: dog-heart! won't you run?
He'll kill his leader! what a thought of joy,
That safe at home remains my precious boy!

Gorgo

Courage! they're as they were—and we behind them.

Praxinoa

I nearly lost my senses; now I find them,
And am myself again. Two things I hold
In mortal dread—a horse and serpent cold,
And have done from a child. Let us keep moving;
O! what a crowd is on us, bustling, shoving.

Gorgo

(*To an old woman.*)

Good mother, from the palace?

Old Woman

Yes, my dear.

Gorgo

Is it an easy thing to get in there?

Old Woman

Th' Achaeans got to Troy, there's no denying;
All things are done, as they did that—by trying.

Gorgo.

The old dame spoke oracles.

Praxinoa

Our sex, as you know,
Know all things—e'en how Zeus espoused his Juno.

Gorgo

Praxinoa! what a crowd about the gates!

Praxinoa

Immense! your hand; and, Eunoa, hold your mate's;
Do you keep close, I say, to Eutychis,
And close to us, for fear the way you miss.
Let us, together all, the entrance gain:
Ah me! my summer-cloak is rent in twain.
Pray, spare my cloak, heaven bless you, gentleman!

Stranger

'Tis not with me—I will do what I can.

Praxinoa

The crowd, like pigs, are thrusting.

Stranger

Cheer thy heart,
'Tis well with us.

Praxinoa

And for your friendly part,
This year and ever be it well with you!
A kind and tender man as e'er I knew.
See! how our Eunoa is prest—push through—

Well done! all in—as the gay bridegroom cried,
And turned the key upon himself and bride.

Gorgo

What rich, rare tapestry! Look, and you'll swear
The fingers of the goddesses were here.

Praxinoa

August Athene! who such work could do?
Who spun the tissue, who the fingers drew?
How life-like are they, and they seem to move!
True living shapes they are, and not inwove!
How wise is man! and there he lies outspread
In all his beauty on his silver bed,
Thrice-loved Adonis! in his youth's fresh glow,
Loved even where the rueful stream doth flow.

A Stranger

Cease ye like turtles idly thus to babble:
They'll torture all of us with brogue and gabble.

Gorgo

Who's you? what's it to you our tongues we use?
Rule your own roost, not dames of Syracuse.
And this too know we were in times foregone
Corinthians, sir, as was Bellerophon.
We speak the good old Greek of Pelop's isle:
Dorians, I guess, may Dorian talk the while.

Praxinoa

Nymph! grant we be at none but one man's pleasure;
A rush for you—don't wipe my empty measure.

Gorgo

Praxinoa, hush! behold the Argive's daughter,
The girl who sings as though the Muses taught her,
That won the prize for singing Sperchis' ditty,
Prepares to chant Adonis; something pretty
I'm sure she'll sing: with motion, voice, and eye,
She now preludes—how sweetly, gracefully!

Singing Girl

Of Eryx, Golgos, and Idalia, Queen!
My mistress, sporting in thy golden sheen,
Bright Aphrodite! as the month comes on
Of every year, from dureful Acheron
What an Adonis—from the gloomy shore
The tender-footed Hours to thee restore!
Hours, slowest of the Blest! yet ever dear,
That wished-for come, and still some blessing bear.
Cypris! Dione's daughter! thou through portal
Of death, 'tis said, hast mortal made immortal,
Sweet Berenice, dropping, ever blest!
Ambrosial dew into her lovely breast.
Wherefore her daughter, Helen-like in beauty,
Arsinoe thy love repays with duty;
For thine Adonis fairest show ordains,
Bright Queen, of many names and many fanes!
All seasonable fruits; in silver cases
His gardens sweet; and alabaster vases
Of Syrian perfumes near his couch are laid;
Cakes, which with flowers and wheat the women made;
The shapes of all that creep, or take the wing,
With oil or honey wrought, they hither bring;
Here are green shades, with anise shaded more;
And the young Loves him ever hover o'er,
As the young nightingales, from branch to branch,
Hover and try their wings, before they launch
Themselves in the broad Air. But, O! the sight
Of gold and ebony! of ivory white
Behold the pair of eagles! up they move
With his cup-bearer for Saturnian Jove.
And see yon couch with softest purple spread,
Softer than sleep, the Samian born and bred
Will own, and e'en Miletus: that pavilion
Queen Cypris has—the nearer one her minion,
The rosy-armed Adonis; whose youth bears
The bloom of eighteen or of nineteen years;
Nor pricks the kiss—the red lip of the boy;
Having her spouse, let Cypris now enjoy.

Him will we, ere the dew of dawn is o'er,
Bear to the waves that foam upon the shore;
Then with bare bosoms and disheveled hair,
Begin to chant the wild and mournful air.
Of all the demigods, they say, but one
Duly revisits Earth and Acheron—
Thou, dear Adonis! Agamemnon's might,
Nor Aias, raging like one mad in fight;
Nor true Patroclus; nor his mother's boast,
Hector, of twenty sons famed, honored most;
Nor Pyrrhus, victor from the Trojan siege—
Not one of them enjoyed this privilege;
Nor the Deucalions; nor Lapithae;
Argive Pelasgi; nor Pelopidae.
Now, dear Adonis, fill thyself with glee,
And still returning, still propitious be.

Gorgo

Praxinoa, did ever mortal ear
A sweeter song from sweeter minstrel hear?
O happy girl! to know so many things—
Thrice happy girl, that so divinely sings!
But now 'tis time for home: let us be hasting;
My man's mere vinegar, and most when fasting:
Nor has he broken yet his fast to-day;
When he's a-hungered, come not in his way.
Farewell, beloved Adonis! joy to see!
When come, well come to those who welcome thee.

One of his most clever and popular idyls is the twenty-first, on the two old fishermen:

The nurse of industry and arts is want;
Care breaks the laborer's sleep, my Diophant!
And should sweet slumber o'er his eyelids creep,
Dark cares stand over him, and startle sleep.

Two fishers old lay in their wattled shed,
Close to the wicker on one sea-moss bed;

Near them the tools wherewith they plied their craft,
The basket, rush-trap, line, and reedy shaft,
Weed-tangled baits, a drag-net with its drops,
Hooks, cord, two oars, an old boat fixt on props.
Their rush-mat, clothes, and caps, propt either head;
These were their implements by which they fed,
And this was all their wealth. They were not richer
By so much as a pipkin or a pitcher.
All else seemed vanity: they could not mend
Their poverty—which was their only friend.
They had no neighbors; but upon the shore
The sea soft murmured at their cottage door.
The chariot of the moon was midway only,
When thoughts of toil awoke those fishers lonely:
And shaking sleep off they began to sing.

Asphalion

The summer-nights are short, when Zeus the king
Makes the days long, some say—and lie. This night
I've seen a world of dreams, nor yet 'tis light.
What's all this? am I wrong? or say I truly?
And can we have a long, long night in July?

Friend

Do you the summer blame? The seasons change,
Nor willingly transgress their wonted range.
From care, that frightens sleep, much longer seems
The weary night.

Asphalion

Can you interpret dreams?
I've seen a bright one, which I will declare,
That you my visions, as my toil, may share.
To whom should you in mother-wit defer?
And quick wit is best dream-interpreter.
We've leisure, and to spare: what can one do,
Lying awake on leaves, as I and you,
Without a lamp? they say the town-hall ever
Has burning lights—its booty fails it never.

Friend

Well: let us have your vision of the night.

Asphalion

When yester-eve I slept, outwearied quite
With the sea-toil, not over-fed, for our
Commons, you know, were short at feeding hour.
I saw myself upon a rock, where I
Sat watching for the fish—so eagerly!
And from the reed the tripping bait did shake,
Till a fat fellow took it—no mistake:
('Twas natural-like that I should dream of fish,
As hounds of meat upon a greasy dish:)
He hugged the hook, and then his blood did flow;
His plunges bent my reed like any bow;
I stretched both arms, and had a pretty bout,
To take with hook so weak a fish so stout.
I gently warned him of the wound he bore;
"Ha! will you prick me? you'll be pricked much more."
But when he struggled not, I drew him in;
The contest then I saw myself did win.
I landed him, a fish compact of gold!
But then a sudden fear my mind did hold,
Lest King Poseidon made it his delight,
Or it was Amphitrite's favorite.
I loosed him gently from the hook, for fear
It from his mouth some precious gold might tear,
And with my line I safely towed him home,
And swore that I on sea no more would roam,
But ever after would remain on land,
And there my gold, like any king, command.
At this I woke; your wits, good friend, awaken,
For much I fear to break the oath I've taken.

Friend

Fear not: you swore not, saw not with your eyes
The fish you saw; for visions all are lies.
But now no longer slumber: up, awake!
And for a false a real vision take.

Hunt for the foodful fish that is, not seems;
For fear you starve amid your golden dreams.

The twenty-third idyl is one of the best of the erotic lyrics:

THE LOVER

A youth was love-sick for a maid unkind,
Whose form was blameless, but not so her mind.
She scorned her lover and his suit disdained;
One gentle thought she never entertained.
She knew not Love—what sort of god, what darts
From what a bow he shoots at youthful hearts!
Her lips were strangers to soft gentleness,
And she was difficult of all access.
She had no word to soothe his scorching fire,
No sparkle of the lip; no moist desire
To her bright eyes a dewy luster lent;
Blushed on her cheek no crimson of consent;
She breathed no word of sighing born—no kiss
That lightens love, and turns its pain to bliss.
But, as the wild game from his thicket spies
The train of hunters with suspicious eyes,
So she her lover; ever did she turn
Toward him scornful lip, and eye-glance stern.
She was his fate: and on her glooming face,
The scorn that burned within her left its trace.
Her color fled; and every feature showed
Pale from the rage that in her bosom glowed.
Yet even so she was—how fair to see!
The more she scorned him, still the more loved he.
At last by Cypris scorched without her cure,
He could no more the raging flame endure.
He went and kist her door, and tears he shed,
And, 'midst his tears and kisses, sadly said:—

"Harsh, cruel girl! stone-heart and pitiless!
The nurseling of some savage lioness,
Unworthy love! my latest gift I bring,

This noose—no more will I thine anger sting.
But now I go where thou hast sentenced me—
The common road which all reports agree
Must at some time by all that live be gone,
And where love's cure is found—Oblivion.
Ah! could I drink it all, I should not slake
My passionate longing: at thy gates I take
My last farewell, thereto commit indeed
My latest sigh. The future I can read—
The rose is beautiful, the rose of prime,
But soon it withers at the touch of time;
And beautiful in spring-time to behold
The violet, but ah! it soon grows old;
White are the lilies, but they soon decay;
White is the snow, but soon it melts away;
And beautiful the bloom of virgin youth,
But lives a very little time in sooth.
Thy time will come—thou too at last shalt prove,
And weep most bitterly, the flames of love.
But grant, I pray thee, grant my latest prayer:
When thou shalt see me hanging high in air,
E'en at thy door—O pass not heedless by!
But drop a few tears to my memory.
From the harsh thong unloose thy hapless lover.
And from thy limbs a garment take and cover
The lifeless body, and the last kiss give;
Fear not that haply I may come alive
At thy lip's touch—I cannot live again;
Thy kiss, if given in love, were given in vain!
Hollow a mound to hide my love's sad end,
And thrice on leaving, cry, 'Here lie, my friend!'
And, if thou wilt, by thee this word be said,
'Here lies my love, my beautiful is dead.'
And let this epitaph mine end recall,
Just at the last I scratch it on thy wall:
'Love slew him: stop and say,—Who here is laid
Well but not wisely loved a cruel maid.' ''
Then in the doorway for its cruel use
He set a stone; he fitted next the noose;

Put in his neck, and eagerly he sped,
Spurning the stone away—and swung there dead.
But when she saw the corse her doorway kept,
She was not moved in spirit, nor she wept:
She felt no ruth, but, scornful to the last,
She spat upon the body, as she past,
And careless went to bathe her and adorn,
Where stood a statue of the god, her scorn.
From the bath's marble edge whereon it stood,
The statue leapt and slew her: with her blood
The water was impurpled, and the sound
Of the girl's dying accent swam around:—
"Ah lovers! she that scorned true love is slain;
Love is revengeful: when loved, love again."

We regret that space prevents the inclusion of any more of these exquisite short poems, but feel that we must at least quote a few rather remarkable descriptive passages:

I

(*The end of the seventh pastoral*)

Ended my song, he, smiling as before,
The friendly muse-gift gave—the crook he bore;
Then turning to the left pursued the way
To Pyxa; speeding, presently we lay,
Where Phrasidamus dwelt, on loosened sheaves
Of lentisk, and the vine's new-gathered leaves.
Near by, a fountain murmured from its bed,
A cavern of the Nymphs: elms overhead,
And poplars rustled; and the summer-keen
Cicadae sung aloft amid the green;
Afar the tree-frog in the thorn-bush cried;
Nor larks nor goldfinches their song denied;
The yellow bees around the fountains flew;
And the lone turtle-dove was heard to coo:
Of golden summer all was redolent,
And of brown autumn; boughs with damsons bent,
We had; and pears were scattered at our feet,

And by our side a heap of apples sweet.
A four-year cask was broached. Ye Nymphs excelling
Of Castaly, on high Parnassus dwelling,
Did ever Chiron in the Centaur's cave
Give draught so rich to Hercules the brave?
Through Polypheme did such sweet nectar glance,
That made the shepherd of Anapus dance,
The huge rock-hurler—as the generous foam,
Which, Nymphs, ye tempered at that harvest-home?
O be it mine again her feast to keep,
And fix the fan in good Damater's heap;
And may she sweetly smile, while spikes of corn
And up-torn poppies either hand adorn!

II

(*From the thirteenth pastoral on the Death of Hylas*)
They land at eve; in pairs their mess they keep;
And many strow a high and rushy heap:
A meadow broad convenient lay thereby,
With various rushes prankt abundantly.
And gold-tressed Hylas is for water gone
For Hercules and sturdy Telamon,
Who messmates were: a brazen urn he bore,
And soon perceived a fountain straight before.
It was a gentle slope, round which was seen
A multitude of rushes, parsley green,
And the close couch-grass, creeping to entwine
Green maiden-hair, and pale-blue celandine.
Their choir the wakeful Nymphs, the rustics' dread,
In the mid sparkle of the fountain led;
Malis, and young Nychea looking spring,
And fresh Eunica. There the youth did bring,
And o'er the water hold his goodly urn,
Eager at once to dip it and return.
The Nymphs all clasped his hand; for love seized all,
Love for the Argive boy; and he did fall
Plumping at once into the water dark,
As when a meteor glides with many a spark
Plumping from out the heavens into the seas—

And then some sailor cries, "A jolly breeze,
Up with the sail, boys!" Him upon their knees
The Nymphs soft held; him dropping many a tear
With soft enticing words they tried to cheer.

III

(*From the epic pastoral "Hercules the Lion Slayer;" The Cattle of Augias Returning Home.*)

With him his son and mighty Hercules
Through his exceeding show of riches went.
And, though his mind Amphitryonides
Was wont to keep on balance and unbent,
At sight thereof he was in wonderment:
Had he not seen it, he'd have thought it fable,
That any one, however eminent
For wealth, or any ten, in fold, stall, stable,
The richest of all kings, to show such wealth were able.

Hyperion gave unto his son most dear,
That he should all in flocks and herds excel.
His care increased them more from year to year;
For on his herds no sort of ailment fell,
Such as destroys the cattle: his grew well,
In pith improving still. None cast their young,
Which almost all were female. He could tell
Three hundred white-skinned bulls his kine among,
And eke two hundred red, that to their pastime sprung.

Twelve swan-white bulls were sacred to the sun,
All inknee'd bulls excelling; these apart
Cropped the green pasture, and were never done
Exulting; when from thicket shag did dart
Wild beasts, among the herds to play their part,
These twelve first rushed, death-looking, to the war,
Roaring most terribly. In pride of heart
And strength great Phaethon (men to a star
Did liken him) was first, mid many seen afar.

When this bull saw the tawny lion's hide,
He rushed on watchful Hercules, intent

To plunge his armed forehead in his side:
But then the hero grasped incontinent
The bull's left horn, and to the ground back-bent
His heavy neck; then backward pressed his might.
The bull, more struggling as more backward sent,
At last stood, stretching every nerve, upright.
The king, and prince, and swains, all marveled at the sight.

But to the city, on the following day,
Bold Hercules and Prince Phyleus sped.
At first their path through a thick vineyard lay,
Narrow, and 'mid the green, through which it led,
Half-hid. This past, Phyleus turned his head
O'er his right shoulder, soon as they did reach
The public road, and to the hero said,
Who walked behind him: "Friend, I did impeach
Myself as having lost, concerning thee, some speech

"I long since heard: now I remember me,
A young Achaean hither on a day
From Argos came, from sea-shore Helice,
Who, many Epeans present, then did say
He saw an Argive man a monster slay,
A lion, dread of all the country round,
Whose lair in grove of Zeus the Nemean lay;
I am not sure if on Tirynthian ground,
Or else in Argos born, or in Mycenian bound;

"But said, if I remember rightly now,
The hero sprung from Perseus: I confess
Methinks none other Argive man but thou
Dared that adventure: yea! that piece of dress,
The lion's hide, avows that hardiness.
Then, hero, first of all explain to me,
That I may know if right or wrong my guess,
Whether thou art in truth that very he,
Whose deed was told us by the man of Helice.

"Next, tell how thou didst slay the dreadful beast,
And how his way to Nemean haunt he found:
One, if he searched in Apian land at least,
Such monster could not find, though bears abound,
Boars and destructive wolves, the country round:
Wherefore all marveled at the man's recital,
And thought the traveler, with idle sound
Of his invented wonders, in requital
Of hospitable rites, was striving to delight all."

Then from the mid-path to the road-side near
Phyleus kept, that both abreast might find
Sufficient room, and he might better hear
What Hercules should say, who, still behind,
To him replied: "Not from the truth declined,
But with just balance thou hast judged it well:
Since thou would'st hear, I with a willing mind
Will tell, Phyleus, how the monster fell,
But whence he came nor I, nor Argive else can tell.

"Only we think that some immortal sent,
For holy rites profaned or left undone,
That ill on the Phoronians; forth he went,
And the Piseans, like a flood, o'errun:
The Bembinaeans least of all could shun
His fateful wrath; they, nearest, fared the worst:
To slay that terrible redoubted one
Was task enjoined me by Eurystheus erst;
His wish I undertook, of my set toils the first.

"My flexile bow I took, and quiver full
Of arrows, and my club, the bark still on,
The stem of a wild olive I did pull
Up by the roots, when thither I was gone,
Under the brow of holy Helicon.
But when I came to the huge lion's lair,
I to the tip the string did straightway don,
And fix'd one of the arrows which I bare:
To see, ere I was seen, I looked around with care.

"It was the mid-day, and not yet I found
His traces; nor could hear his mighty roar.
I saw no herdsman, ploughman on the ground,
To point me where I should his haunt explore:
Green fear kept every man within his door.
Nor till I saw him and his vigor tried,
Ceased I to search the sylvan mountain o'er;
And ere came on the cool of eventide,
Back to his cavern, gorged with flesh and blood, he hied.

"His dew-lap, savage face, and mane, were gory;
He licked his beard, while I, yet unespied,
Lurked in a thicket of the promontory;
But as he nearer came, at his left side
I shot an arrow, but it did not glide,
Though sharp, into his flesh, but with rebound
Fell on the grass. The thick he closely eyed,
His bloody head up-lifting from the ground,
And ghastly grinned, showing his teeth's terrific round.

"Then on the string another shaft I placed,
And shot—vexed that the former idly flew:
Mid-breast I hit him, where the lungs are placed:
His hide the sharp, sharp arrow pierced not through,
But at his feet fell ineffectual too:
Again a third I was in act to shoot,
Enraged to think in vain my bow I drew,
When I was seen by the blood-thirsty brute,
Who to the battle-thought his angry signs did suit.

"With his long tail he lashed himself; and all
His neck was filled with wrath: the fiery glow
Of his vexed mane up-bristled; in a ball
He gathered up himself, till like a bow
His spine was arched: as when one, who doth know
Chariots to build, excelling in his art,
Having first heated in a fire-heat slow
Bends for his wheel a fig-branch; with a start
The fissile wild-fig flies far from his hands apart.

"Collected for the spring, and mad to rend me,
So leapt the lion from afar: I strove
With skin-cloak, bow, and quiver to defend me
With one hand; with the other I up-hove
My weighty club, and on his temple drove,
But broke in pieces the rough olive wood
On his hard shaggy head: he from above
Fell ere he reached me, by the stroke subdued,
And nodding with his head on trembling feet he stood.

"Darkness came over both his eyes: his brain
Was shaken in the bone; but when I spied
The monster stunned and reeling from his pain,
I cast my quiver and my bow aside,
And to his neck my throttling hands applied,
Before he could recover. I did bear me
With vigor in the death-clutch, and astride
His body from behind from scath did clear me,
So that he could not or with jaw or talons tear me.

"His hind feet with my heels I pressed aground,
Of his pernicious throat my hands took care;
His sides were for my thighs a safe-guard found
From his fore-feet: till breathless high in air
I lifted him new sped to hell's dark lair.
Then many projects did my thoughts divide,
How best I might the monster's carcass bare,
And from his dead limbs strip the shaggy hide:
Hard task it was indeed, and much my patience tried.

"I tried and failed with iron, wood, and flint;
For none of these his skin could penetrate;
Then some immortal gave to me a hint
With his own talons I might separate
The carcass and the hide: success did wait
The trial of this thought; he soon was flayed.
I wear his hide, that serves me to rebate
Sharp-cutting war. The Nemean beast was laid
Thus low, which had of men and flocks much havoc made."

The epigrams of Theocritus are not so excellent as those of Callimachus, yet a few are worth quoting:

I

What boots it thee to weep away both eyes,
Sad Thyrsis! of thy pretty kid bereft:
The wild wolf seizes it, and bounding flies,
And the dog barks—at his successful theft.
What profit now from weeping can arise?
For of the kid, nor bone nor dust is left.

II

UPON A TRIPOD DEDICATED TO BACCHUS BY DEMOTELES

Sweet Dionysus! sweetest god of all!
To thee this tripod and thy statue placed
The leader of the choir, Demoteles.
Only small praise did on his boyhood fall,
But now his manhood is with victory graced,
And more, that him virtue and honor please.

III

UPON A STATUE OF ANACREON

Stranger! this statue view with care,
And say, when homeward you repair:
"In Teos lately saw these eyes
The statue of Anacreon wise.
If ever bard in bower or hall
Sang sweetly, sweetest he of all.
Most of all things he loved in sooth
The unblown loveliness of youth."
Thus will you, stranger, in a little
Express the whole man to a tittle.

IV

UPON HIPPONAX, THE POET

The bard Hipponax, traveler! lies here:
If wicked, keep aloof; if in the number
Of good men thou, of good men born, draw near,
Sit down, and, if thou wilt, in safety slumber.

XI. BION. If we know little of Theocritus, we know still less of Bion; in fact, all our knowledge is pure inference, for the writings of his friend Moschus and the poetic nature of his *Lament* give room for few facts. However, we have a few brief idyls written in imitation of Theocritus and one magnificent dirge, which, however florid, unreal and monotonous, is yet full of rich Oriental imagery and altogether in keeping with its subject. This is the so called *Epitaph of Adonis.*

Adonis, it will be remembered, was a mythical Greek hunter, beloved by Aphrodite, or, as she is called in the idyl, Cypris, or Cytherea. One day while in the chase he was wounded in the thigh by a wild boar and, dying, descended to the lower world. Aphrodite begged for his return, but Persephone declined to grant her request, so that Zeus, to settle the difficulty, decided that one-third of each year should be spent with each of the goddesses and the remainder should belong to him. In poetry and elsewhere he is regarded as the faultless type of manly beauty. Upon his blood, where it polluted the ground, Aphrodite scattered nectar and from it arose the beautiful flower we know as the anemone. The remarkable lament is as follows, according to the version of J. M. Chapman:

THE EPITAPH OF ADONIS

I and the Loves Adonis dead deplore:
The beautiful Adonis is indeed

Departed, parted from us. Sleep no more
In purple, Cypris! but in watchet weed,
All-wretched! beat thy breast and all aread—
"Adonis is no more." The Loves and I
Lament him. Oh! her grief to see him bleed,
Smitten by white tooth on his whiter thigh,
Out-breathing life's faint sugh upon the mountain high!

Adown his snowy flesh drops the black gore:
Stiffen beneath his brow his sightless eyes;
The rose is off his lip; with him no more
Lives Cythaerea's kiss—but with him dies.
He knows not that her lip his cold lip tries,
But she finds pleasure still in kissing him.
Deep is his thigh-wound; hers yet deeper lies,
E'en in her heart. The Oread's eyes are dim;
His hounds whine piteously; in most disordered trim,

Distraught, unkempt, unsandaled, Cypris rushes
Madly along the tangled thicket-steep;
Her sacred blood is drawn by bramble-bushes;
Her skin is torn; with wailings wild and deep
She wanders through the valley's weary sweep,
Calling her boy-spouse, her Assyrian fere.
But from his thigh the purple jet doth leap
Up to his snowy navel; on the clear
Whiteness beneath his paps the deep-red streaks appear.

"Alas for Cypris!" sigh the Loves, "deprived
Of her fair spouse, she lost her beauty's pride;
Cypris was lovely whilst Adonis lived,
But with Adonis all her beauty died."
Mountains, and oaks, and streams, that broadly glide,
Or wail or weep for her; in tearful rills
For her gush fountains from the mountain side;
Redden the flowers from grief; city and hills
With ditties sadly wild, lorn Cytherea fills.

Alas for Cypris! dead is her Adonis,
And Echo "dead Adonis" doth resound.
Who would not grieve for her whose love so lone is?

But when she saw his cruel, cruel wound,
The purple gore that ran his wan thigh round,
She spread her arms, and lowly murmured: "Stay thee,
That I may find thee as before I found,
My hapless own Adonis! and embay thee,
And mingle lips with lips, whilst in my arms I lay thee.

"Up for a little! kiss me back again
The latest kiss—brief as itself that dies
In being breathed, until I fondly drain
The last breath of my soul, and greedy-wise
Drink it into my core. I will devise
To guard it as Adonis—since from me
To Acheron my own Adonis flies,
And to the drear dread king; but I must be
A goddess still and live, nor can I follow thee.

"But thou, Persephone! my spouse receive,
Mightier than I, since to thy chamber drear
All bloom of beauty falls: but I must grieve
Unceasingly. I have a jealous fear
Of thee, and weep for him. My dearest dear!
Art dead, indeed? away my love did fly,
E'en as a dream. At home my widowed cheer
Keeps the Loves idle; with thy latest sigh
My cestus perished too; thou rash one! why, oh why

"Did'st hunt? so fair, contend with monsters grim?"
Thus Cypris wailed; but dead Adonis lies;
For every gout of blood that fell from him,
She drops a tear; sweet flowers each dew supplies—
Roses his blood, her tears anemonies.
Cypris! no longer in the thickets weep;
The couch is furnished! there in loving guise
Upon thy proper bed, that odorous heap,
The lovely body lies—how lovely! as in sleep.

Come! in those softest vestments now array him
In which he slept the live-long night with thee;

And in the golden settle gently lay him,—
A sad, yet lovely sight; and let him be
High heaped with flowers; though withered all when he
Surceased. With essences him sprinkle o'er
And ointments; let them perish utterly,
Since he, who was thy sweetest, is no more.
He lies in purple; him the weeping Loves deplore.

Their curls are shorn: one breaks his bow; another
His arrows and the quiver; this unstrings,
And takes Adonis' sandal off; his brother
In golden urn the fountain water brings;
This bathes his thighs; that fans him with his wings.
The Loves, "Alas for Cypris!" weeping say:
Hymen hath quenched his torches; shreds and flings
The marriage wreath away; and for the lay
Of love is only heard the doleful "weal-away."

Yet more than Hymen for Adonis weep
The Graces; shriller than Dione vent
Their shrieks; for him the Muses wail and keep
Singing the songs he hears not, with intent
To call him back: and would the nymph relent,
How willingly would he the Muses hear!
Hush! hush! to-day, sad Cypris! and consent
To spare thyself—no more thy bosom tear—
For thou must wail again, and weep another year.

A few of his minor idyls and epigrams follow:

THE TEACHER TAUGHT

By me in my fresh prime did Cypris stand,
Leading the child Love in her lovely hand;
He kept his eyes fixed, downcast on the ground.
While in mine ears his mother's words did sound:—
"Dear herdsman, take and teach for me, I pray,
Eros to sing;" she said, and went her way.
Him, as one fain to learn, without ado
I then began to teach whate'er I knew—

Fool that I was! how first great Pan did suit
With numerous tones his new-invented flute;
Athene wise the straight pipe's reedy hollow;
Hermes his shell; his cithern sweet Apollo.
I taught him this; he heeded not my lore,
But sang me his love-ditties evermore—
His mother's doings—how Immortals yearn
With fond desires, and how poor mortals burn.
All I taught Eros I have quite forgot;
But his love-ditties—I forget them not.

.

FRIENDSHIP

Happy is love or friendship when returned—
The lovers whose pure flames have equal burned,
Happy was Theseus, e'en in Tartarus,
With his true heart-friend, good Pirithous.
His Pylades Orestes lorn did bless
Amid th' inhospitable Chalybes.
Blest was Achilles in a friend long tried;
Him living loved, for his sake gladly died!

.

Yourself to artists always to betake,
And on yourself in nothing to rely
Is misbeseeming: friend! your own pipe make—
The work is easy, if you will but try.

.

When drop on drop, they say, doth ever follow,
'Twill wear the stone at last into a hollow.

.

Woman's strength is in her beauty;—
Man's—to bear and dare for duty.

XII. Moschus. Nothing is known of the life of Moschus, for he found no friend to sing his praises as he sang those of Bion. Probably younger than the latter, he never reached the excellence of his master and fell far short of

Theocritus. In fact, he belongs rather to the school of forced and unnatural composition who deal in affectations and studied ornaments. Yet there are passages of earnest pathos and some of considerable beauty. Only four idyls and some brief extracts are extant. His third idyl is the lament for Bion, to which we have already alluded, and this particular elegy has affected strongly the work of many poets of later centuries. It is as follows, as translated by J. M. Chapman:

Ye mountain valleys, pitifully groan!
Rivers and Dorian springs, for Bion weep!
Ye plants, drop tears! ye groves, lamenting moan!
Exhale your life, wan flowers; your blushes deep
In grief, anemonies and roses, steep!
In softest murmurs, Hyacinth! prolong
The sad, sad woe thy lettered petals keep;
Our minstrel sings no more his friends among—
Sicilian Muses! now begin the doleful song.

Ye nightingales, that 'mid thick leaves let loose
The gushing gurgle of your sorrow, tell
The fountains of Sicilian Arethuse
That Bion is no more—with Bion fell
The song, the music of the Dorian shell.
Ye swans of Strymon, now your banks along
Your plaintive throats with melting dirges swell
For him who sang like you the mournful song:
Discourse of Bion's death the Thracian nymphs among;

The Dorian Orpheus, tell them all, is dead.
His herds the song and darling herdsman miss,
And oaks, beneath whose shade he propt his head:
Oblivion's ditty now he sings for Dis:
The melancholy mountain silent is;
His pining cows no longer wish to feed,

But mourn for him: Apollo wept, I wis,
For thee, sweet Bion! and in mourning weed
The brotherhood of Fauns, and all the Satyr breed.

The tears by Naiads shed are brimful bourns;
Afflicted Pan thy stifled music rues;
Lorn Echo 'mid her rocks thy silence mourns,
Nor with her mimic tones thy voice renews;
The flowers their bloom, the trees their fruitage lose;
No more their milk the drooping ewes supply;
The bees to press their honey now refuse;
What need to gather it and lay it by,
When thy own honey-lip, my Bion! thine is dry?

Sicilian Muses! lead the doleful chaunt:
Not so much near the shore the dolphin moans;
Nor so much wails within her rocky haunt
The nightingale; nor on their mountain thrones
The swallows utter such lugubrious tones;
Nor so much Ceyx wailed for Halcyon,
Whose song the blue wave, where he perished, owns
Nor in the valley, neighbor to the sun,
The funeral birds so wail their Memnon's tomb upon—

As these moan, wail, and weep, their Bion dead.
The nightingales and swallows, whom he taught,
For him their elegiac sadness shed;
And all the birds contagious sorrow caught;
The sylvan realm was all with grief distraught.
Who bold of heart will play on Bion's reed,
Fresh from his lip, yet with his breathing fraught?
For still among the reeds does Echo feed
On Bion's minstrelsy. Pan only may succeed

To Bion's pipe; to him I make the gift:
But lest he second seem, e'en Pan may fear
The pipe of Bion to his mouth to lift.
For thee sweet Galatea drops the tear,
And thy dear song regrets, which sitting near
She fondly listed; ever did she flee
The Cyclops and his song; but far more dear

Thy song and sight than her own native sea:
On the deserted sands the nymph without her fee

Now sits and weeps, or weeping tends thy herd.
Away with Bion all the muse-gifts flew—
The chirping kisses breathed at every word:
Around thy tomb the Loves their playmate rue;
Thee Cypris loved more than the kiss she drew
And breathed upon her dying paramour.
Most musical of rivers! now renew
Thy plaintive murmurs: Meles! now deplore
Another son of song, as thou didst wail of yore

That sweet, sweet mouth of dear Calliope:
The threne, 'tis said, thy waves for Homer spun
With saddest music filled the refluent sea;
Now melting wail and weep another son!
Both loved of fountains—that of Helicon
Gave Melesigenes his pleasant draught;
To this sweet Arethuse did Bion run,
And from her urn the glowing rapture qualfed:
Blest was the bard who sang how Helen bloomed and laughed:

On Thetis' mighty son his descant ran,
And Menelaus; but our Bion chose
Not arms and tears to sing, but Love and Pan;
While browsed his herd, his gushing music rose;
He milked his kine; did pipes of reeds compose;
Taught how to kiss; and fondled in his breast
Young Love and Cypris pleased. For Bion flows
In every glorious land a grief confessed:
Ascra for her own bard, wise Hesiod, less expressed:

Boeotian Hylae mourned for Pindar less;
Teos regretted less her minstrel hoar,
And Mytelene her sweet poetess;
Nor for Alcaeus Lesbos suffered more;
Nor lovely Paros did so much deplore
Her own Archilochus. Breathing her fire
Into her sons of song, from shore to shore

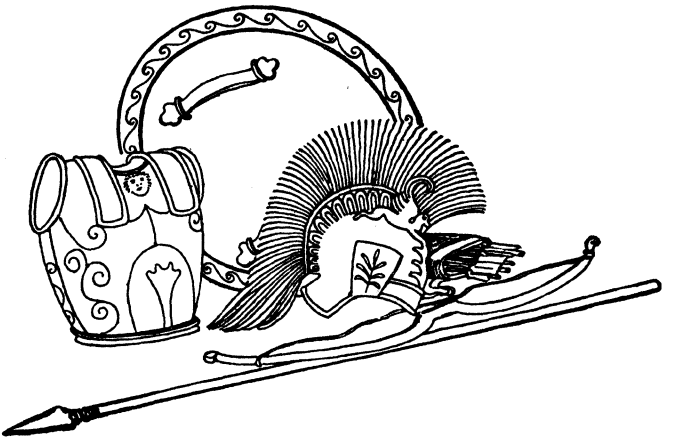
For thee the Pastoral Muse attunes her lyre
To woeful utterance of passionate desire.

Sicelidas, the famous Samian star,
And he with smiling eye and radiant face,
Cydonian Lycidas, renowned afar,
Lament thee; where quick Hales runs his race,
Philetus wails; Theocritus, the grace
Of Syracuse, thee mourns; nor these among
Am I remiss Ausonian wreaths to place
Around thy tomb: to me doth it belong
To chant for thee from whom I learned the Dorian song.

Me with thy minstrel skill as proper heir
Others thou didst endow with thine estate.
Alas! alas! when in a garden fair
Mallows, crisp dill, or parsley yields to fate,
These with another year regerminate;
But when of mortal life the bloom and crown,
The wise, the good, the valiant, and the great
Succumb to death, in hallow earth shut down
We sleep—for ever sleep—for ever lie unknown.

Thus art thou pent, while frogs may croak at will;
I envy not their croak. Thee poison slew—
How kept it in thy mouth its nature ill?
If thou didst speak, what cruel wretch could brew
The draught? He did, of course, thy song eschew.
But justice all o'ertakes. My tears fast flow
For thee, my friend! Could I, like Orpheus true,
Odysseus, or Alcides, pass below
To gloomy Tartarus, how quickly would I go!

To see and haply hear thee sing for Dis!
But in the Nymph's ear warble evermore,
My dearest friend! thy sweetest harmonies:
For whilom, on her own Etnaean shore,
She sang wild snatches of the Dorian lore.
Nor will thy singing unrewarded be;
Thee to thy mountain haunts she will restore,
As she gave Orpheus his Eurydice.
Could I charm Dis with songs, I too would sing for thee.



CHAPTER XXVII

THE DECLINE OF GREEK LITERATURE

A TRANSITIONAL PERIOD. When in 146 B. C. the Romans overran Greece, the more powerful but less erudite conquerors began the process of transferring the culture and the refined political life of Greece to Rome, but it was not until the Imperial Age that Rome became the literary center of the world. During this transition period the best literature was produced by the Greeks, although Roman influence grew increasingly prominent among them. During this period, which lasted about three hundred seventy-five years, there were but few first-rate writers, and they worked in the field of prose, contributing particularly to history and philosophy.

II. GREEK HISTORIANS. The work of a few of the historians is important, because they

are the chief sources of modern knowledge of those early days.

Polybius, who lived from about 204 B. C. to 122 B. C., was the chief Greek historian after Herodotus and Thucydides. He was born at Megalopolis in Arcadia, and, after Macedonia fell, he, with about a thousand Achaeans, was sent to Rome as a hostage. The Greek prisoners were scattered through the Etruscan towns, but Polybius, because of his learning, was treated kindly and permitted to settle in Rome. Here he had access to the records, and was given all the assistance possible in his work. After the destruction of Carthage he went to Greece, obtained liberal terms of peace for his rebellious countrymen, and returned to Rome. His history, which consisted of forty books, gives an account of the Roman conquest from 264 B. C. to 146 B. C., and although now it exists only in fragments, yet it is the principal source of information for that period.

Diodorus Siculus was born in Sicily, and lived in the time of Caesar and Augustus. His work consisted of a history of the Grecian world from the earliest times down to Caesar's Gallic War. Of the original forty books, there are fifteen now in existence. It is a valuable source of information, but lacks order and historical judgment.

Dionysius of Halicarnassus, a Greek scholar, who went to Rome about 30 B. C. and studied profoundly for a long period of time, wrote a history designed as an introduction to Poly-

bius and intended to reconcile his Greek compatriots to their Roman conquerors. Only the first ten books of this history remain in existence. He also wrote several volumes of literary criticism.

Josephus (born A. D. 37), an historian, who wrote in Greek and in Hebrew, but whose works in the latter language have nearly all been lost, belongs to this period.

III. PLUTARCH. The simple facts of the life of Plutarch will occupy but little space. He was born probably in the reign of Claudius, about forty-five or fifty years after Christ, and lived at least to the year A. D. 120. His family had for a long series of years lived in Chaeronea, where they were of good standing and bore a high local reputation. In his early youth Plutarch studied at Athens under a philosopher named Ammonius; during the reign of Domitian he was in Rome, where he lectured on philosophy and made friends among the most distinguished individuals at the Roman court. How long he stayed there is not known, but he certainly visited Egypt and returned to Greece to spend the latter part of his life in the little town, whose population he was loath "to make less by the withdrawal of even one inhabitant." Here he became an archon, and served for many years as priest of Apollo. He was married and had at least five children.

From certain allusions in his writings we learn other facts, a few of which are of general interest. He says:

"My great-grandfather used to tell, how in Antony's last war the whole of the citizens of Chaeronea were put in requisition to bring down corn to the coast of the gulf of Corinth, each man carrying a certain load, and soldiers standing by to urge them on with the lash."

In another place he writes: "Once our teacher, Ammonius, observing at his afternoon lecture that some of his auditors had been indulging too freely at breakfast, gave directions, in our presence, for chastisement to be administered to his own son, 'Because,' he said, 'the young man has declined to take his breakfast unless he has sour wine with it,' fixing his eyes at the same time on the offending members of the class."

Of a period somewhat later in his life, he says: "I remember, when I myself was still a young man, I was sent in company with another on a deputation to the proconsul; my colleague, it so happened, was unable to proceed, and I saw the proconsul and performed the commission alone. Upon my return, when I was about to lay down my office and to give an account of its discharge, my father got up in the assembly and bade me privately to take care not to say '*I* went,' but '*We* went,' nor '*I* said,' but '*We* said,' and in the whole narration to give my companion his share."

In his essay *Brotherly Affection,* he says that he indignantly rebuked a man, considered to be a lover of philosophy, who had said of his brother:

He had, in reality, no legitimate title to the name either of brother or of philosopher. When I told him I should expect from him the behavior of a philosopher towards one, who was, first of all, an ordinary person making no such profession, and, in the second place, a brother, "As for the first point," replied he, "it may be well enough, but I don't attach any great importance to the fact of two people having come from the same pair of bodies."

In his discourse *Inquisitiveness,* he says:

We should habituate ourselves, when letters are brought to us, not to open them instantly and in a hurry, not to bite the strings in two, as many people will, if they do not succeed at once with their fingers; when a messenger comes, not to run to meet him; not to jump up, when a friend says he has something new to tell us; rather, if he has some good or useful advice to give us. Once when I was lecturing at Rome, Rusticus, whom Domitian afterwards, out of jealousy of his reputation, put to death, was one of my hearers; and while I was going on, a soldier came in and brought him a letter from the Emperor. And when every one was silent, and I stopped in order to let him read the letter, he declined to do so, and put it aside until I had finished and the audience withdrew; an example of serious and dignified behavior which excited much admiration.

A letter which he wrote to his wife Timoxena, when he received notice of the death of their daughter Alexion, throws an interesting sidelight on his family life:

Plutarch to his wife, greeting. The messengers you sent to announce our child's death, apparently missed the road to Athens. I was told about my daughter on reaching Tanagra. Everything relating to the funeral I suppose to have been already performed; my desire is that all these arrangements may have been so made, as

will now and in the future be most consoling to yourself. If there is anything which you have wished to do and have omitted, awaiting my opinion, and think would be a relief to you, it shall be attended to, apart from all excess and superstition, which no one would like less than yourself. Only, my wife, let me hope, that you will maintain both me and yourself within the reasonable limits of grief. What our loss really amounts to I know and estimate for myself. But should I find your distress excessive, my trouble on your account will be greater than on that of our loss. I am not a "stock or stone," as you, my partner in the care of our numerous children, every one of whom we have ourselves brought up at home, can testify. And this child, a daughter, born to your wishes after four sons, and affording me the opportunity of recording your name, I am well aware was a special object of affection.

Farther on in this same letter, which bears the title *Consolation,* he speaks of the pretty ways of the child, her sweet temper, and the other things which make her loss particularly painful, but adds: "Yet why should we forget the reasonings we have often addressed to others, and regard our present pain as obliterating and effacing our former joys?" Those who had been present had spoken to him in terms of admiration of the calmness and simplicity of his wife's behavior. The funeral had been devoid of any useless and idle sumptuosity, and her house of all display of extravagant lamentation. This was indeed no wonder to him, who knew how much her plain living had surprised his philosophical friends and visitors, and who well remembered her composure under the previous loss of the eldest of her chil-

dren, and again, "when our beautiful Charon left us." "I recollect," he says, "that some acquaintances from abroad were coming up with me from the sea when the tidings of the child's decease were brought, and they followed with our other friends to the house; but the perfect order and tranquillity they found there made them believe, as I afterwards was informed they had related, that nothing had happened, and that the previous intelligence had been a mistake."

Finally, the letter closes with expressions of belief in the immortality of each human soul, and he suggests that the tradition of their ancestors and the revelations to which both had been admitted should sustain and fortify them.

Plutarch's most famous work consists of forty-six lives of famous Greeks and Romans. For the most part these lives are written in pairs, a Greek and a Roman in each pair, after which a parallel or comparison is drawn. Few biographies have had more influence on humanity than these *Parallel Lives* of Plutarch, for they have been widely read in almost every European language, and yet interest in them has been not so much historical as ethical. While his style generally is pleasing and vivacious, at times it is cumbersome and obscure. Among the couples compared are Theseus and Romulus, Lycurgus and Numa Pompilius, Pericles and Fabius, Alcibiades and Coriolanus, Aristides and Cato, Alexander and Caesar, Demosthenes and Cicero.

A summary of some suggestions for the reading of Plutarch's *Parallel Lives,* by Arthur Hugh Clough, is as follows: "Remember that he is a moralist rather than a historian; that his interest is less in politics and changes of empires than in personal character and individual actions and motives to action, duty performed and rewarded; arrogance chastised, hasty anger corrected; humanity and generosity triumphing in the visible world or relying on an invisible one. Again, it should be remembered that he wrote in the commencement of the great Roman imperial period, when the laws of Rome and the philosophy of Greece were powerful from the Tigris to the British islands. Plutarch's language is that of a man happy in himself and what is around him. He is cheerful, easy and joyous, and not saddened or embittered by any recollection of years lived under terror of imperial wickedness. He may be inaccurate, and he is careless about numbers, but perhaps his greatest fault is a passion for anecdote, but by keeping these facts in mind we may gain a picture of the best Greek and Roman moral views and moral judgments."

Many writers of many languages have paid high tribute to Plutarch, as an example of which we may quote the anecdote with which Dryden closes his biography of the Greek historian:

But Theodorus Gaza, a man learned in the Latin tongue, and a great restorer of the Greek, who lived

above two hundred years ago, deserves to have his suffrage set down in words at length; for the rest have only commended Plutarch more than any single author, but he has extolled him above all together.

'Tis said that, having this extravagant question put to him by a friend, that if learning must suffer a general shipwreck, and he had only his choice left him of preserving one author, who should be the man he would preserve, he answered, Plutarch; and probably might give this reason, that in saving him, he should secure the best collection of them all.

The epigram of Agathias deserves also to be remembered. This author flourished about the year 500, in the reign of the Emperor Justinian. The verses are extant in the Anthologia, and with the translation of them I will conclude the praises of our author; having first admonished you, that they are supposed to be written on a statue erected by the Romans to his memory:

Chaeronean Plutarch, to thy deathless praise
Does martial Rome this grateful statue raise,
Because both Greece and she thy fame have shared,
(Their heroes written, and their lives compared).
But thou thyself couldst never write thy own;
Their lives have parallels, but thine has none.

IV. EXTRACTS FROM PLUTARCH. 1. *Comparison of Demosthenes and Cicero.* From Clough's revision of Dryden's translation of Plutarch we make our extracts.

As an example of his parallels we select his comparison of Demosthenes and Cicero, which is as follows:

These are the most memorable circumstances recorded in history of Demosthenes and Cicero which have come to our knowledge. But omitting an exact comparison of their respective faculties in speaking, yet thus much seems fit to be said; that Demosthenes, to make himself

a master in rhetoric, applied all the faculties he had, natural or acquired, wholly that way; that he far surpassed in force and strength of eloquence all his contemporaries in political and judicial speaking, in grandeur and majesty all the panegyrical orators, and in accuracy and science all the logicians and rhetoricians of his day; that Cicero was highly educated, and by his diligent study became a most accomplished general scholar in all these branches, having left behind him numerous philosophical treatises of his own on Academic principles; as, indeed, even in his written speeches, both political and judicial, we see him continually trying to show his learning by the way. And one may discover the different temper of each of them in their speeches. For Demosthenes's oratory was without all embellishment and jesting, wholly composed for real effect and seriousness; not smelling of the lamp, as Pytheas scoffingly said, but of the temperance, thoughtfulness, austerity, and grave earnestness of his temper. Whereas Cicero's love of mockery often ran him into scurrility; and in his love of laughing away serious arguments in judicial cases by jests and facetious remarks, with a view to the advantage of his clients, he paid too little regard to what was decent: saying, for example, in his defense of Caelius, that he had done no absurd thing in such plenty and affluence to indulge himself in pleasures, it being a kind of madness not to enjoy the things we possess, especially since the most eminent philosophers have asserted pleasures to be the chiefest good. So also we are told that when Cicero, being consul, undertook the defense of Murena against Cato's prosecution, by way of bantering Cato, he made a long series of jokes upon the absurd *paradoxes,* as they are called, of the Stoic set; so that a loud laughter passing from the crowd to the judges, Cato, with a quiet smile, said to those that sat next him, "My friends, what an amusing consul we have."

And, indeed, Cicero was by natural temper very much disposed to mirth and pleasantry, and always appeared

with a smiling and serene countenance. But Demosthenes had constant care and thoughtfulness in his look, and a serious anxiety, which he seldom, if ever, laid aside; and therefore, was accounted by his enemies, as he himself confessed, morose and ill-mannered.

Also, it is very evident, out of their several writings, that Demosthenes never touched upon his own praises but decently and without offense when there was need of it, and for some weightier end; but upon other occasions modestly and sparingly. But Cicero's immeasurable boasting of himself in his orations argues him guilty of an uncontrollable appetite for distinction, his cry being evermore that arms should give place to the gown, and the soldier's laurel to the tongue. And at last we find him extolling not only his deeds and actions, but his orations also, as well those that were only spoken, as those that were published; as if he were engaged in a boyish trial of skill, who should speak best, with the rhetoricians, Isocrates and Anaximenes, not as one who could claim the task to guide and instruct the Roman nation, the—

"Soldier full-armed, terrific to the foe."

It is necessary, indeed, for a political leader to be an able speaker; but it is an ignoble thing for any man to admire and relish the glory of his own eloquence. And, in this matter, Demosthenes had a more than ordinary gravity and magnificence of mind, accounting his talent in speaking nothing more than a mere accomplishment and matter of practice, the success of which must depend greatly on the good-will and candor of his hearers, and regarding those who pride themselves on such accounts to be men of a low and petty disposition.

The power of persuading and governing the people did, indeed, equally belong to both, so that those who had armies and camps at command stood in need of their assistance; as Charas, Diopithes, and Leosthenes of Demosthenes's, Pompey and young Caesar of Cicero's, as the latter himself admits in his Memoirs addressed to

Agrippa and Maecenas. But what are thought and commonly said most to demonstrate and try the tempers of men, namely, authority and place, by moving every passion, and discovering every frailty, these are things which Demosthenes never received; nor was he ever in a position to give such proof of himself, having never obtained any eminent office, nor led any of those armies into the field against Philip which he raised by his eloquence. Cicero, on the other hand, was sent quaestor into Sicily, and proconsul into Cilicia and Cappadocia, at a time when avarice was at the height, and the commanders and governors who were employed abroad, as though they thought it a mean thing to steal, set themselves to seize by open force; so that it seemed no heinous matter to take bribes, but he that did it most moderately was in good esteem. And yet he, at this time, gave the most abundant proofs alike of his contempt of riches and of his humanity and good-nature. And at Rome, when he was created consul in name, but indeed received sovereign and dictatorial authority against Catiline and his conspirators, he attested the truth of Plato's prediction, that then the miseries of states would be at an end when, by a happy fortune, supreme power, wisdom, and justice should be united in one.

It is said, to the reproach of Demosthenes, that his eloquence was mercenary; that he privately made orations for Phormion and Apollodorus, though adversaries in the same cause; that he was charged with moneys received from the King of Persia, and condemned for bribes from Harpalus. And should we grant that all those (and they are not few) who have made these statements against him have spoken what is untrue, yet that Demosthenes was not the character to look without desire on the presents offered him out of respect and gratitude by royal persons, and that one who lent money on maritime usury was likely to be thus indifferent, is what we cannot assert. But that Cicero refused, from the Sicilians when he was quaestor, from the King of Cappadocia when he was proconsul, and from his friends at

Rome when he was in exile, many presents, though urged to receive them, has been said already.

Moreover, Demosthenes's banishment was infamous, upon conviction for bribery; Cicero's very honorable, for ridding his country of a set of villains. Therefore, when Demosthenes fled his country, no man regarded it; for Cicero's sake the Senate changed their habit, and put on mourning, and would not be persuaded to make any act before Cicero's return was decreed. Cicero, however, passed his exile idly in Macedonia. But the very exile of Demosthenes made up a great part of the services he did for his country; for he went through the cities of Greece, and everywhere, as we have said, joined in the conflict on behalf of the Grecians, driving out the Macedonian ambassadors, and approving himself a much better citizen than Themistocles and Alcibiades did in the like fortune. And, after his return, he again devoted himself to the same public service, and continued firm to his opposition to Antipater and the Macedonians. Whereas Laelius reproached Cicero in the Senate for sitting silent when Caesar, a beardless youth, asked leave to come forward, contrary to the law, as a candidate for the consulship; and Brutus, in his epistles, charges him with nursing and rearing a greater and more heavy tyranny than that they had removed.

Finally, Cicero's death excites our pity; for an old man to be miserably carried up and down by his servants, flying and hiding himself from that death which was, in the course of nature, so near at hand; and yet at last to be murdered. Demosthenes, though he seemed at first a little to supplicate, yet, by his preparing and keeping the poison by him, demands our admiration; and still more admirable was his using it. When the temple of the god no longer afforded him a sanctuary, he took refuge, as it were, at a mightier altar, freeing himself from arms and soldiers, and laughing to scorn the cruelty of Antipater.

2. *Lysander.* The life of Lysander is too long to be reproduced entire, but the following

extracts have been so arranged that they possess a sort of unity and will give a fair idea of the character and style of Plutarch's writings:

The treasure-chamber of the Acanthians at Delphi has this inscription: "The spoils which Brasidas and the Acanthians took from the Athenians." And, accordingly, many take the marble statue, which stands within the building by the gates, to be Brasidas's; but, indeed, it is Lysander's, representing him with his hair at full length, after the old fashion, and with an ample beard. Neither is it true, as some give out, that because the Argives, after their great defeat, shaved themselves for sorrow, that the Spartans contrarywise triumphing in their achievements, suffered their hair to grow; neither did the Spartans come to be ambitious of wearing long hair, because the Bacchiadae, who fled from Corinth to Lacedaemon, looked mean and unsightly, having their heads all close cut. But this, also, is indeed one of the ordinances of Lycurgus, who, as it is reported, was used to say, that long hair made good-looking men more beautiful, and ill-looking men more terrible.

Lysander's father is said to have been Aristoclitus, who was not indeed of the royal family but yet of the stock of the Heraclidae. He was brought up in poverty, and showed himself obedient and conformable, as ever any one did, to the customs of his country; of a manly spirit, also, and superior to all pleasures, excepting only that which their good actions bring to those who are honored and successful; and it is accounted no base thing in Sparta for their young men to be overcome with this kind of pleasure. For they are desirous, from the very first, to have their youth susceptible to good and bad repute, to feel pain at disgrace, and exultation at being commended; and any one who is insensible and unaffected in these respects is thought poor-spirited and of no capacity for virtue. Ambition and the passion for

distinction were thus implanted in his character by his Laconian education, nor, if they continued there, must we blame his natural disposition much for this. But he was submissive to great men, beyond what seems agreeable to the Spartan temper, and could easily bear the haughtiness of those who were in power, when it was any way for his advantage, which some are of opinion is no small part of political discretion. What is singular in his character is that he endured poverty very well, and that he was not at all enslaved or corrupted by wealth, and yet he filled his country with riches and the love of them, and took away from them the glory of not admiring money; importing amongst them an abundance of gold and silver after the Athenian war, though keeping not one drachma for himself. When Dionysius, the tyrant, sent his daughters some costly gowns of Sicilian manufacture, he would not receive them, saying he was afraid they would make them look more unhandsome. But a while after, being sent ambassador from the same city to the same tyrant, when he had sent him a couple of robes, and bade him choose which of them he would, and carry to his daughter: "She," said he, "will be able to choose best for herself," and taking both of them, went his way.

The Peloponnesian War having now been carried on a long time, and it being expected, after the disaster of the Athenians in Sicily, that they would at once lose the mastery of the sea, and ere long be routed everywhere, Alcibiades, returning from banishment and taking the command, produced a great change, and made the Athenians again a match for their opponents by sea; and the Lacedaemonians, in great alarm at this, and calling up fresh courage and zeal for the conflict, feeling the want of an able commander and of a powerful armament, sent out Lysander to be admiral of the seas. Being at Ephesus, and finding the city well affected towards him, and favorable to the Lacedaemonian party, but in ill condition, and in danger to become barbarized by adopting the manners of the Persians, who were much

mingled among them, the country of Lydia bordering upon them, and the King's generals being quartered there for a long time, he pitched his camp there, and commanded the merchant ships all about to put in thither, and proceeded to build ships of war there; and thus restored their ports by the traffic he created, and their market by the employment he gave, and filled their private houses and their workshops with wealth, so that from that time the city began, first of all, by Lysander's means, to have some hopes of growing to that stateliness and grandeur which now it is at.

Understanding that Cyrus, the King's son, was come to Sardis, he went up to talk with him, and to accuse Tisaphernes, who, receiving a command to help the Lacedaemonians, and to drive the Athenians from the sea, was thought, on account of Alcibiades, to have become remiss and unwilling, and by paying the seamen slenderly to be ruining the fleet. Now Cyrus was willing that Tisaphernes might be found in blame, and be ill reported of, as being, indeed, a dishonest man, and privately at feud with himself. By these means, and by their daily intercourse together, Lysander, especially by the submissiveness of his conversation, won the affection of the young prince, and greatly roused him to carry on the war; and when he would depart, Cyrus gave him a banquet, and desired him not to refuse his goodwill, but to speak and ask whatever he had a mind to, and that he should not be refused anything whatsoever: "Since you are so very kind," replied Lysander, "I earnestly request you to add one penny to the seamen's pay, that instead of three pence, they may now receive four pence." Cyrus, delighted with his public spirit, gave him ten thousand darics, out of which he added the penny to the seamen's pay, and by the renown of this in a short time emptied the ships of the enemies, as many would come over to that side which gave the most pay, and those who remained, being disheartened and mutinous, daily created trouble to the captains. Yet for all Lysander had so distracted and weakened his enemies, he

was afraid to engage by sea, Alcibiades being an energetic commander, and having the superior number of ships, and having been hitherto, in all battles, unconquered both by sea and land.

But afterwards, when Alcibiades sailed from Samos to Phocaea, leaving Antiochus, the pilot, in command of all his forces, this Antiochus, to insult Lysander, sailed with two galleys into the port of the Ephesians, and with mocking and laughter proudly rowed along before the place where the ships lay drawn up. Lysander, in indignation, launched at first a few ships only and pursued him, but as soon as he saw the Athenians come to his help, he added some other ships, and, at last, they fell to a set battle together; and Lysander won the victory, and taking fifteen of their ships, erected a trophy. For this, the people in the city being angry, put Alcibiades out of command, and finding himself despised by the soldiers in Samos, and ill spoken of, he sailed from the army into the Chersonese.

Lysander, meanwhile, invited to Ephesus such persons in the various cities as he saw to be bolder and haughtier-spirited than the rest, proceeded to lay the foundations of that government by bodies of ten, and those revolutions which afterwards came to pass, stirring up and urging them to unite in clubs and apply themselves to public affairs, since as soon as ever the Athenians should be put down, the popular government, he said, should be suppressed and they should become supreme in their several countries. And he made them believe these things by present deeds, promoting those who were his friends already to great employments, honors, and offices, and, to gratify their covetousness, making himself a partner in injustice and wickedness. So much so, that all flocked to him, and courted and desired him, hoping, if he remained in power, that the highest wishes they could form would all be gratified.

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And now, affairs going backwards, the associates in the war sent an embassy to Sparta, requiring Lysander

to be their admiral, professing themselves ready to undertake the business much more zealously if he was commander; and Cyrus also sent to request the same thing. But because they had a law which would not suffer any one to be admiral twice, and wished, nevertheless, to gratify their allies, they gave the title of admiral to one Aracus, and sent Lysander nominally as vice-admiral, but, indeed, with full powers. So he came out, long wished for by the greatest part of the chief persons and leaders in the towns, who hoped to grow to greater power still by his means, when the popular governments should be everywhere destroyed.

But to those who loved honest and noble behavior in their commanders, Lysander seemed cunning and subtle, managing most things in the war by deceit, extolling what was just when it was profitable, and when it was not, using that which was convenient, instead of that which was good; and not judging truth to be in nature better than falsehood, but setting a value upon both according to interest. He would laugh at those who thought Hercules's posterity ought not to use deceit in war: "For where the lion's skin will not reach, you must patch it out with the fox's." Such is the conduct recorded of him in the business about Miletus; for when his friends and connections, whom he had promised to assist in suppressing popular government, and expelling their political opponents, had altered their minds, and were reconciled to their enemies, he pretended openly as if he was pleased with it, and was desirous to further the reconciliation, but privately he railed at and abused them, and provoked them to set upon the multitude. And as soon as ever he perceived a new attempt to be commencing, he at once came up and entered into the city, and the first of the conspirators he lit upon, he pretended to rebuke, and spoke roughly, as if he would punish them; but the others, meantime, he bade be courageous, and to fear nothing, now he was with them. And all this acting and dissembling was with the object that the most considerable men of the popular party

might not fly away, but might stay in the city and be killed; which so fell out, for all who believed him were put to death.

There is a saying also, recorded by Androclides, which makes him guilty of great indifference to the obligations of an oath. His recommendation, according to this account, was to "cheat boys with dice, and men with oaths," an imitation of Polycrates of Samos, not very honorable to a lawful commander, to take example, namely, from a tyrant; nor in character with Laconian usages, to treat gods as ill as enemies, or, indeed, even more injuriously; since he who overreaches by an oath admits that he fears his enemy, while he despises his god.

Cyrus now sent for Lysander to Sardis, and gave him some money, and promised him some more, youthfully protesting in favor to him, that if his father gave him nothing, he would supply him of his own; and if he himself should be destitute of all, be would cut up, he said, to make money, the very throne upon which he sat to do justice, it being made of gold and silver; and, at last, on going up into Media to his father, he ordered that he should receive the tribute of the towns, and committed his government to him, and so taking his leave, and desiring him not to fight by sea before he returned, for he would come back with a great many ships out of Phoenicia and Cilicia, departed to visit the King.

Lysander's ships were too few for him to venture to fight, and yet too many to allow of his remaining idle; he set out, therefore, and reduced some of the islands, and wasted Aegina and Salamis; and from thence landing in Attica, and saluting Agis, who came from Decelea to meet him, he made a display to the land-forces of the strength of the fleet as though he could sail where he pleased, and were absolute master by sea. But hearing the Athenians pursued him, he fled another way through the island into Asia. And finding the Hellespont without any defense, he attacked Lampsacus with his ships by sea; while Thorax, acting in concert with him with the land army, made an assault on the walls; and so hav-

ing taken the city by storm, he gave it up to his soldiers to plunder. The fleet of the Athenians, a hundred and eighty ships, had just arrived at Elaeus in the Chersonese; and hearing the news, that Lampsacus was destroyed, they presently sailed to Sestos; where, taking in victuals, they advanced to Aegos Potami, over against their enemies, who were still stationed about Lampsacus. Amongst other Athenian captains who were now in command was Philocles, he who persuaded the people to pass a decree to cut off the right thumb of the captives in the war, that they should not be able to hold the spear, though they might the oar.

Then they all rested themselves, hoping they should have battle the next morning. But Lysander had other things in his head; he commanded the mariners and pilots to go on board at dawn, as if there should be a battle as soon as it was day, and to sit there in order, and without any noise, excepting what should be commanded, and in like manner that the land army should remain quietly in their ranks by the sea. But the sun rising, and the Athenians sailing up with their whole fleet in line, and challenging them to battle, though he had had his ships all drawn up and manned before daybreak, nevertheless did not stir. He merely sent some small boats to those who lay foremost, and bade them keep still and stay in their order; not to be disturbed, and none of them to sail out and offer battle. So about evening, the Athenians sailing back, he would not let the seamen go out of the ships before two or three, which he had sent to espy, were returned, after seeing the enemies disembark. And thus they did the next day, and the third, and so to the fourth. So that the Athenians grew extremely confident, and disdained their enemies as if they had been afraid and daunted. At this time, Alcibiades, who was in his castle in the Chersonese, came on horseback to the Athenian army, and found fault with their captains, first of all that they had pitched their camp neither well nor safely on an exposed and open beach, a very bad landing for the ships, and secondly, that

where they were they had to fetch all they wanted from Sestos, some considerable way off; whereas if they sailed round a little way to the town and harbor of Sestos, they would be at a safer distance from an enemy, who lay watching their movements, at the command of a single general, terror of whom made every order rapidly executed. This advice, however, they would not listen to; and Tydeus answered disdainfully, that not he, but others, were in office now. So Alcibiades, who even suspected there must be treachery, departed.

But on the fifth day, the Athenians having sailed towards them, and gone back again as they were used to do, very proudly and full of contempt, Lysander sending some ships, as usual, to look out, commanded the masters of them that when they saw the Athenians go to land, they should row back again with all their speed, and that when they were about half-way across, they should lift up a brazen shield from the foredeck, as the sign of battle. And he himself sailing round, encouraged the pilots and masters of the ships, and exhorted them to keep all their men to their places, seamen and soldiers alike, and as soon as ever the sign should be given, to row up boldly to their enemies. Accordingly, when the shield had been lifted up from the ships, and the trumpet from the admiral's vessel had sounded for the battle, the ships rowed up, and the foot soldiers strove to get along by the shore to the promontory. The distance there between the two continents is fifteen furlongs, which, by the zeal and eagerness of the rowers, was quickly traversed. Conon, one of the Athenian commanders, was the first who saw from the land the fleet advancing, and shouted out to embark, and in the greatest distress bade some and entreated others, and some he forced to man the ships. But all his diligence signified nothing, because the men were scattered about; for as soon as they came out of the ships, expecting no such matter, some went to market, others walked about the country, or went to sleep in their tents, or got their dinners ready, being, through their commanders' want

of skill, as far as possible from any thought of what was to happen; and the enemy now coming up with shouts and noise, Conon, with eight ships, sailed out, and making his escape, passed from thence to Cyprus, to Evagoras. The Peloponnesians falling upon the rest, some they took quite empty, and some they destroyed while they were filling; the men, meantime, coming unarmed and scattered to help, died at their ships, or, flying by land, were slain, their enemies disembarking and pursuing them. Lysander took three thousand prisoners, with the generals, and the whole fleet, excepting the sacred ship Paralus, and those which fled with Conon. So taking their ships in tow, and having plundered their tents, with pipe and songs of victory, he sailed back to Lampsacus, having accomplished a great work with small pains, and having finished in one hour a war which had been protracted in its continuance, and diversified in its incidents and in its fortunes, to a degree exceeding belief, compared with all before it. After altering its shape and character a thousand times, and after having been the destruction of more commanders than all the previous wars of Greece put together, it was now put an end to by the good counsel and ready conduct of one man.

But when he now understood they were in a bad case in the city because of the famine, he sailed to Piraeus, and reduced the city, which was compelled to surrender on what conditions he demanded. One hears it said by Lacedaemonians that Lysander wrote to the Ephors thus: "Athens is taken;" and that these magistrates wrote back to Lysander, "Taken in enough." But this saying was invented for its neatness' sake; for the true decree of the magistrates was on this manner: "The government of the Lacedaemonians has made these orders; pull down the Piraeus and the long walls; quit all the towns, and keep to your own land; if you do these things, you shall have peace, if you wish it, restoring also your exiles. As concerning the number of the ships, whatsoever there be judged necessary to appoint, that

do." This scroll of conditions the Athenians accepted, Theramenes, son of Hagnon, supporting it. At which time, too, they say that when Cleomenes, one of the young orators, asked him how he durst act and speak contrary to Themistocles, delivering up the walls to the Lacedaemonians, which he had built against the will of the Lacedaemonians, he said, "O young man, I do nothing contrary to Themistocles; for he raised these walls for the safety of the citizens, and we pull them down for their safety; and if walls make a city happy, then Sparta must be the most wretched of all, as it has none."

Accordingly Lysander, the Athenians yielding up everything, sent for a number of flute-women out of the city, and collected together all that were in the camp, and pulled down the walls, and burnt the ships to the sound of the flute, the allies being crowned with garlands, and making merry together, as counting that day the beginning of their liberty. He proceeded also at once to alter the government, placing thirty rulers in the city and ten in the Piraeus: he put, also, a garrison into the Acropolis, and made Callibius, a Spartan, the governor of it; who afterwards taking up his staff to strike Autolycus, the athlete, about whom Xenophon wrote his *Banquet*, on his tripping up his heels and throwing him to the ground, Lysander was not vexed at it, but chid Callibius, telling him he did not know how to govern freemen.

Lysander, after this, sails out to Thrace, and what remained of the public money, and the gifts and crowns which he had himself received, numbers of people, as might be expected, being anxious to make presents to a man of such great power, who was, in a manner, the lord of Greece, he sends to Lacedaemon by Gylippus, who had commanded formerly in Sicily. But he, it is reported, unsewed the sacks at the bottom, took a considerable amount of silver out of every one of them, and sewed them up again, not knowing there was a writing in every one stating how much there was. And coming into Sparta, what he had thus stolen away he hid under the

tiles of his house, and delivered up the sacks to the magistrates, and showed the seals were upon them. But afterwards, on their opening the sacks and counting it, the quantity of the silver differed from what the writing expressed; and the matter causing some perplexity to the magistrates, Gylippus's servant tells them in a riddle, that under the tiles lay many owls; for as it seems, the greatest part of the money then current bore the Athenian stamp of the owl. Gylippus having committed so foul and base a deed, after such great and distinguished exploits before, removed himself from Lacedaemon.

But the wisest of the Spartans, very much on account of this occurrence, dreading the influence of money, as being what had corrupted the greatest citizens, exclaimed against Lysander's conduct, and declared to the Ephors that all the silver and gold should be sent away, as mere "alien mischiefs." These consulted about it; and Theopompus says it was Sciraphidas, but Ephorus that it was Phlogidas, who declared they ought not to receive any gold or silver into the city; but to use their own country coin, which was iron, and was first of all dipped in vinegar when it was red-hot, that it might not be worked up anew, but because of the dipping might be hard and unpliable. It was also, of course, very heavy and troublesome to carry, and a great deal of it in quantity and weight was but a little in value. And perhaps all the old money was so, coin consisting of iron, or, in some countries, copper skewers, whence it comes that we still find a great number of small pieces of money retain the name of *obolus,* and the drachma is six of these, because so much may be grasped in one's hand. But Lysander's friends being against it, and endeavoring to keep the money in the city, it was resolved to bring in this sort of money to be used publicly, enacting, at the same time, that if any one was found in possession of any privately, he should be put to death. . . .

Lysander erected out of the spoils brazen statues at Delphi of himself, and of every one of the masters of the ships, as also figures of the golden stars of Castor and

Pollux, which vanished before the battle at Leuctra. In the treasury of Brasidas and the Acanthians there was a trireme made of gold and ivory, of two cubits, which Cyrus sent Lysander in honor of his victory. But Alexandrides of Delphi writes, in his history, that there was also a deposit of Lysander's, a talent of silver, and fifty-two minas, besides eleven staters; a statement not consistent with the generally received account of his poverty. And at that time, Lysander, being in fact of greater power than any Greek before, was yet thought to show a pride, and to affect a superiority greater even than his power warranted. He was the first, as Duris says in his history, among the Greeks to whom the cities reared altars as to a god, and sacrificed; to him were songs of triumph first sung, the beginning of one of which still remains recorded:

"Great Greece's general from spacious Sparta we
Will celebrate with songs of victory."

And the Samians decreed that their solemnities of Juno should be called the Lysandria; and out of the poets he had Choerilus always with him, to extol his achievements in verse; and to Antilochus, who had made some verses in his commendation, being pleased with them, he gave a hat full of silver; and when Antimachus of Colophon, and one Niceratus of Heraclea, competed with each other in a poem on the deeds of Lysander, he gave the garland to Niceratus; at which Antimachus, in vexation, suppressed his poem; but Plato, being then a young man and admiring Antimachus for his poetry, consoled him for his defeat by telling him that it is the ignorant who are the sufferers by ignorance, as truly as the blind by want of sight. Afterwards, when Aristonus, the musician, who had been a conqueror six times at the Pythian games, told him as a piece of flattery, that if he were successful again, he would proclaim himself in the name of Lysander, "that is," he answered, "as his slave?"

This ambitious temper was indeed only burdensome to the highest personages and to his equals, but through

having so many people devoted to serve him, an extreme haughtiness and contemptuousness grew up, together with ambition, in his character. He observed no sort of moderation, such as befitted a private man, either in rewarding or in punishing; the recompense of his friends and guests was absolute power over cities, and irresponsible authority, and the only satisfaction of his wrath was the destruction of his enemy; banishment would not suffice. As for example, at a later period, fearing lest the popular leaders of the Milesians should fly, and desiring also to discover those who lay hid, he swore he would do them no harm, and on their believing him and coming forth, he delivered them up to the oligarchical leaders to be slain, being in all no less than eight hundred. And, indeed, the slaughter in general of those of the popular party in the towns exceeded all computation; as he did not kill only for offenses against himself, but granted these favors without sparing, and joined in the execution of them, to gratify the many hatreds and the much cupidity of his friends everywhere round about him. From whence the saying of Eteocles, the Lacedaemonian, came to be famous, that "Greece could not have borne two Lysanders." Theophrastus says, that Archestratus said the same thing concerning Alcibiades. But in his case what had given most offense was a certain licentious and wanton selfwill; Lysander's power was feared and hated because of his unmerciful disposition. The Lacedaemonians did not at all concern themselves for any other accusers; but afterwards, when Pharnabazus, having been injured by him, he having pillaged and wasted his country, sent some to Sparta to inform against him, the Ephors taking it very ill, put one of his friends and fellow-captains, Thorax, to death, taking him with some silver privately in his possession; and they sent him a scroll, commanding him to return home. This scroll is made up thus: When the Ephors send an admiral or general on his way, they take two round pieces of wood, both exactly of a length and thickness, and cut even to one another; they keep one themselves, and the other they give to

the person they send forth; and these pieces of wood they call Scytales. When, therefore, they have occasion to communicate any secret or important matter, making a scroll of parchment long and narrow like a leathern thong, they roll it about their own staff of wood, leaving no space void between, but covering the surface of the staff with the scroll all over. When they have done this, they write what they please on the scroll, as it is wrapped about the staff; and when they have written, they take off the scroll, and send it to the general without the wood. He, when he has received it, can read nothing of the writing, because the words and letters are not connected, but all broken up; but taking his own staff, he winds the slip of the scroll about it, so that this folding, restoring all the parts into the same order that they were in before, and putting what comes first into connection with what follows, brings the whole consecutive contents to view round the outside. And this scroll is called a *staff*, after the name of the wood, as a thing measured is by the name of the measure.

But Lysander, when the staff came to him to the Hellespont, was troubled, and fearing Pharnabazus's accusations most, made haste to confer with him, hoping to end the difference by a meeting together. When they met, he desired him to write another letter to the magistrates, stating that he had not been wronged, and had no complaint to prefer. But he was ignorant that Pharnabazus, as it is in the proverb, played Cretan against Cretan; for pretending to do all that was desired, openly he wrote such a letter as Lysander wanted, but kept by him another, written privately; and when they came to put on the seals, changed the tablets, which differed not at all to look upon, and gave him the letter which had been written privately. Lysander, accordingly, coming to Lacedaemon, and going, as the custom is, to the magistrates' office, gave Pharnabazus's letter to the Ephors, being persuaded that the greatest accusation against him was now withdrawn; for Pharnabazus was beloved by the Lacedaemonians, having been the most

zealous on their side in the war of all the King's captains. But after the magistrates had read the letter they showed it him, and he understanding now that—

> "Others beside Ulysses deep can be,
> Not the one wise man of the world is he,"

in extreme confusion, left them at the time. But a few days after, meeting the Ephors, he said he must go to the temple of Ammon, and offer the god the sacrifices which he had vowed in war. For some state it as a truth, that when he was besieging the city of Aphytae in Thrace, Ammon stood by him in his sleep; whereupon raising the siege, supposing the god had commanded it, he bade the Aphytaeans sacrifice to Ammon, and resolved to make a journey into Libya to propitiate the god. But most were of opinion that the god was but the pretense, and that in reality he was afraid of the Ephors, and that impatience of the yoke at home, and dislike of living under authority, made him long for some travel and wandering, like a horse just brought in from open feeding and pasture to the stable, and put again to his ordinary work. . . .

His speech, also, was bold and daunting to such as opposed him. The Argives, for example, contended about the bounds of their land, and thought they brought juster pleas than the Lacedaemonians; holding out his sword, "He," said Lysander, "that is master of this, brings the best argument about the bounds of territory." A man of Megara, at some conference, taking freedom with him, "This language, my friend," said he, "should come from a city." To the Boeotians, who were acting a doubtful part, he put the question, whether he should pass through their country with spears upright or leveled. After the revolt of the Corinthians, when, on coming to their walls, he perceived the Lacedaemonians hesitating to make the assault, and a hare was seen to leap through the ditch: "Are you not ashamed," he said, "to fear an enemy, for whose laziness the very hares sleep upon their walls?"

He died being involved, or perhaps more truly having himself involved Greece, in the Boeotian war. For it is stated both ways; and the cause of it some make to be himself, others the Thebans, and some both together; the Thebans, on the one hand, being charged with casting away the sacrifices at Aulis, and that being bribed with the King's money brought by Androclides and Amphitheus, they had, with the object of entangling the Lacedaemonians in a Grecian war, set upon the Phocians, and wasted their country; it being said, on the other hand, that Lysander was angry that the Thebans had preferred a claim to the tenth part of the spoils of the war, while the rest of the confederates submitted without complaint; and because they expressed indignation about the money which Lysander sent to Sparta, but more especially, because from them the Athenians had obtained the first opportunity of freeing themselves from the thirty tyrants, whom Lysander had made, and to support whom the Lacedaemonians issued a decree that political refugees from Athens might be arrested in whatever country they were found, and that those who impeded their arrest should be excluded from the confederacy. In reply to this the Thebans issued counter decrees of their own, truly in the spirit and temper of the actions of Hercules and Bacchus, that every house and city in Boeotia should be opened to the Athenians who required it, and that he who did not help a fugitive who was seized should be fined a talent for damages, and if any one should bear arms through Boeotia to Attica against the tyrants, that none of the Thebans should either see or hear of it. Nor did they pass these human and truly Greek decrees without at the same time making their acts conformable to their words. For Thrasybulus, and those who with him occupied Phyle, set out upon that enterprise from Thebes, with arms and money, and secrecy and a point to start from, provided for them by the Thebans. Such were the causes of complaint Lysander had against Thebes. And being now grown violent in his temper through the atrabilious tendency which increased upon him in his

old age, he urged the Ephors and persuaded them to place a garrison in Thebes, and taking the commander's place, he marched forth with a body of troops. Pausanias, also, the King, was sent shortly after with an army. Now Pausanias, going round by Cithaeron, was to invade Boeotia; Lysander, meantime, advanced through Phocis to meet him, with a numerous body of soldiers. He took the city of the Orchomenians, who came over to him of their own accord, and plundered Lebadea. He dispatched also letters to Pausanias, ordering him to move from Plataea to meet him at Haliartus, and that himself would be at the walls of Haliartus by break of day. These letters were brought to the Thebans, the carrier of them falling into the hands of some Theban scouts. They, having received aid from Athens, committed their city to the charge of the Athenian troops, and sallying out about the first sleep, succeeded in reaching Haliartus a little before Lysander, and part of them entered into the city. He upon this first of all resolved, posting his army upon a hill, to stay for Pausanias; then as the day advanced, not being able to rest, he bade his men take up their arms, and encouraging the allies, led them in a column along the road to the walls. But those Thebans who had remained outside, taking the city on the left hand, advanced against the rear of their enemies. . . . But the Thebans inside the city, forming in order of battle with the Haliartians, stood still for some time, but on seeing Lysander with a party of those who were foremost approaching, on a sudden opening the gates and falling on, they killed him with the soothsayer at his side, and a few others; for the greater part immediately fled back to the main force. But the Thebans not slackening, but closely pursuing them, the whole body turned to fly towards the hills. There were one thousand of them slain; there died, also, of the Thebans three hundred, who were killed with their enemies, while chasing them into craggy and difficult places. These had been under suspicion of favoring the Lacedaemonians, and in their eagerness to clear themselves in the eyes of their fellow-

citizens, exposed themselves in the pursuit, and so met their death. News of the disaster reached Pausanias as he was on the way from Plataea to Thespiae, and having set his army in order he came to Haliartus; Thrasybulus, also, came from Thebes, leading the Athenians.

Pausanias proposing to request the bodies of the dead under truce, the elders of the Spartans took it ill, and were angry among themselves, and coming to the King, declared that Lysander should not be taken away upon any conditions; if they fought it out by arms about his body, and conquered, then they might bury him; if they were overcome, it was glorious to die upon the spot with their commander. When the elders had spoken these things, Pausanias saw it would be difficult business to vanquish the Thebans, who had but just been conquerors; that Lysander's body also lay near the walls, so that it would be hard for them, though they overcame, to take it away without a truce; he therefore sent a herald, obtained a truce, and withdrew his forces, and carrying away the body of Lysander, they buried it in the first friendly soil they reached on crossing the Boeotian frontier, in the country of the Panopaeans; where the monument still stands as you go on the road from Delphi to Chaeronea.

But such a death befalling Lysander, the Spartans took it so grievously at the time, that they put the King to a trial for his life, which he not daring to await, fled to Tegea, and there lived out his life in the sanctuary of Minerva. The poverty also of Lysander being discovered by his death made his merit more manifest, since from so much wealth and power, from all the homage of the cities, and of the Persian kingdom, he had not in the least degree, so far as money goes, sought any private aggrandizement, as Theopompus in his history relates, whom any one may rather give credit to when he commends than when he finds fault, as it is more agreeable to him to blame than to praise.

Other honors, also, were paid him, after his death; and amongst these they imposed a fine upon those who had

engaged themselves to marry his daughters, and then when Lysander was found to be poor, after his decease, refused them; because when they thought him rich they had been observant of him, but now his poverty had proved him just and good, they forsook him. For there was, it seems, in Sparta, a punishment for not marrying, for a late, and for a bad marriage; and to the last penalty those were most especially liable who sought alliances with the rich instead of with the good and with their friends. Such is the account we have found given of Lysander.

3. *Pericles.* The following are extracts from the life of Pericles:

Caesar once, seeing some wealthy strangers at Rome, carrying up and down with them in their arms and bosoms young puppy-dogs and monkeys, embracing and making much of them, took occasion not unnaturally to ask whether the women in their country were not used to bear children; by that prince-like reprimand gravely reflecting upon persons who spend and lavish upon brute beasts that affection and kindness which nature has implanted in us to be bestowed on those of our own kind. With like reason may we blame those who misuse that love of inquiry and observation which nature has implanted in our souls, by expending it on objects unworthy of the attention either of their eyes or their ears, while they disregard such as are excellent in themselves, and would do them good.

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Pericles was of the tribe Acamantis, and the township Cholargus, of the noblest birth both on his father's and mother's side. Xanthippus, his father, who defeated the King of Persia's generals in the battle at Mycale, took to wife Agariste, the grandchild of Clisthenes, who drove out the sons of Pisistratus, and nobly put an end to their tyrannical usurpation, and, moreover, made a body of laws, and settled a model of government admirably tem-

pered and suited for the harmony and safety of the people.

His mother, being near her time, fancied in a dream that she was brought to bed of a lion, and a few days after was delivered of Pericles, in other respects perfectly formed, only his head was somewhat longish and out of proportion. For which reason almost all the images and statues that were made of him have the head covered with a helmet, the workmen apparently being willing not to expose him. The poets of Athens called him *Schinocephalos,* or squill-head, from *schinos,* a squill, or sea-onion. One of the comic poets says, that now, in embarrassment with political difficulties, he sits in the city—

> "Fainting underneath the load
> Of his own head: and now abroad
> From his huge gallery of a pate
> Sends forth trouble to the state."

And Eupolis, in the comedy called the Demi, in a series of questions about each of the demagogues, whom he makes in the play to come up from hell, upon Pericles being named last, exclaims—

> "And here by way of summary, now we've done,
> Behold, in brief, the heads of all in one."

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Pericles was a hearer of Zeno, the Eleatic, who treated of natural philosophy in the same manner as Parmenides did, but had also perfected himself in an art of his own for refuting and silencing opponents in argument; as Timon of Phlius describes it—

> "Also the two-edged tongue of mighty Zeno, who,
> Say what one would, could argue it untrue."

But he that saw most of Pericles, and furnished him most especially with a weight and grandeur of sense, superior to all arts of popularity, and in general gave him his elevation and sublimity of purpose and of character, was Anaxagoras of Clazomenae; whom the men of those

times called by the name of Nous, that is, mind, or intelligence, whether in admiration of the great and extraordinary gift he had displayed for the science of nature, or because that he was the first of the philosophers who did not refer the first ordering of the world to fortune or chance, nor to necessity or compulsion, but to a pure, unadulterated intelligence, which in all other existing mixed and compound things acts as a principle of discrimination, and of combination of like with like.

For this man, Pericles entertained an extraordinary esteem and admiration, and filling himself with this lofty and, as they call it, up-in-the-air sort of thought, derived hence not merely, as was natural, elevation of purpose and dignity of language, raised far above the base and dishonest buffooneries of mob-eloquence, but, besides this, a composure of countenance, and a serenity and calmness in all his movements, which no occurrence whilst he was speaking could disturb, a sustained and even tone of voice, and various other advantages of a similar kind, which produced the greatest effect on his hearers. Once, after being reviled and ill-spoken of all day long in his own hearing by some vile and abandoned fellow in the open market-place, where he was engaged in the dispatch of some urgent affair, he continued his business in perfect silence, and in the evening returned home composedly, the man still dogging him at the heels, and pelting him all the way with abuse and foul language; and stepping into his house, it being by this time dark, he ordered one of his servants to take a light, and to go along with the man and see him safe home.

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That which gave most pleasure and ornament to the city of Athens, and the greatest admiration and even astonishment to all strangers, and that which now is Greece's only evidence that the power she boasts of and her ancient wealth are no romance or idle story, was his construction of the public and sacred buildings. Yet this was that of all his actions in the government which his enemies most looked askance upon and caviled at in

the popular assemblies, crying out how that the commonwealth of Athens had lost its reputation and was ill-spoken of abroad for removing the common treasure of the Greeks from the isle of Delos into their own custody; and how that their fairest excuse for so doing, namely, that they took it away for fear the barbarians should seize it, and on purpose to secure it in a safe place, this Pericles had made unavailable, and how that "Greece cannot but resent it as an insufferable affront, and consider herself to be tyrannized over openly, when she sees the treasure, which was contributed by her upon a necessity for the war, wantonly lavished out by us upon our city, to gild her all over, and to adorn and set her forth, as it were some vain woman, hung round with precious stones and figures and temples, which cost a world of money."

Pericles, on the other hand, informed the people, that they were in no way obliged to give any account of those moneys to their allies, so long as they maintained their defense, and kept off the barbarians from attacking them; while in the meantime they did not so much as supply one horse or man or ship, but only found money for the service; "which money," said he, "is not theirs that give it, but theirs that receive it, if so be they perform the conditions upon which they receive it." And that it was good reason, that, now the city was sufficiently provided and stored with all things necessary for the war, they should convert the overplus of its wealth to such undertakings as would hereafter, when completed, give them eternal honor, and, for the present, while in process, freely supply all the inhabitants with plenty. With their variety of workmanship and of occasions for service, which summon all arts and trades and require all hands to be employed about them, they do actually put the whole city, in a manner, into state-pay; while at the same time she is both beautified and maintained by herself. For as those who are of age and strength for war are provided for and maintained in the armaments abroad by their pay out of the public stock, so, it being his desire and design

that the undisciplined mechanic multitude that stayed at home should not go without their share of public salaries, and yet should not have them given them for sitting still and doing nothing, to that end he thought fit to bring in among them, with the approbation of the people, these vast projects of buildings and designs of work, that would be of some continuance before they were finished, and would give employment to numerous arts, so that the part of the people that stayed at home might, no less than those that were at sea or in garrisons or on expeditions, have a fair and just occasion of receiving the benefit and having their share of the public moneys.

The materials were stone, brass, ivory, gold, ebony, cypress-wood; and the arts or trades that wrought and fashioned them were smiths and carpenters, molders, founders and braziers, stone-cutters, dyers, goldsmiths, ivory-workers, painters, embroiderers, turners; those again that conveyed them to the town for use, merchants and mariners and ship-masters by sea, and by land, cart-wrights, cattle-breeders, wagoners, rope-makers, flax-workers, shoemakers and leather-dressers, roadmakers, miners. And every trade in the same nature, as a captain in an army has his particular company of soldiers under him, had its own hired company of journeymen and laborers belonging to it banded together as in array, to be as it were the instrument and body for the performance of the service. Thus, to say all in a word, the occasions and services of these public works distributed plenty through every age and condition.

As then grew the works up, no less stately in size than exquisite in form, the workmen striving to outvie the material and the design with the beauty of their workmanship, yet the most wonderful thing of all was the rapidity of their execution.

Undertakings, any one of which singly might have required, they thought, for their completion, several successions and ages of men, were every one of them accomplished in the height and prime of one man's political service. Although they say, too, that Zeuxis once, having

heard Agatharchus the painter boast of dispatching his work with speed and ease, replied, "I take a long time." For ease and speed in doing a thing do not give the work lasting solidity or exactness of beauty; the expenditure of time allowed to a man's pains beforehand for the production of a thing is repaid by way of interest with a vital force for the preservation when once produced. For which reason Pericles's works are especially admired, as having been made quickly, to last long. For every particular piece of his work was immediately, even at that time, for its beauty and elegance, antique; and yet in its vigor and freshness looks to this day as if it were just executed. There is a sort of bloom of newness upon those works of his, preserving them from the touch of time, as if they had some perennial spirit and undying vitality mingled in the composition of them.

Phidias had the oversight of all the works, and was surveyor-general, though upon the various portions other great masters and workmen were employed. For Callicrates and Ictinus built the Parthenon; the chapel at Eleusis, where the mysteries were celebrated, was begun by Coroebus, who erected the pillars that stand upon the floor or pavement, and joined them to the architraves; and after his death Metagenes of Xypete added the frieze and the upper line of columns; Xenocles of Cholargus roofed or arched the lantern on top of the temple of Castor and Pollux; and the long wall, which Socrates says he himself heard Pericles propose to the people, was undertaken by Callicrates. This work Cratinus ridicules, as long in finishing—

> " 'Tis long since Pericles, if words would do it,
> Talked up the wall; yet adds not one mite to it."

The Odeum, or music-room, which in its interior was full of seats and ranges of pillars, and outside had its roof made to slope and descend from one single point at the top, was constructed, we are told, in imitation of the King of Persia's Pavilion; this likewise by Pericles's or-

der; which Cratinus again, in his comedy called the Thracian Women, made an occasion of raillery—

> "So, we see here,
> Jupiter Long-pate Pericles appear,
> Since ostracism time, he's laid aside his head,
> And wears the new Odeum in its stead."

Pericles, also eager for distinction, then first obtained the decree for a contest in musical skill to be held yearly at the Panathenaea, and he himself, being chosen judge, arranged the order and method in which the competitors should sing and play on the flute and on the harp. And both at that time, and at other times also, they sat in this music-room to see and hear all such trials of skill.

The propylaea, or entrances to the Acropolis, were finished in five years' time, Mnesicles being the principal architect. A strange accident happened in the course of building, which showed that the goddess was not averse to the work, but was aiding and coöperating to bring it to perfection. One of the artificers, the quickest and the handiest workman among them all, with a slip of his foot fell down from a great height, and lay in a miserable condition, the physicians having no hope of his recovery. When Pericles was in distress about this, Minerva appeared to him at night in a dream, and ordered a course of treatment, which he applied, and in a short time and with great ease cured the man. And upon this occasion it was that he set up a brass statue of Minerva, surnamed Health, in the citadel near the altar, which they say was there before. But it was Phidias who wrought the goddess's image in gold, and he has his name inscribed on the pedestal as the workman of it; and indeed the whole work in a manner was under his charge, and he had, as we have said already, the oversight over all the artists and workmen, through Pericles's friendship for him; and this, indeed, made him much envied, and his patron shamefully slandered with stories, as if Phidias were in the habit of receiving, for Pericles's use, freeborn women that came to see the works. The comic writers of the

town, when they had got hold of this story, made much of it, and bespattered him with all the ribaldry they could invent, charging him falsely with the wife of Menippus, one who was his friend and served as lieutenant under him in the wars; and with the birds kept by Pyrilampes, an acquaintance of Pericles, who, they pretended, used to give presents of peacocks to Pericles's female friends. And how can one wonder at any number of strange assertions from men whose whole lives were devoted to mockery, and who were ready at any time to sacrifice the reputation of their superiors to vulgar envy and spite, as to some evil genius, when even Stesimbrotus the Thracian has dared to lay to the charge of Pericles a monstrous and fabulous piece of criminality with his son's wife? So very difficult a matter is it to trace and find out the truth of anything by history, when, on the one hand, those who afterwards write it find long periods of time intercepting their view, and, on the other hand, the contemporary records of any actions and lives, partly through envy and ill-will, partly through favor and flattery, pervert and distort truth.

When the orators, who sided with Thucydides and his party, were at one time crying out, as their custom was, against Pericles, as one who squandered away the public money, and made havoc of the state revenues, he rose in the open assembly and put the question to the people, whether they thought that he had laid out much; and they saying, "Too much, a great deal," "Then," said he, "since it is so, let the cost not go to your account, but to mine; and let the inscription upon the buildings stand in my name." When they heard him say thus, whether it were out of a surprise to see the greatness of his spirit or out of emulation of the glory of the works, they cried aloud, bidding him to spend on, and lay out what he thought fit from the public purse, and to spare no cost, till all were finished.

At length, coming to a final contest with Thucydides which of the two should ostracize the other out of the country, and having gone through this peril, he threw

his antagonist out, and broke up the confederacy that had been organized against him. So that now all schism and division being at an end, and the city brought to evenness and unity, he got all Athens and all affairs that pertained to the Athenians into his own hands, their tributes, their armies, and their galleys, the islands, the sea, and their wide-extended power, partly over other Greeks and partly over barbarians, and all that empire, which they possessed, founded and fortified upon subject nations and royal friendships and alliances.

After this he was no longer the same man he had been before, nor as tame and gentle and familiar as formerly with the populace, so as readily to yield to their pleasures and to comply with the desires of the multitude, as a steersman shifts with the winds. Quitting that loose, remiss, and, in some cases, licentious court of the popular will, he turned those soft and flowery modulations to the austerity of aristocratical and regal rule; and employing this uprightly and undeviatingly for the country's best interests, he was able generally to lead the people along, with their own wills and consents, by persuading and showing them what was to be done; and sometimes, too, urging and pressing them forward extremely against their will, he made them, whether they would or no, yield submission to what was for their advantage. In which, to say the truth, he did but like a skillful physician, who, in a complicated and chronic disease, as he sees occasion, at one while allows his patient the moderate use of such things as please him, at another while gives him keen pains and drugs to work the cure. For there arising and growing up, as was natural, all manner of distempered feelings among a people which had so vast a command and dominion, he alone, as a great master, knowing how to handle and deal fitly with each one of them, and, in an especial manner, making that use of hopes and fears, as his two chief rudders, with the one to check the career of their confidence at any time, with the other to raise them up and cheer them when under any discouragement, plainly showed by this, that rhetoric, or the art of speak-

ing, is, in Plato's language, the government of the souls of men, and that her chief business is to address the affections and passions, which are as it were the strings and keys to the soul, and require a skillful and careful touch to be played on as they should be. The source of this predominance was not barely his power of language, but, as Thucydides assures us, the reputation of his life, and the confidence felt in his character; his manifest freedom from every kind of corruption, and superiority to all considerations of money. Notwithstanding he had made the city of Athens, which was great of itself, as great and rich as can be imagined, and though he were himself in power and interest more than equal to many kings and absolute rulers, who some of them also bequeathed by will their power to their children, he, for his part, did not make the patrimony his father left him greater than it was by one drachma.

Thucydides, indeed, gives a plain statement of the greatness of his power; and the comic poets, in their spiteful manner, more than hint at it, styling his companions and friends the new Pisistratidae, and calling on him to abjure any intention of usurpation, as one whose eminence was too great to be any longer proportionable to and compatible with a democracy or popular government. And Teleclides says the Athenians had surrendered up to him—

"The tribute of the cities, and with them, the cities too,
to do with them as he pleases, and undo;
To build up, if he likes, stone walls around a town; and
again, if so he likes, to pull them down;
Their treaties and alliances, power, empire, peace, and
war, their wealth and their success forever more."

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After this, having made a truce between the Athenians and Lacedaemonians for thirty years, he ordered, by public decree, the expedition against the isle of Samos, on the ground, that, when they were bid to leave off their war with the Milesians they had not complied. And as

these measures against the Samians are thought to have been taken to please Aspasia, this may be a fit point for inquiry about the woman, what art or charming faculty she had that enabled her to captivate, as she did, the greatest statesmen, and to give the philosophers occasion to speak so much about her, and that, too, not to her disparagement. That she was a Milesian by birth, the daughter of Axiochus, is a thing acknowledged. And they say it was in emulation of Thargelia, a courtesan of the old Ionian times, that she made her addresses to men of great power. Thargelia was a great beauty, extremely charming, and at the same time sagacious; she had numerous suitors among the Greeks, and brought all who had to do with her over to the Persian interest, and by their means, being men of the greatest power and station, sowed the seeds of the Median faction up and down in several cities. Aspasia, some say, was courted and caressed by Pericles upon account of her knowledge and skill in politics. Socrates himself would sometimes go to visit her, and some of his acquaintance with him; and those who frequented her company would carry their wives with them to listen to her. Her occupation was anything but creditable, her house being a home for young courtesans. Aeschines tells us, also, that Lysicles, a sheep-dealer, a man of low birth and character, by keeping Aspasia company after Pericles's death, came to be a chief man in Athens. And in Plato's Menexenus, though we do not take the introduction as quite serious, still thus much seems to be historical, that she had the repute of being resorted to by many of the Athenians for instruction in the art of speaking. Pericles's inclination for her seems, however, to have rather proceeded from the passion of love. He had a wife that was near of kin to him, who had been married first to Hipponicus, by whom she had Callias, surnamed the Rich; and also she brought Pericles, while she lived with him, two sons, Xanthippus and Paralus. Afterwards, when they did not well agree, nor like to live together, he parted with her, with her own consent, to another

man, and himself took Aspasia, and loved her with wonderful affection; every day, both as he went out and as he came in from the market-place, he saluted and kissed her.

In the comedies she goes by the nicknames of the new Omphale and Deianira, and again is styled Juno. Cratinus, in downright terms, calls her a harlot.

> "To find him a Juno the goddess of lust
> Bore that harlot past shame,
> Aspasia by name."

It should seem also that he had a son by her; Eupolis, in his Demi, introduced Pericles asking after his safety, and Myronides replying—

> "My son?" "He lives: a man he had been long,
> But that the harlot-mother did him wrong."

Aspasia, they say, became so celebrated and renowned, that Cyrus, also who made war against Artaxerxes for the Persian monarchy, gave her whom he loved the best of all his concubines the name of Aspasia, who before that was called Milto. She was a Phocaean by birth, the daughter of one Hermotimus, and, when Cyrus fell in battle, was carried to the King, and had great influence at court. These things coming into my memory as I am writing this story, it would be unnatural for me to omit them.

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Pericles, however, was not at all moved by any attacks, but took all patiently, and submitted in silence to the disgrace they threw upon him and the ill-will they bore him; and, sending out a fleet of a hundred galleys to Peloponnesus, he did not go along with it in person, but stayed behind, that he might watch at home and keep the city under his own control, till the Peloponnesians broke up their camp and were gone. Yet to soothe the common people, jaded and distressed with the war, he relieved them with distributions of public moneys, and

ordained new divisions of subject land. For having turned out all the people of Aegina, he parted the island among the Athenians according to lot. Some comfort, also, and ease in their miseries, they might receive from what their enemies endured. For the fleet, sailing round the Peloponnese, ravaged a great deal of the country, and pillaged and plundered the towns and smaller cities; and by land he himself entered with an army the Megarian country, and made havoc of it all. Whence it is clear that the Peloponnesians, though they did the Athenians much mischief by land, yet suffering as much themselves from them by sea, would not have protracted the war to such a length, but would quickly have given it over, as Pericles at first foretold they would, had not some divine power crossed human purposes.

In the first place, the pestilential disease, or plague, seized upon the city, and ate up all the flower and prime of their youth and strength. Upon occasion of which, the people, distempered and afflicted in their souls, as well as in their bodies, were utterly enraged like madmen against Pericles, and, like patients grown delirious, sought to lay violent hands on their physician, or, as it were, their father. They had been possessed, by his enemies, with the belief that the occasion of the plague was the crowding of the country people together into the town, forced as they were now, in the heat of the summer weather, to dwell many of them together even as they could, in small tenements and stifling hovels, and to be tied to a lazy course of life within doors, whereas before they lived in a pure, open, and free air. The cause and author of all this, said they, is he who on account of the war has poured a multitude of people from the country in upon us within the walls, and uses all these men that he has here upon no employ or service, but keeps them pent up like cattle, to be overrun with infection from one another, affording them neither shift of quarters nor any refreshment.

With the design to remedy these evils, and do the enemy some inconvenience, Pericles got a hundred and

fifty galleys ready, and having embarked many tried soldiers, both foot and horse, was about to sail out, giving great hope to his citizens, and no less alarm to his enemies, upon the sight of so great a force. And now the vessels having their complement of men, and Pericles being gone aboard his own galley, it happened that the sun was eclipsed, and it grew dark on a sudden, to the affright of all, for this was looked upon as extremely ominous. Pericles, therefore, perceiving the steersman seized with fear and at a loss what to do, took his cloak and held it up before the man's face, and screening him with it so that he could not see, asked him whether he imagined there was any great hurt, or the sign of any great hurt in this, and he answering No, "Why," said he, "and what does that differ from this, only that what has caused that darkness there, is something greater than a cloak?" This is a story which philosophers tell their scholars. Pericles, however, after putting out to sea, seems not to have done any other exploit befitting such preparations, and when he had laid siege to the holy city Epidaurus, which gave him some hope of surrender, miscarried in his design by reason of the sickness. For it not only seized upon the Athenians, but upon all others, too, that held any sort of communication with the army. Finding after this the Athenians ill-affected and highly displeased with him, he tried and endeavored what he could to appease and re-encourage them. But he could not pacify or allay their anger, nor persuade or prevail with them any way, till they freely passed their votes upon him, resumed their power, took away his command from him, and fined him in a sum of money; which by their account that say least, was fifteen talents, while they who reckon most, name fifty.

After this, public troubles were soon to leave him unmolested; the people, so to say, discharged their passion in their stroke, and lost their stings in the wound. But his domestic concerns were in an unhappy condition, many of his friends and acquaintance having died in the plague time, and those of his family having long since

been in disorder and in a kind of mutiny against him. For the eldest of his lawfully begotten sons, Xanthippus by name, being naturally prodigal, and marrying a young and expensive wife, the daughter of Tisander, son of Epilycus, was highly offended at his father's economy in making him but a scanty allowance, by little and little at a time. He sent, therefore, to a friend one day and borrowed some money of him in his father Pericles's name, pretending it was by his order. The man coming afterward to demand the debt, Pericles was so far from yielding to pay it, that he entered an action against him. Upon which the young man, Xanthippus, thought himself so ill-used and disobliged that he openly reviled his father; telling first, by way of ridicule, stories about his conversations at home, and the discourses he had with the sophists and scholars that came to his house. As, for instance, how one who was a practicer of the five games of skill, having with a dart or javelin unawares against his will struck and killed Epitimus the Pharsalian, his father spent a whole day with Protagoras in a serious dispute, whether the javelin, or the man that threw it, or the masters of the games who appointed these sports, were, according to the strictest and best reason, to be accounted the cause of this mischance. Besides this, Stesimbrotus tells us that it was Xanthippus who spread abroad among the people the infamous story concerning his own wife; and in general that this difference of the young man's with his father, and the breach betwixt them, continued never to be healed or made up till his death. For Xanthippus died in the plague time of the sickness. At which time Pericles also lost his sister, and the greatest part of his relations and friends, and those who had been most useful and serviceable to him in managing the affairs of state. However, he did not shrink or give in upon these occasions, nor betray or lower his high spirit and the greatness of his mind under all his misfortunes; he was not even so much as seen to weep or to mourn, or even attend the burial of any of his friends or relations, till at last he lost his only remaining legitimate son.



THE AGE OF PERICLES

AN ORATOR ADDRESSING THE CITIZENS OF ATHENS.

Subdued by this blow, and yet striving still, as far as he could, to maintain his principle, and to preserve and keep up the greatness of his soul, when he came, however, to perform the ceremony of putting a garland of flowers upon the head of the corpse, he was vanquished by his passion at the sight, so that he burst into exclamations, and shed copious tears, having never done any such thing in all his life before.

The city having made trial of other generals for the conduct of war, and orators for business of state, when they found there was no one who was of weight enough for such a charge, or of authority sufficient to be trusted with so great a command, regretted the loss of him, and invited him again to address and advise them, and to re-assume the office of general. He, however, lay at home in dejection and mourning; but was persuaded by Alcibiades and others of his friends to come abroad and show himself to the people; who having, upon his appearance, made their acknowledgments, and apologized for their untowardly treatment of him, he undertook the public affairs once more. . . .

About the time when his son was enrolled, it should seem the plague seized Pericles, not with sharp and violent fits, as it did others that had it, but with a dull and lingering distemper, attended with various changes and alterations, leisurely, by little and little, wasting the strength of his body, and undermining the noble faculties of his soul. So that Theophrastus, in his Morals, when discussing whether men's characters change with their circumstances, and their moral habits, disturbed by the ailings of their bodies, start aside from the rules of virtue, has left it upon record, that Pericles, when he was sick, showed one of his friends that came to visit him an amulet or charm that the women had hung about his neck; as much as to say, that he was very sick indeed when he would admit of such a foolery as that was.

When he was now near his end, the best of the citizens and those of his friends who were left alive, sitting about him, were speaking of the greatness of his merit, and his

power, and reckoning up his famous actions and the number of his victories; for there were no less than nine trophies, which, as their chief commander and conqueror of their enemies, he had set up for the honor of the city. They talked thus together among themselves, as though he were unable to understand or mind what they said, but had now lost his consciousness. He had listened, however, all the while, and attended to all, and, speaking out among them, said that he wondered they should commend and take notice of things which were as much owing to fortune as to anything else, and had happened to many other commanders, and, at the same time, should not speak or make mention of that which was the most excellent and greatest thing of all. "For," said he, "no Athenian, through my means, ever wore mourning."

He was indeed a character deserving our high admiration not only for his equitable and mild temper, which all along in the many affairs of his life, and the great animosities which he incurred, he constantly maintained; but also for the high spirit and feeling which made him regard it the noblest of all his honors that, in the exercise of such immense power, he never had gratified his envy or his passion, nor ever had treated any enemy as irreconcilably opposed to him. And to me it appears that this one thing gives that otherwise childish and arrogant title a fitting and becoming significance; so dispassionate a temper, a life so pure and unblemished, in the height of power and place, might well be called Olympian, in accordance with our conceptions of the divine beings, to whom, as the natural authors of all good and of nothing evil, we ascribe the rule and government of the world. Not as the poets represent, who, while confounding us with their ignorant fancies, are themselves confuted by their own poems and fictions, and call the place, indeed, where they say the gods make their abode, a secure and quiet seat, free from all hazards and commotions, untroubled with winds or with clouds, and equally through all time illumined with a soft serenity and a pure light as though such were

a home most agreeable for a blessed and immortal nature; and yet, in the meanwhile, affirm that the gods themselves are full of trouble and enmity and anger and other passions, which no way become or belong to even men that have any understanding.

V. SCIENCE. During this period a decided advance was made in scientific knowledge, and foundation principles were evolved which are still being utilized in countless new discoveries and inventions.

Strabo (from about 63 B. C. to A. D. 19) traveled widely in Greece and other Mediterranean countries, and wrote extensive historical memoirs, and a work on geography which is still extant, almost complete, in seventeen books. This is the most important work on that subject produced in antiquity.

Pausanias, who flourished about A. D. 160, wrote *The Itinerary,* which contains a description of most all of Greece, and a second work, which he devoted mainly to art and interesting objects of antiquity. This collection of facts is second only to that of Herodotus, and has been of untold usefulness to students.

Claudius Ptolemaeus, better known as Ptolemy, lived at Alexandria during the first half of the second century after Christ. His writings were principally upon astronomy and geography, and while he was not great as an independent discoverer, yet he collected the knowledge of the Greeks up to his own time. Practically all our knowledge of the astronomy of ancient times comes from the works of Ptol-

emy, and in geography his writings were equally authoritative, even down to the fifteenth century.

The great plan of the universe, as expounded by Ptolemy, is known as the Ptolemaic System, and its interest to all readers is evident when they remember the long time during which these ideas held sway and the serious happenings that occurred when they were overthrown. The Greeks believed that the earth is a sphere in the center of the universe, and that the heavenly bodies move round in circles. Earth, the stable element, occupies the lowest level in space; above it, water; then the air of the firmament, and, beyond all, the wide wastes of ether. The heavens are a crystalline sphere, in which the stars revolve, while the moon and then the planets, Mercury, Venus, the Sun, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn, each occupy a smaller sphere within the great one. Later astronomers added a ninth sphere to account for the precession of the equinoxes, and a tenth to account for day and night. Still further additions were made from time to time to account for new conditions that were discovered, until the whole system became so confused and complex that no one really understood it—and then came Copernicus to overthrow the whole.

The most important discoveries, outside those we have mentioned, lay in the department of medicine, which was brought into great prominence by the skill acquired by Galen, a Greek physician and writer, who at one time

attended the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. For many years his writings, which were eminently practical, formed the basis of the world's medical knowledge. Doubtless some of the eighty treatises attributed to him are spurious, but enough valid ones remain to justify the reputation which he bore.

VI. FATHERS OF THE CHURCH. In a strict sense of the term, the Fathers of the Church are those men who in the early centuries were noted for their orthodoxy and their great personal sanctity, and whose writings have been considered, next to the Bible, as the most valuable part of Christian literature. It is not necessary for our purpose to draw the lines closely, nor in the space at our command to turn to any discussion of their writings, nor does it seem valuable to give merely a list of famous names. The student who wishes to devote time to this patristic literature can find elsewhere a world of material for many years of study. Suffice it to say that among these early writers were many Greeks, who had embraced Christianity and who followed it religiously. In fact, for our knowledge of early Christianity we are deeply indebted to those great minds who in the period we are considering had discovered the worthlessness of their own theology and were ready to embrace a purer and more satisfying creed. If their work lacked anything of literary finish it made up for it by earnestness, enthusiasm and deep religious fervor.

VII. The Stoics. While we have alluded to the philosophy of the Stoics, we have left the consideration of their system until the present time, because the greatest exponents of it lived within the Graeco-Roman period. Stoic philosophy originated with Zeno, who flourished in Athens about 300 B. C. He opened his school in a portico called the *Stoa Poecile* (Painted Porch) at Athens, and from this fact his sect was given its name. His tenets were derived from the philosophy of the Cynics, whose founder, Antisthenes, it will be remembered, was a disciple of Socrates, and the doctrines, manner of life and death of Socrates were the chief subjects of study.

Under a number of talented leaders the principles of Stoicism spread through Greece and the Roman Empire until in the time of Emperor Marcus Aurelius it reached its highest development. We are indebted principally for our knowledge of its doctrines to the works of Epictetus, to the Roman Seneca and to Marcus Aurelius.

The main question which the Stoics attempted to answer was "How can we determine what is truth?" and in reply they worked out a remarkable group of theories, which may be summarized as follows: Originally the soul is like a blank tablet, upon which from time to time ideas and things make impressions. These impressions are retained by memory, and from them, voluntarily or partly without human will, various mental concepts arise.

Every soul is a part of the universal world-soul, which, for the time being, is individualized, but ultimately will return to its source at a time when fire consumes all things existent in the universe. This spirit-fire is God, and is self-conscious. It is the origin of all things, the active principle from which everything has been developed. The movement or differentiation of souls and objects and their return to the world-spirit are subject to immutable rules. When one cycle of differentiation and return is complete, another begins and so continues throughout eternity. Such might be termed the physics of Stoicism.

In ethics the Stoics advocated resignation and apathy. Man should be self-controlled and not allow himself to be carried away by external things. False judgment and mental unbalance cause the passions, but they may be controlled by judgment and a refusal to obey them. While man cannot master his fate, yet he can control and direct it to a large extent and may retain throughout life a complacency and peace which are in themselves pleasure. Thus pleasure is an incident rather than an end in life.

The aim of the Stoics was to live in accordance with nature, and as nature is reasonable and governed by fixed and just laws, to live in accordance with nature is reasonable. The virtues of the Stoics are insight, courage, temperance and justice, each of which must be thoroughly and rigidly practiced or the believer

is not virtuous. There can be no approximation to virtue, which is absolutely in accord with nature, not partially so.

Long before Christianity had taught that all men are equal, that rank and wealth should not affect social relations, that Greek and Roman, Jew and Gentile all belong to the great brotherhood of man, the Stoics had contended that as all men are manifestations of universal spirit, so they should live in brotherly concord and render to one another every possible assistance.

As may be seen, this philosophy is diametrically opposed to Epicureanism, and while the Stoics have been accused of pride, selfishness and a contempt for the conventions of life, yet their relations to mankind were much more wholesome than those of the Cynics, and they incorporated in their beliefs and practices the best elements of Platonism and all that had gone before.

VIII. EPICTETUS. We know iittle of the life of Epictetus, nor can we tell accurately the date of his birth. It occurred, however, at Hierapolis, a city of Phrygia, and it is known that for a long time he was the slave of Epaphroditus, one of Nero's favorites. Having received his freedom from his master, he lectured on the Stoical doctrines, but when the philosophers were expelled from Rome in A. D. 89, he went to Nicopolis in Epirus, where he seems to have spent the remainder of his life. He is said to have been lame and very poor, but he had

a number of devoted followers, who listened to his teachings and with whom he conversed after the manner of Socrates.

Some anecdotes, which are probably more or less mythical, have come down to us. For instance, it is related that once while as a slave he was being tortured for some trifling offense, he remarked, "Be careful or you will break my leg." The torture continued and the leg was broken, whereupon Epictetus remarked calmly, "Didn't I tell you you would break it?" Possibly this accident might account for his lameness, but we have already noticed the curious fact that a large number of the writers of antiquity have been lame slaves, and we should probably find an explanation for the fact in the natural belief among the ancients that only those incapacitated for engaging in man's work could take up the profession of literature.

Of his poverty it is said that when he lived in Rome his whole furniture consisted of a bed, a little earthen pot and an earthen lamp. His only attendant was a woman, whom he engaged in his advanced years to take charge of a little child, who otherwise would have been exposed to perish. Under all these conditions Epictetus must, if he followed his philosophy, have found happiness, and his words would indicate that he did.

Arrian, as he is more commonly known than by his real name of Flavius Arrianus, was a native of Nicodemia who had been admitted

to citizenship in Athens, but came over to Rome quite early in his life. Here he became a friend and disciple of Epictetus, later rose to a high rank among the Romans and was eventually appointed archon at Athens, though it appears that he soon retired from public life and devoted himself to the study of literature in Nicodemia. His principal work is the *Anabasis of Alexander,* but we shall know him best through his reports of the conversations and teachings of Epictetus.

The great philosopher Epictetus, like Socrates, left no writings, but he was fortunate to find in Arrian a much better reporter than Xenophon was for his master, and perhaps one who did not throw so much of himself into the work of his teacher as Plato did into his famous *Dialogues of Socrates.* The writings of Arrian concerning Epictetus appear under the title of the *Discourses of Epictetus* and the *Enchiridion,* the latter a manual of the doctrines and sayings of the master.

In his introduction to the *Discourses* Arrian says:

Arrian to Lucius Gellius wisheth all happiness:

I neither composed the Discourses of Epictetus in such a manner as things of this nature are commonly composed, nor did I myself produce them to public view any more than I composed them. But whatever sentiments I heard from his own mouth, the very same I endeavored to set down in the very same words, as far as possible, and preserve as memorials, for my own use, of his manner of thinking and freedom of speech.

These discourses are such as one person would natural-

ly deliver from his own thoughts, *extempore,* to another; not such as he would prepare to be read by numbers afterwards. Yet, notwithstanding this, I cannot tell how, without either my consent or knowledge, they have fallen into the hands of the public. But it is of little consequence to me if I do not appear an able writer; and of none to Epictetus if any one treats his discourses with contempt; since it was very evident, even when he uttered them, that he aimed at nothing more than to excite his hearers to virtue. If they produce that one effect, they have in them what, I think, philosophical discourses ought to have. And should they fail of it, let the readers, however, be assured, that when Epictetus himself pronounced them, his audience could not help being affected in the very manner he intended they should. If by themselves they have less efficacy, perhaps it is my fault, or perhaps it is unavoidable.—Farewell.

IX. EXTRACTS FROM THE "DISCOURSES." The following extracts are fairly representative:

HOW FROM THE DOCTRINE OF OUR KINDRED TO GOD WE ARE TO PROCEED TO ITS CONSEQUENCES

If what philosophers say of the kindred between God and man be true, what has any one to do, but, like Socrates, when he is asked what countryman he is, never to say that he is a citizen of Athens, or of Corinth, but of the world? For why do you say that you are of Athens: and not of that corner only where that paltry body of yours was laid at its birth? Is it not, evidently, from what is principal, and comprehends not only that corner, and your whole house; but the general extent of the country from which your pedigree is derived down to you, that you call yourself an Athenian, or a Corinthian? Why may not he, then, who understands the administration of the world; and has learned that the greatest and most principal and comprehensive of all things is this system, composed of men and God; and that from him the seeds of being are descended, not only to my father

or grandfather, but to all things that are produced and born on earth; and especially to rational natures, as they alone are qualified to partake of a communication with the deity, being connected with him by reason: why may not such a one call himself a citizen of the world? Why not a son of God? And why shall he fear anything that happens among men? Shall kindred to Caesar, or any other of the great at Rome, enable a man to live secure, above contempt, and void of all fear whatever; and shall not the having God for our Maker, and Father, and Guardian free us from griefs and terrors?

"But how shall I subsist? For I have nothing."

Why, how do slaves, how do fugitives? To what do they trust when they run away from their masters? Is it to their estates? their servants? their plate? to nothing but themselves. Yet they do not fail to get necessaries. And must a philosopher, think you, when he leaves his own abode, rest and rely upon others, and not take care of himself? Must he be more helpless and anxious than the brute beasts, each of which is self-sufficient, and wants neither proper food, nor any suitable and natural provision? One would think there should be no need for an old fellow to sit here contriving that you may not think meanly, nor entertain low and abject notions of yourselves; but that his business would be, to take care that there may not happen to be among you young men of such a spirit, that, knowing their affinity to the gods, and that we are as it were fettered by the body and its possessions, and by so many other things as are necessary, upon these accounts, for the economy and commerce of life; they should resolve to throw them off, as both troublesome and useless, and depart to their kindred.

This is the work, if any, that ought to employ your master and preceptor, if you had one; that you should come to him, and say: "Epictetus, we can no longer bear being tied down to this paltry body, feeding and resting and cleaning it, and hurried about with so many low cares on its account. Are not these things indifferent, and nothing to us, and death no evil? Are not we rela-

tions of God, and did we not come from him? Suffer us to go back thither from whence we came; suffer us, at length, to be delivered from these fetters, that chain and weigh us down. Here thieves and robbers, and courts of judicature, and those who are called tyrants, seem to have some power over us, on account of the body and its possessions. Suffer us to show them, that they have no power."

And in this case it would be my part to answer: "My friends, wait for God, till he shall give the signal, and dismiss you from this service; then return to him. For the present, be content to remain in this post where he has placed you. The time of your abode here is short, and easy to such as are disposed like you. For what tyrant, what robber, what thief, or what courts of judicature are formidable to those who thus account the body and its possessions as nothing? Stay. Depart not inconsiderately."

Thus ought the case to stand between a preceptor and ingenuous young men. But how stands it now? The preceptor has no life in him: you have none neither. When you have had enough to-day, you sit weeping about to-morrow, how you shall get food. Why, if you have it, wretch, you will have it: if not, you will go out of life. The door is open: why do you lament? What room doth there remain for tears? What occasion for flattery? Why should any one person envy another? Why should he be struck with awful admiration of those who have great possessions, or are placed in high rank? Especially if they are powerful and passionate? For what will they do to us? The things which they can do we do not regard: the things which we are concerned about they cannot do. Who then, after all, shall command a person thus disposed? How was Socrates affected by these things? As it became one persuaded of his being a relation of the gods. "If you should tell me," says he to the judges, 'We will acquit you upon condition that you shall no longer discourse in the manner you have hitherto done, nor make any disturbance either among our young or

our old people,' I would answer: 'You are ridiculous in thinking that if your general had placed me in any post, I ought to maintain and defend it, and choose to die a thousand times rather than desert it; but if God hath assigned me any station or method of life, that I ought to desert that for you.' "

This it is for a man to be truly a relation of God. But we consider ourselves as a mere assemblage of stomach and entrails and bodily parts. Because we fear, because we desire, we flatter those who can help us in these matters; we dread the very same persons.

A person desired me once to write for him to Rome. He was one vulgarly esteemed unfortunate, as he had been formerly illustrious and rich, and afterwards stript of all his possessions and reduced to live here. I wrote for him in a submissive style, but, after reading my letter, he returned it to me and said: "I wanted your assistance, not your pity; for no evil hath befallen me."

Thus Rufus to try me used to say, "This or that you will have from your master." When I answered him, "These are [uncertain] human affairs:" "Why, then," says he, "should I intercede with him when you can receive these things from yourself? For what one hath of his own it is superfluous and vain to receive from another. Shall I, then, who can receive greatness of soul and a manly spirit from myself, receive an estate, or a sum of money, or a place from you? Heaven forbid! I will not be so insensible of my own possessions." But if a person is fearful and abject, what else is necssary but to write letters for him as if he was dead? "Pray oblige us with the corpse and blood of such a one." For, in fact, such a one is corpse and blood; and nothing more. For if he was anything more, he would be sensible that one man is not rendered unfortunate by another.

WHAT IT IS THAT PHILOSOPHY PROMISES

When one consulted him, how he might persuade his brother to forbear treating him ill: "Philosophy," answered Epictetus, "doth not promise to procure anything

external to man, otherwise it would admit something beyond its proper subject-matter. For the subject-matter of a carpenter is wood; of a statuary, brass: and so of the art of living, the subject-matter is each person's own life."

"What, then, is my brother's?"

"That, again, belongs to his own art [of living]; but to yours is external like an estate, like health, like reputation. Now, philosophy promises none of these. In every circumstance I will preserve the governing part conformable to nature. Whose governing part? His in whom I exist."

"But how, then, is my brother to lay aside his anger against me?"

"Bring him to me, and I will tell him; but I have nothing to say to you about his anger."

"Well, but I still farther ask, 'How am I to keep myself in a state of mind conformable to nature though he should not be reconciled to me?' "

"No great thing is brought to perfection suddenly, when not so much as a bunch of grapes or a fig is. If you tell me that you would at this minute have a fig, I will answer you, that there must be time. Let it first blossom, then bear fruit, then ripen. Is then the fruit of a fig-tree not brought to perfection suddenly, and in one hour; and would you possess the fruit of the human mind in so short a time, and without trouble? I tell you, expect no such thing."

WHAT THE LAW OF LIFE IS

As one was reading hypothetical syllogisms; "It is likewise a law in these," says Epictetus, "to admit what follows from the hypothesis: but much more is it a law in life to do what follows from nature. For, if we desire in every subject of action, and in every circumstance, to keep up to nature; we must, on every occasion, evidently make it our aim neither to let consequences escape our observation, nor to admit contradictions. Philosophers, therefore, first exercise us in theory, which is the more easy

task, and then lead us to the more difficult: for in theory there is nothing to oppose our following what we are taught; but in life there are many things to draw us aside. It is ridiculous, then, to say we must begin from these, for it is not easy to begin from the most difficult; and this excuse must be made to those parents who dislike that their children should learn philosophical speculations." "Am I to blame, then, sir, and ignorant of my duty and of what is incumbent on me? If this is neither to be learnt nor taught, why do you find fault with me? If it is to be taught, pray teach me yourself; or, if you cannot, give me leave to learn it from those who profess to understand it. Besides: do you think that I voluntarily fall into evil, and miss of good? Heaven forbid! What, then, is the cause of my faults?" "Ignorance." "Are you not willing, then, that I should get rid of my ignorance? Who was ever taught the art of music or navigation by anger? Do you expect, then, that your anger should teach me the art of living?" "This, however, is allowed to be said only by one who really hath that intention. But he who reads these things, and applies to the philosophers, merely for the sake of showing at an entertainment that he understands hypothetical syllogisms; what doth he do it for but to be admired by some senator who happens to sit near him?". . .

. . . "I once saw a person weeping and embracing the knees of Epaphroditus; and deploring his hard fortune that he had not £50,000 left. What said Epaphroditus, then? Did he laugh at him, as we should do? No; but cried out with astonishment, 'Poor man! How could you be silent? How could you bear it?' "

. . . "The first step, therefore, towards becoming a philosopher is being sensible in what state the ruling faculty of the mind is; for, when a person knows it to be in a weak one, he will not immediately employ it in great attempts. But for want of this, some, who can scarce get down a morsel, buy, and set themselves to swallow, whole treatises; and so they throw them up again, or cannot digest them; and then come colics, fluxes, and fevers.

Such persons ought to consider what they can bear. Indeed, it is easy to convince an ignorant person in theory; but in matters relating to life no one offers himself to conviction; and we hate those who have convinced us. Socrates used to say that we ought not to live a life unexamined."

OF TRANQUILLITY

Consider, you who are going to take your trial, what you wish to preserve, and in what to succeed. For if you wish to preserve a choice conformable to nature, you are entirely safe; everything goes well; you have no trouble on your hands. While you wish to preserve what is in your own power, and which is naturally free, and are contented with that, whom have you longer to care for? For who is the master of things like these? Who can take them away? If you wish to be a man of honor and fidelity, who shall prevent you? If you wish not to be restrained or compelled, who shall compel you to desires contrary to your principles; to aversions contrary to your opinion? The judge, perhaps, will pass a sentence against you which he thinks formidable: but how can he likewise make you receive it with aversion? Since, then, desire and aversion are in your own power, what have you else to care for? Let this be your introduction, this your narration, this your proof, this your victory, this your conclusion, and this your applause. Thus Socrates, to one who put him in mind to prepare himself for his trial: "Do not you think," says he, "that I have been preparing myself for this very thing my whole life?" By what kind of preparation? "I have preserved what was in my own power." What do you mean? "I have done nothing unjust, either in public or in private life."

But if you wish to preserve externals too; your paltry body, your estate or dignity; I advise you immediately to prepare yourself by every possible preparation, and besides, consider the disposition of your judge, and of your adversary. If it be necessary to fall down at his feet, fall down at his feet: if to weep, weep: if to

groan, groan. For when you have subjected what is in your own power to externals, submit to slavery at once, and do not struggle, and at one time be willing to be a slave, and at another not willing: but simply, and with your whole intention, be one or the other; free or a slave, well-educated or not; a game-cock or a craven: either bear to be beat till you die, or give out at once; and do not be soundly beat first, and then give out at last. If both these be shameful, make the distinction immediately.

Where is the nature of good and evil?

Where truth likewise is. Where truth and where nature are, there is caution: where truth and where nature are not, there is courage. Why, do you think that if Socrates had wished to preserve externals, that he would have said, when he appeared at his trial, "Anytus and Melitus may indeed kill, but hurt me they cannot"? Was he so foolish as not to see that this way doth not lead to that end, but the contrary? What, then, is the reason that he not only disregards, but provokes his judges? Thus my friend Heraclitus, in a trifling suit about a little estate at Rhodes, after having proved to the judges that his cause was good, when he came to the conclusion of his speech, "I will not entreat you," says he, "nor care what judgment you give: for it is rather you are to be judged than I." And thus he lost his suit. What need was there of this? Be content not to entreat: do not tell them, too, that you will not entreat, unless it be a proper time to provoke the judges designedly, as in the case of Socrates. But if you too are preparing such a speech, what do you wait for? Why do you submit to be tried? For if you wish to be hanged, have patience, and the gibbet will come. But if you choose rather to submit, and make your defense as well as you can, all the rest is to be ordered accordingly: with a due regard, however, to the preservation of your own character.

For this reason it is ridiculous too to say, "Suggest to me what is to be done." How should I know what to suggest to you? You should rather say, "Inform my un-

derstanding to accommodate itself to whatever may be the event." The former is just as if an illiterate person should say: "Tell me what to write when any name is proposed to me"; and I direct him to write Dion; and then another comes, and proposes to him the name, not of Dion, but of Theon; what will be the consequence? What will he write? Whereas, if you had made writing your study, you would be ready prepared for whatever word might occur: if not, how can I suggest to you? For, if the circumstances of the affair should suggest something else, what will you say, or how will you act? Remember, then, the general rule, and you will need no suggestion: but if you gape after externals you must necessarily be tossed up and down, according to the inclination of your master.

And who is my master?

He in whose power is placed whatever you strive to acquire, or would avoid.

WHEREIN CONSISTS THE ESSENCE OF GOOD

God is beneficial. Good is also beneficial. It should seem, then, that where the essence of God is, there too is the essence of good. What, then, is the essence of God? Flesh?—By no means. An estate? Fame?—By no means. Intelligence? Knowledge? Right reason?—Certainly. Here then, without more ado, seek the essence of good. For, do you seek it in a plant?—No. Or in a brute?—No. If, then, you seek it only in a rational subject, why do you seek it anywhere but in what is distinct from irrationals? Plants have not the use of the appearances of things, and therefore, you do not apply the term good to them. Good, then, requires the use of these appearances. And nothing else? If so, you may say that good, and happiness, and unhappiness belong to mere animals. But this you do not say; and you are right; for how much soever they have the use of the appearances of things, they have not the faculty of understanding that use, and with good reason, for they are made to be subservient to others, and not principals themselves. Why was an ass

made? Was it as a principal? No, but because we had need of a back able to carry burthens. We had need too that he should walk; therefore he had the use of the appearances of things added, otherwise he could not have walked. But here his endowments end; for if an understanding of that use had been likewise added, he would not in reason have been subject to us, nor have done us these services, but would have been like and equal to ourselves. Why will you not, therefore, seek the essence of good in that, without which you will not say there can be good in anything?

What then? Are not these likewise the works of the gods? They are, but not principals nor parts of the gods. But you are a principal. You are a distinct portion of the essence of God, and contain a certain part of him in yourself. Why, then, are you so ignorant of your noble birth? Why do not you consider whence you came? Why do not you remember, when you are eating, who you are who eat, and whom you feed? When you are in the company of women, when you are conversing, when you are exercising, when you are disputing, do not you know that it is a god you feed, a god you exercise? You carry a god about with you, wretch, and know nothing of it. Do you suppose I mean some god without you, of gold or silver? It is within yourself you carry him, and profane him, without being sensible of it, by impure thoughts and unclean actions. If even the image of God were present, you would not dare to act as you do; and when God himself is within you, and hears and sees all, are not you ashamed to think and act thus, insensible of your own nature and hateful to God?

After all, why are we afraid, when we send a young man from the school into action, that he should behave indecently, eat indecently, converse indecently with women; that he should either debase himself by a shabby dress, or clothe himself too finely? Doth not he know the god within him? Doth not he know with whom he sets out? Have we patience to hear him say, "I wish to have you with me"?

Have you not God? Do you seek any other, while you have him? Or will he tell you any other than these things? If you were a statue of Phidias, either Jupiter or Minerva, you would remember both yourself and the artist; and, if you had any sense, you would endeavor to do nothing unworthy of him who formed you, or of yourself: nor to appear in an unbecoming manner to spectators. And are you now careless how you appear, because you are the workmanship of Jupiter? And yet, what comparison is there, either between the artists or the things they have formed? What work of any artist contains in itself those faculties which are shown in forming it? Is it anything but marble, or brass, or gold, or ivory? And the Minerva of Phidias, when its hand is once extended and a Victory placed in it, remains in that attitude forever. But the works of God are endued with motion, breath, the use of the appearances of things, judgment. Being, then, the formation of such an artist, will you dishonor him, especially when he hath not only formed, but intrusted and given the guardianship of you to yourself? Will you not only be forgetful of this, but, moreover, dishonor the trust? If God had committed some orphan to your charge, would you have been thus careless of him? He hath delivered yourself to your care, and says, "I had no one fitter to be trusted than you: preserve this person for me, such as he is by nature; modest, faithful, sublime, unterrified, dispassionate, tranquil." And will you not preserve him?

But it will be said: "Whence this supercilious look, and gravity of face?" [in our young philosopher].—"I have not yet so much gravity as the case deserves. I do not yet trust to what I have learned, and assented to. I still fear my own weakness. Let me but take courage a little, and then you shall see such a look and such an appearance as I ought to have. Then I will show you the statue when it is finished, when it is polished. Do you think I will show you a supercilious countenance? Heaven forbid! For Olympian Jupiter doth not lift up his brow, but keeps a steady countenance, as becomes him who is about to say—

"Th' immutable decree
No force can shake: what is, that ought to be."—POPE.

"Such will I show myself to you: faithful, modest, noble, tranquil."—What, and immortal too, and exempt from age and sickness?—"No. But sickening and dying as becomes a god. This is in my power; this I can do. The other is not in my power, nor can I do it." Shall I show you the nerves of a philosopher?

What nerves are those?

A desire undisappointed; an aversion unincurred; pursuits duly exerted; a careful resolution; an unerring assent. These you shall see.

THAT WE DO NOT STUDY TO MAKE USE OF THE PRINCIPLES CONCERNING GOOD AND EVIL

Where lies good? In choice. Where evil? In choice. Where neither good nor evil? In things independent on choice. What then? Doth any of us remember these lessons out of the schools? Doth any of us study how to answer for himself in things as in questions? "Is it day?"—"Yes." "Is it night, then?"—"No." "Is the number of stars even?"—"I cannot tell." When money is offered you, have you studied to make the proper answer that it is not a good? Have you exercised yourself in such answers as these; or only in sophistries? Why do you wonder, then, that you improve in points which you have studied; and in those which you have not studied, there you remain the same? When an orator knows that he hath written well; that he hath committed to memory what he hath written; and that he brings an agreeable voice with him; why is he still solicitous? Because he is not contented with what he hath studied. What doth he want, then? To be applauded by the audience. He hath studied the power of speaking, then; but he hath not studied censure and applause. For when did he hear from any one what applause, what censure is? What is the nature of each? What kind of applause is to be sought, and what kind of censure to be shunned? And when did he

ever apply himself to study what follows from these lessons? Why do you wonder, then, if in what he hath learned he excels others; but where he hath not studied, he is the same with the rest of the world? Just as a musician knows how to play, sings well, and hath the proper dress of his profession, yet trembles when he comes upon the stage. For the first he understands; but what the multitude is or what the clamor and laughter of the multitude is he doth not understand. Nor doth he even know what solicitude itself is: whether it be our own affair or that of others, or whether it be possible to suppress it or not. Hence, if he is applauded, he is puffed up when he makes his exit: but if he is laughed at, the tumor is pricked and subsides.

Thus are we too affected. What do we admire? Externals. For what do we strive? Externals. And are we, then, in any doubt how we come to fear and be solicitous? What is the consequence, then, when we esteem the things that are brought upon us to be evils? We cannot but fear; we cannot but be solicitous. And then we say, "O Lord God, how shall I avoid solicitude!" Have you not hands, fool? Hath not God made them for you? Sit down now and pray that your nose may not run! Wipe it rather, and do not murmur. Well: and hath he given you nothing in the present case? Hath not he given you patience? Hath not he given you magnanimity? Hath not he given you fortitude? When you have such hands as these, do you still seek for somebody to wipe your nose? But we neither study nor regard these things. For give me but one who cares how he doth anything, who doth not regard the success of anything but his own manner of acting. Who, when he is walking, regards his own action? Who, when he is deliberating, the deliberation itself, and not the success that is to follow it? If it happens to succeed, he is elated, and cries, "How prudently have we deliberated! Did not I tell you, my dear friend, that it was impossible, when we considered about anything, that it should not happen right?" But if it miscarries, the poor wretch is dejected,

and knows not what to say about the matter. Who among us ever upon this account consulted a diviner? Who of us ever slept in a temple to be informed concerning his manner of acting? I say, who? Show me one (that I may see what I have long sought) who is truly noble and ingenuous. Show me either a young or an old man.

Why then are we still surprised if, when we waste all our attention on the materials of action, we are, in the manner of action itself, low, sordid, worthless, fearful, wretched, and a mere heap of disappointment and misery? For we do not care about these things nor make them our study. If we had feared not death or exile, but fear itself, we should have studied not to fall into what appears to us to be evil. But, as the case now stands, we are eager and loquacious in the schools; and when any little question arises about any of these things, we are prepared to trace its consequences: but drag us into practice, and you will find us miserably shipwrecked. Let some alarming appearance attack us, and you will perceive what we have been studying, and in what we are exercised. Besides this negligence, we always accumulate somewhat else, and represent things greater than the reality. In a voyage, for instance, casting my eyes down upon the ocean below, and looking round me and seeing no land, I am out of my wits, and imagine that if I should be shipwrecked I must swallow all that ocean; nor doth it once enter my head, that three pints are enough to do my business. What is it then that alarms me? The ocean? No, but my own principle. Again, in an earthquake, I imagine the city is going to fall upon me; but is not one little stone enough to knock my brains out? What is it then that oppresses and puts us out of our wits? Why, what else but our principles? For what is it but mere principle that oppresses him who leaves his country, and is separated from his acquaintance, and friends, and place, and usual manner of life? When children cry if their nurse happens to be absent for a little while, give them a cake, and they forget their grief. Shall we compare you to these children, then?

No, indeed. For I do not desire to be pacified by a cake, but by right principles. And what are they?

Such as a man ought to study all day long, so as not to be attached to what doth not belong to him; neither to a friend, to a place, an academy, nor even to his own body, but to remember the law and to have that constantly before his eyes. And what is the divine law? To preserve inviolate what is properly our own, not to claim what belongs to others; to use what is given us, and not desire what is not given us; and, when anything is taken away, to restore it readily, and to be thankful for the time you have been permitted the use of it, and not cry after it, like a child for its nurse and its mamma. For what doth it signify what gets the better of you, or on what you depend? And in what are you superior to him who cries for a puppet, if you lament for a paltry academy and a portico and an assembly of young people, and suchlike amusements? Another comes, lamenting that he must no longer drink the water of Dirce. Why, is not the Marcian water as good? "But I was used to that." And in time you will be used to the other. And when you are attached to this too, you may cry again and set yourself, in imitation of Euripides, to celebrate in verse

"The baths of Nero, and the Marcian water."

Hence see the origin of tragedy when trifling accidents befall foolish men. "Ah, when shall I see Athens and the citadel again!" Wretch, are not you contented with what you see every day? Can you see anything better than the sun, the moon, the stars, the whole earth, the sea? But if, besides, you comprehend him who administers the whole, and carry him about in yourself, do you still long after pebbles and a fine rock? What will you do, then, when you are to leave even the sun and moon? Will you sit crying like an infant? What then have you been doing in the school? What did you hear? What did you learn? Why have you written yourself a philosopher, instead of writing the real fact? I have made some introductions, you may say, and read over Chrysip-

pus; but I have not so much as gone near the door of a philosopher. For what pretensions have I to anything of the same kind with Socrates, who died and who lived in such a manner? Or with Diogenes? Do you observe either of these crying, or out of humor, that he is not to see such a man or such a woman; nor to live any longer at Athens, or at Corinth, but at Susa, for instance, or at Ecbatana? For doth he stay and repine who is at his liberty, whenever he pleases, to quit the entertainment and play no longer? Why doth he not stay as children do, as long as he is amused? Such a one, no doubt, will bear perpetual banishment and a sentence of death wonderful well! Why will you not be weaned, as children are, and take more solid food? Will you never cease to cry after your mammas and nurses, whom the old women about you have taught you to bewail? "But if I go away I shall trouble them." You trouble them! No, it will not be you, but that which troubles you too, principle. What have you to do, then? Pluck out your principle, and, if they are wise, they will pluck out theirs too; or, if not, they will groan for themselves.

Boldly make a desperate push, man, as the saying is, for prosperity, for freedom, for magnanimity. Lift up your head at last, as free from slavery. Dare to look up to God and say, "Make use of me for the future as thou wilt. I am of the same mind; I am equal with thee. I refuse nothing which seems good to thee. Lead me whither thou wilt. Clothe me in whatever dress thou wilt. Is it thy will, that I should be in a public or a private condition, dwell here or be banished, be poor or rich? Under all these circumstances I will make thy defense to men. I will show what the nature of everything is." No. Rather sit alone in a warm place, and wait till your mamma comes to feed you. If Hercules had sat loitering at home, what would he have been? Eurystheus, and not Hercules. Besides, by traveling through the world, how many acquaintance and how many friends had he? But none more his friend than God, for which reason he was believed to be the son of God, and was so. In obe-

dience to him, he went about extirpating injustice and lawless force. But you are not Hercules, nor able to extirpate the evils of others; nor even Theseus to extirpate the evils of Attica. Extirpate your own, then. Expel, instead of Procrustes and Sciron, grief, fear, desire, envy, malevolence, avarice, effeminacy, intemperance, from your mind. But these can be no otherwise expelled than by looking up to God alone as your pattern; by attaching yourself to him alone, and being consecrated to his commands. If you wish for anything else, you will, with sighs and groans, follow what is stronger than you, always seeking prosperity without, and never able to find it. For you seek it where it is not, and neglect to seek it where it is.

OF PROVIDENCE

Whenever you lay anything to the charge of Providence, do but reflect, and you will find that it hath happened agreeably to reason.

Well, but a dishonest man hath the advantage.

In what?

In money.

Why, he is better qualified for it than you; because he flatters, he throws away shame, he keeps awake; and where is the wonder? But look whether he hath the advantage of you in fidelity or in honor. You will find he hath not; but that wherever it is best for you to have the advantage of him, there you have it. I once said to one who was full of indignation at the good fortune of Philostorgus, "Why, would you be willing to sleep with Sura?" "Heaven forbid, said he, that day should ever come!" Why, then, are you angry, that he is paid for what he sells, or how can you call him happy in possessions acquired by means which you detest? Or what harm doth providence do, in giving the best things to the best men? Is it not better to have a sense of honor, than to be rich?—Granted. Why, then, are you angry, man, if you have what is best? Always remember, then, and have it ready, that a better man hath the advantage of a

worse in that instance in which he is better, and you will never have any indignation.

But my wife treats me ill.

Well, if you are asked what is the matter, answer, "My wife treats me ill."

Nothing more?

Nothing.

My father gives me nothing.—What is the matter?—My father gives me nothing. To denominate this an evil, some external and false addition must be made. We are not therefore to get rid of Poverty; but of our principle concerning it, and we shall do well.

When Galba was killed, somebody said to Rufus, "Now, indeed, the world is governed by Providence." "I never thought," answered Rufus, "of bringing the slightest proof that the world was governed by Providence, from Galba."

CONCERNING A PERSON WHO WAS GROWN IMMODEST

When you see another in power, set against it that you have the advantage of not wanting power. When you see another rich, see what you have instead of riches; for, if you have nothing in their stead, you are miserable. But, if you have the advantage of not needing riches, know that you have something more than he hath, and of far greater value. Another possesses a handsome woman; you, the happiness of not desiring a handsome woman. Do you think these are little matters? And what would those very persons, who are rich and powerful and possess handsome women, give that they were able to despise riches and power, and those very women whom they love, and whom they acquire! Do not you know of what nature the thirst of one in a fever is? It hath no resemblance to that of a person in health. He drinks, and is satisfied. But the other, after being delighted a very little while, grows sick, turns the water into choler, throws it up, hath pain in his bowels, and becomes more violently thirsty. Of the same nature is it to have riches, or dominion, or enjoy a fine woman, with fondness of any one of these

things. Jealousy takes place, fear of losing the beloved object, indecent discourses, indecent designs, unbecoming actions.

"And what, say you, do I lose all the while?"—You were modest, man, and are so no longer. Have you lost nothing? Instead of Socrates and Diogenes, you admire him who can corrupt and entice the most women. You set out your person, and would be handsome when you are not. You love to appear in fine clothes to attract the eyes of women, and, if you anywhere meet with a good perfumer, you esteem yourself a happy man. But formerly you did not so much as think of any of these things, but only where you might find a decent discourse, a worthy person, a noble design. For this reason, you used to sleep like a man; to appear in public like a man; to wear a manly dress; to hold discourses worthy of a man. And after this, do you tell me you have lost nothing? What, then, do men lose nothing but money? Is not modesty to be lost? Is not decency to be lost? Or may he who loses these suffer no damage? You, indeed, perhaps no longer think anything of this sort to be a damage. But there was once a time when you accounted this to be the only damage and hurt; when you were anxiously afraid lest any one should shake your regard from these discourses and actions. See, it is not shaken by another, but by yourself. Fight against yourself, recover yourself to decency, to modesty, to freedom. If you had formerly been told any of these things of me, that any one prevailed on me to wear such a dress as yours, to be perfumed, would not you have gone and laid violent hands on the man who thus abused me? And will you not now then help yourself? For how much easier is that assistance? You need not kill or fetter or affront or go to law with any one, but merely to talk with yourself, who will most readily be persuaded by you, and with whom no one hath greater credit than you. And, in the first place, condemn your actions; but when you have condemned them, do not despair of yourself, nor be like those poor-spirited people who, when they have once

given way, abandon themselves entirely, and are carried along as by a torrent. Take example from the wrestling masters. Hath the boy fallen down? Get up again, they say; wrestle again till you have acquired strength. Be you affected in the same manner. For, be assured that there is nothing more tractable than the human mind. You need but will, and it is done, it is set right; as, on the contrary, you need but nod over the work, and it is ruined. For both ruin and recovery are from within.

"And, after all, what good will this do me?"—What greater good do you seek? From impudent, you will become modest; from indecent, decent; from dissolute, sober. If you seek any greater things than these, go on as you do. It is no longer in the power of any god to save you.

X. LUCIAN. The most brilliant of the Greek writers in the revival of their literature under the Roman Empire was Lucian, who was born about the year A. D. 120, at Samosata. The only particulars known of his life are those derived from his writings. He says that his parents, being poor, apprenticed him to a sculptor, but that in his first efforts he spoiled a choice piece of marble by his careless strokes. The angry uncle beat him severely for his offense, and the boy ran home weeping to his mother. That same night in a dream two women appeared to him and contended for his regard, one representing literary culture and the other artistic skill. He chose the former, and this episode he related in after years to encourage poor boys to aim high in their choice of vocations.

Pursuing his literary ambitions he practiced law rather than become a professor of rhetoric, and continued as an advocate till his fortieth

year, after which he appears to have devoted himself exclusively to literature. His writings were voluminous, and a large part of the best of them have been preserved. Chief among them are the twenty-six little *Dialogues of the Gods,* sharply satirical, witty and humorous. The *Dialogues of the Dead* and *Dialogues of the Courtesans* are each in a very different vein.

Lucian is one of the greatest prose writers of the world, as well as one of her greatest wits and satirists. His knowledge of Greek, which was even then a dead language, was profound and always available, and that he had studied his Plato, Aristophanes and Demosthenes with painstaking care is evident in all of his writings. However, his great knowledge of Greek classics was never used in the pedantic fashion of the Alexandrian school, but with a charm, versatility and brilliant imagination that make him as readable to-day as when the words first flowed from his pen.

The final estimate of his philosophy and beliefs will depend largely upon the reader, but every one will admit that there is a certain hardness and lack of spirituality in all of his brilliant work. The religions he ridiculed, however, were the dead Hellenistic beliefs and degrading Orientalism, so that his mockery was pointed against folly and superstitions. Christianity he did not understand, and he appears in history as an unsatisfied railer at things which existed, having no profound faith

to which he could anchor his soul. Considering this, it is remarkable, perhaps, that so much of common sense, honesty and good taste should be found in his writings. His incomparable vivacity, ingenuity and clearness, his skillful use of apt and forcible phrases, his brilliant fancy and clever exposition have placed his work among the immortal labors of literary genius.

XI. Extracts from Lucian. 1. *Dialogues of the Gods.* The inimitable theological dialogues are the best of the writings of Lucian, and exemplify to advantage his wonderful wit, biting sarcasm, clear reasoning and all the grace and elegance of a style that cannot be reproduced by translation. Most generally read are the *Dialogues of the Gods* and *Dialogues of the Dead,* because of the popularity of their subject matter and their peculiarly graceful style.

Of the former there are twenty-six, none exceeding a few pages in length, but each complete and cameo-like in its execution. Our extracts from Lucian are the translation of Howard Williams:

a. *Zeus Threatens to Put Eros in Fetters:*

Eros. Well, if I have really done wrong at all, Zeus, pardon me: for I am but an infant, and still without sense.

Zeus. You an infant—you the Eros, who are far older than Iapetus? Because you have not grown a beard, and don't show gray hairs, do you really claim on that account to be considered an infant, when, in fact, you are an old scamp?

Eros. But what great injury have I—the old scamp, as you call me—done you, that you intend putting me in irons?

Zeus. Consider, accursed rascal, whether they are trifling injuries you have done me, you, who make such sport of me, that there is nothing which you have not turned me into—satyr, bull, gold, swan, eagle—but not any one of them have you made to be in love with *me* at all; nor have I perceived that, for anything that depends upon you, I have been agreeable to any woman; but I am obliged to have recourse to juggling tricks against them, and to conceal my proper self, while they are really in love with the bull or swan, and, if they have but a glimpse of me, they die of fear.

Eros. Naturally enough, Zeus, for, being mortal women, they can't endure the sight of your person.

Zeus. How is it, then, that Branchus and Hyacinthus love Apollo?

Eros. But even from him the beauty, Daphne, fled away, for all his flowing locks and beardless chin. If you wish to be loved, don't shake your aegis, and don't take your thunderbolt with you; but make yourself as agreeable as you can, letting down your locks on both sides of your face, and tying them up again under your coronet; wear a fine purple dress, put on golden sandals, step along keeping time to the sounds of the pipe and cymbals, and you will see that more women will follow you than all the Maenads of Bacchus.

Zeus. Get away with you. I would not take the offer of being loved, on condition of becoming such a figure.

Eros. Then, Zeus, don't wish to love, either: that, at all events, is an easy matter.

Zeus. Not so; but I do wish to love, and to enjoy their society in a less vexatious fashion. Upon this, and this condition alone, I let you go.

b. *Hephaestus Recounts to Apollo the Actions of the Infant Prodigy, Hermes:*

Hephaestus. Apollo, have you seen Maia's baby, which is just born? What a pretty thing it is, and how it smiles

on every one, and already plainly shows he is going to turn out some great treasure!

Apollo. That a baby, or a great treasure, who is older than Iapetus himself, as far as depends on rascality!

Hephaestus. And what possible mischief could an infant just born be able to do?

Apollo. Ask Poseidon, whose trident he stole, or Ares; for even from the latter he abstracted his sword from the sheath without being found out, not to speak of myself, whom he disarmed of my bow and arrows.

Hephaestus. The new-born brat did this, who hardly keeps on his feet, who is still in his long clothes?

Apollo. You will know well enough, Hephaestus, if only he come near you.

Hephaestus. Indeed, he already has been near me.

Apollo. Well, have you all your tools, and is none of them missing?

Hephaestus. All of them *are safe,* my dear Apollo.

Apollo. All the same, examine carefully.

Hephaestus. By heaven! I don't see my fire-tongs.

Apollo. No, but you will probably see them among the infant's swaddling clothes.

Hephaestus. Is he so light-fingered, for all the world as though he had mastered the purloining art in his mother's womb?

Apollo. No wonder you ask, for you have not heard his glib and voluble prattling. He is, besides, quite ready to wait upon us. And yesterday he challenged Eros, and wrestled with him and threw him, somehow tripping up his feet. Then, while he was getting praised for it, he stole Aphrodite's *cestus,* as she was folding him to her breast on account of his victory; and, while he was laughing, the scepter of Zeus, also. And, if the thunderbolt were not a little too heavy, and had a good deal of fire in it, he would have filched that too.

Hephaestus. The child you describe is a regular Gorgon.

Apollo. Not only so, but already he is a musical genius, also.

Hephaestus. From what can you draw your inference as to that?

Apollo. Somewhere or other he found a dead tortoise, and from it formed a musical instrument: for, having fitted in the horns (or side-pieces) and joined them by a bar, he next fixed pegs, and inserted a bridge beneath them; and, after stretching seven strings upon it, he set about playing a very pretty and harmonious tune, so that even I, practiced as I have long been in playing the cithara, envied him. And Maia assured us that not even his nights would he pass in heaven, but from mere busybodyness he would descend as far as Hades, to steal something from thence, I suppose. He is furnished with wings, and has made for himself a sort of staff of wonderful virtue, with which he chaperones the souls of dead men, and conducts them down *to the infernal regions.*

Hephaestus. I gave him that for a plaything.

Apollo. Then he has paid you back: your fire-tongs—

Hephaestus. Well remembered. So I will march off to recover it, if, as you say, it is anywhere to be found among his cradle-clothes.

c. *Hera Denounces and Zeus Defends the Character of Bacchus:*

Hera. I should be ashamed, Zeus, if I had such an effeminate son, and so debauched a drunkard, with his hair bound with the women's head band, associating chiefly with frantic women, more effeminate than themselves, dancing to the noise of drums, and pipe, and cymbals, and, in short, like anything rather than his father.

Zeus. Yet this effeminate miter-wearer, who goes more delicately than women, Hera, not only conquered Lydia, and took captive the inhabitants of Tmolus, and brought the Thracians under his yoke, but also made an expedition against the Indians with that army of women, took possession of the elephants, and made himself master of the country, and led away captive the king who dared to offer him a brief resistance; and all this he did while leaping about, and dancing with his chorus, bearing the ivy-wreathed thyrsus, drunk, as you say, and in baccha-

nalian frenzy. But if any one attempts to insult him by showing contempt for the initiation into his mystic rites, he certainly avenges himself on him either by binding him with vine-twigs, or by causing him to be torn in pieces by his mother like a fawn. Do you observe how manly these actions are, and not unworthy of his father? And if playful sportiveness and wantonness are combined with them, there is no cause for grudging them to him; and, especially, if one considers what he would be sober, when he performs such actions drunk.

Hera. You appear to me to be going to commend also his discovery—the vine and wine—and that, though you see how drunkards behave, staggering along, and betaking themselves to insolence and violence, and, in a word, maddened under the influence of the drink. As for Icarius, at all events, to whom he first gave the vine-shoot, his boon companions themselves destroyed him by striking him with their spades.

Zeus. That is nothing to the purpose; for it's not the wine nor Dionysus that does this, but immoderateness in drinking, and filling oneself with unmixed wine beyond what is becoming. But a man, who should drink within the bounds of moderation, will be of a more jovial and genial disposition. And as to the fate of Icarius, he [Dionysus] could not have designed any harm to any of his boon companions. But you seem to me to be still jealous, Hera, and to remember Semele, since you calumniate the finest and fairest gifts of Dionysus.

d. *Ares Ridicules the Threat of Zeus, and the Chain Let Down from Heaven:*

Ares. Did you hear, Hermes, what threats Zeus uttered against us, how arrogant and absurd? "If I should have a mind to it," says he, "I will let down a chain from Heaven, and you shall hang on it and use all your force to pull me down, but you will labor in vain; for you will certainly not drag me down. Whereas should I wish to drag it up, not only you but both the Earth and Sea I will fasten together and suspend in midair." And all the other menaces, which surely you have heard.

Now I, for my part, would not deny that he is superior to and stronger than any of us taken separately; but that he surpasses so many of us together, so that we could not wear him out, even though we brought to our aid Earth and Sea—that I could not believe.

Hermes. Fair speech, my dear Ares; for it's not safe to speak in this sort of way, for fear we reap some mischief from your idle talk.

Ares. Why, do you suppose that I should say this to every one, and not to you alone, who, I knew, can hold your tongue? But what, however, seemed to me especially ridiculous, as I listened while he was threatening, I could not possible be silent about to *you.* Why, I remember, no very long time before, when Poseidon and Hera and Athena rose up and conspired to seize him and put him in fetters, how he resorted to all sorts of devices in his terror, and that, though they were only three *against him;* and, if Thetis, in fact, out of pity, had not summoned to his aid Briareus of the hundred hands, he would have been bound hand and foot, his thunderbolt and all. As I thought of this, it constrained me to laugh at his fine grandiloquence.

Hermes. Hold your tongue, I say. For it is not safe either for you to talk, or for me to hear, this language.

e. *Helios Obtains a Conditional Pardon for Lending his Chariot to his Son:*

Zeus. What have you done, worst of Titans? You have ruined everything on the Earth by trusting that chariot of yours to a foolish youth who has burned up the one half of the world by being carried too near the Earth, and the other half has caused to be utterly destroyed by cold, by withdrawing heat too far from it; and, in fine, there is nothing whatever that he has not utterly thrown into disturbance and confusion. Indeed, if I had not perceived what had happened, and hurled him down with my thunderbolt, there would have remained not even a remnant of the human species. Such an excellent driver and charioteer have you sent forth, in that fine *son of yours.*

Helios. I committed an error, Zeus; but don't be hard upon me, since I was prevailed upon by my son with his frequent entreaties: for from whence could I have at all expected that so tremendous a mischief could come about?

Zeus. Did you not know what extreme caution the matter needed, and that if one swerved ever so little from the road, everything was ruined? Were you ignorant, too, of the temper of the horses, and how absolutely necessary it is to hold a tight rein? For, if one slackens it at all, they immediately take the bit in their mouths; just as, in fact, they ran away with him, now to the left, and, after a space, to the right, and sometimes in the opposite direction to their course, and upwards and downwards, in fine, where they themselves had a mind to go; while he did not know how to treat them.

Helios. All this, indeed, I knew, and for that reason I for a long time resisted, and would not trust the driving to him: but, when he begged me over and over again with tears, and his mother Clymene with him, after mounting him on the chariot I cautioned him how he must stand firmly, and how far he should allow his horses to go into the higher regions, and be borne aloft; then how far he must direct them downwards again, and how he must have complete control of the reins, and not surrender them to the fieriness of his steeds. And I told him, too, how great was the peril, if he did not keep the straight road. Well, he—mere boy that he was—taking his stand upon such a tremendous fire-chariot, and peering down into the yawning abyss, was seized with sudden terror, as was to be expected; while the horses, when they perceived that it was not I who was mounted upon the vehicle, not heeding the youthful driver, swerved from their proper route, and caused this terrific calamity. Then he, letting go the reins from sheer fright, I suppose, lest he should be thrown out himself, clung to the front rail of the chariot—but he now has received the reward *of his rashness,* and for me, Zeus, the consequent grief ought to be enough *punishment.*



Antique Statue Found at Melos; National Museum, Athens

NEPTUNE (POSEIDON)

Zeus. Enough punishment, do you say, you who have rashly risked all this! However, I will grant your pardon now, for this time: but, for the future, if you transgress at all in a similar fashion, or dispatch any similar substitute for yourself, you shall at once know of how much more fiery virtue is my thunderbolt than your fire. So now let his sisters bury him near the Eridanus, whereabouts he fell, when he was pitched out, weeping amber over him; and let them become poplars out of their grief for him: but do you, for your part, put your chariot to pieces again—both its pole is broken in two, and one of the wheels is completely smashed—and yoking your horses drive on *once more.* Well, keep in mind all these injunctions.

2. *Dialogues of the Sea Gods.* The Sea Gods discuss their superiors with perfect freedom. We have space for but one of the fifteen dialogues:

A Triton Tells the Nereids the Story of Perseus and Andromeda:

Triton. That sea-monster of yours, Nereids, which you sent against Andromeda, the daughter of Cepheus, did no harm to the girl, as you imagine, while itself has now perished.

Nereids. At whose hands, Triton? Did Cepheus expose the girl as a bait, and rush upon and slay it, lying in ambush with a large force?

Triton. Not so. But you, Iphianassa, know, I suppose, Perseus, Danae's baby, whom with his mother you saved out of pity, when she was cast into the sea in the chest by his maternal grandfather.

Iphianassa. I know whom you speak of, and likely enough he is now a young man, and very noble and handsome to look at.

Triton. He has killed the monster.

Iphianassa. Why, Triton? Surely it did not become him to repay us such reward for saving him.

Triton. I will explain to you the whole matter as it happened. He set out against the Gorgons to perform some arduous deed of that sort for the king; and, when he arrived in Libya—

Iphianassa. In what fashion, Triton? Alone, or did he take some others with him as auxiliaries? *He took companions, doubtless,* for, otherwise, the road is difficult of passage.

Triton. Through the air: for Athena supplied him with wings. And when, accordingly, he came where they were living, they were asleep, I imagine; and he cut off the head of Medusa, and took to his wings, and made off.

Iphianassa. How did he get a look at her? For they are not to be seen; or, whoever does have a look at them will never thereafter look at anything else.

Triton. Athena, by holding before him her shield—for I heard him afterwards telling Andromeda and Cepheus so—Athena, I say, upon her resplendent shield, as upon a mirror, allowed him to have a glimpse of the reflection from Medusa; then, seizing her by the hair with his left hand, and fixing his eyes upon the reflection, he grasped his scimitar with his right, and cut off her head, and flew off before her sisters awoke. And when he had arrived in the neighborhood of the sea-coast of Aethiopia here, while now flying near to the earth, he sees Andromeda lying exposed upon a certain projecting rock, fast secured to it—a most beautiful object, ye gods! with her tresses let down, half naked much below the breasts. In the first place, pitying her fate, he began questioning her as to the cause of her condemnation; but, insensibly captured by passion—for the girl had to be saved—he resolved to bring aid to her. And, when the sea-monster rushed towards her, exceedingly terrible, as though about to swallow Andromeda whole, the youth suspended above, in the air, his scimitar grasped by the hilt, with one hand aims his blows, and with the other displays the Gorgon's head in front of him, and turned the creature into stone; and it died there and then, and the greater part of it,

as much as looked upon Medusa, is petrified. Then, unfastening the virgin's bonds, and giving her his hand, he supported her as she descended on tip-toe from the rock, which was smooth and slippery. And now he is celebrating his nuptials in the palace of Cepheus, and he will carry her off to Argos; so that, instead of death, she has found a bridegroom one does not meet with every day.

Iphianassa. Well, for my part, I am not excessively grieved at the event: for how did the girl wrong *us*, if her mother did boast somewhat loudly on that occasion, and claim to be fairer than we?

Doris. The girl ought to have perished notwithstanding, for so the mother would have suffered pain, on account of her daughter, if, at least, she is a *true* mother.

Iphianassa. Let us no longer, Doris, bear these *wrongs* in mind, though a female of barbaric birth talked somewhat in a style beyond her proper rank and situation; for, in having been frightened on account of her child, she has paid to us a sufficient penalty. Let us, therefore, rejoice at her wedding.

3. *The Dialogues of the Dead.* In the *Dialogues of the Dead,* of which there are thirty, are conversations between the shades of many of the famous men of antiquity or of fictitious characters whose lives above ground made them good subjects of ridicule. The foibles and crimes of mankind, causes of death and the equality and suffering of the dead, the absurdities of the gods, the ridiculous nature of the myths, are the subjects of discourse. We have space for three dialogues.

a. *The Rape of Europa:*

Zephyrus. Never did I see a more magnificent Procession on the sea, since I was born, and began to blow. But you—did you not see it, Notus?

Notus. What is this Procession you talk of, Zephyrus, or who were the Processionists?

Zephyrus. You have missed a most delicious spectacle, the like of which you may never see again.

Notus. Yes, for I was employed in the neighborhood of the Red Sea, and, indeed, I blow over part of India, as much of the country as stretches along the sea-coast. I know, therefore, nothing of what you speak of.

Zephyrus. But you know Agenor of Sidon?

Notus. Yes, the father of Europa. What then?

Zephyrus. It is about herself I will relate to you a story.

Notus. It is not, is it, that Zeus has been for a long time the girl's lover? For that I knew quite a long while ago.

Zephyrus. You are, then, aware of the amour. But listen now to the sequel. Europa had gone down to the shore in sportive mood, taking with her companions of her own age. And Zeus, making himself like a bull, began to sport with them, seeming a very handsome creature, for he was perfectly white, and had beautifully crumpled horns, and was tame and quiet in look. He began, then, as he was, to frolic about upon the shore, and to bellow most sweetly, so that Europa ventured even to mount him. And, as soon as this was done, Zeus started off with her at a running pace towards the sea; and, plunging in, began to swim. But she, very much terrified at the occurrence, with her left hand kept clinging to his horn, that she might not slip off, while with the other she held together her long flowing dress, blown about by the wind.

Notus. That was a charming spectacle, Zephyrus, you witnessed, and an amorous—Zeus swimming, carrying his beloved.

Zephyrus. Yet what followed was far more delightful, Notus. For the sea from that moment was without a ripple, and, attracting a perfect calm, showed itself smooth and unruffled. We, however, keeping quiet, followed, being no more than mere spectators of what was

happening: and the Loves, hovering a little above the sea, so as at times to graze the water with the tips of their feet, with lighted torches, sang together the hymeneal song: while the Nereids, emerging from the sea, rode by their side upon dolphins, clapping their hands, most of them half-naked. Then, too, the whole tribe of Tritons, and whatever else of the sea-dwellers is not terrible to the sight—all led their dances round the girl. Poseidon, indeed, mounting upon his chariot, and with Amphitrite riding at his side, led the way with hilarity, clearing the way for his swimming brother. To crown all, two Tritons were bearing Aphrodite, who reclined upon a shell, and scattered all sorts of flowers before the bride. This took place all the way from Phenicia as far as Crete. But when he had set foot on the island, the bull was no longer to be seen. Then Zeus, taking her by the hand, conducted Europa to the cave of Dicte, blushing and with eyes cast down: for now she knew to what she was being led. And we, plunging in, set to work to put the sea in commotion, one in one part, and another in another.

Notus. O fortunate Zephyrus, to have seen such a sight! But I, for my part, had to satisfy my eyes with elephants, griffins, and black men.

b. *Menippus Interrogates Cerberus Concerning the Demeanor of Socrates:*

Menippus. My friend Cerberus—for I am your kinsman, being myself a dog, too,—tell me, in the name of the Styx, what was Socrates like when he was coming down to us: it is to be expected that you, as you are divine, not only bark but also utter human sounds whenever you have a mind to do so.

Cerberus. At a distance, Menippus, he appeared, in every way, to be approaching with undisturbed countenance, seeming to fear death in no great degree, and desirous to make this evident to those who stood outside the entrance. But when he stooped down and peered within the yawning cavern, and saw the darkness, and when I gave him a bite as he was long dallying with the hem-

lock, and dragged him down by the foot, he began to squall like an infant, and to bewail his little children, and to take all possible forms *in his terror.*

Menippus. Was then the fellow a mere sophist? and did he not, in fact, have contempt for the event *of death?*

Cerberus. No, he had not; but when, in fact, he saw that it was necessary and unavoidable, he began to show himself courageous, as though, forsooth, ready to suffer not unwillingly what he was bound certainly to undergo, so that the spectators might admire *his conduct.* And, in short, about all such persons I could tell you, up to the entrance they show daring and manliness; but what happens within is a clear proof *of their fear.*

Menippus. And I, what did you think of *my* coming below?

Cerberus. You alone, Menippus, and Diogenes before you, *made the descent* in a manner worthy of your species; because you entered without being compelled, or pushed in, but of your free will, laughing, after having bidden all the world to go to the devil.

c. *Philip and Alexander:*

Philip. Now then, Alexander, you will not be for denying that you are my son; for, had you been Ammon's, you had not died.

Alexander. Nor was I myself ignorant, father, that I am the son of Philip and grandson of Amyntas; but I accepted the oracle as supposing it to be of service to the success of my undertakings.

Philip. What do you say? Did it appear to you to be of advantage—the giving yourself up to be deceived out-and-out by the prophets?

Alexander. Not that; but the non-Greeks were struck with consternation, and not one of them any longer resisted, thinking that they were fighting with a divine being; so that I kept gaining victories over them with the greater ease.

Philip. And what people worth fighting with did *you* gain victories over, you who always came into conflict with cowards, defending themselves with miserable bows

and paltry light shields, and Persian bucklers of osier-twigs? To conquer Hellenes—Boeotians, Phocians, and Athenians—was an achievement, and to utterly defeat the heavy-armed troops of Arcadia, and the Thessalian cavalry, and the javelin-armed soldiers of Elis, and the Mantineian peltasts, or Thracians, or Illyrians, or Poeonians—those *were* great deeds. But as for Medes, and Persians, and Babylonians, and gold-equipped and effeminate soldiers, do you not know that ten thousand men, who marched up with Clearchus, vanquished them before your time; while they did not endure even *so much as* to come to close conflict, but fled before an arrow reached them?

Alexander. But the Scythians, father, and the elephants of the Hindus was not a kind of work to be lightly despised. And yet, without stirring up dissensions among them, or purchasing my victories with treasons, I got the mastery over them; nor did I ever perjure myself, or falsify my promise, or commit any breach of faith for the sake of conquest. And, as regards the Hellenes, while some I received under my dominion without bloodshed, as for the Thebans, you probably know by report how I punished *them.*

Philip. I know all this; for Cleitus brought me word, whom you murdered with your own hand while at dinner by running him through with a hunting-spear, because he dared to eulogize me by comparison with your deeds. Well, you threw aside the Macedonian short cloak and exchanged it, as they say, for the Persian flowing robe, and put on your head the towering tiara, and claimed divine honors from the Macedonians, from free people,—and the most ridiculous circumstance of all,—you were accustomed to imitate the manners of the conquered! I omit to mention all your other *bad* actions,—your shutting up men of culture with lions, and contracting marriages of such a kind *as you did,* and entertaining an excessive affection for Hephaestion. One circumstance only that I have heard I commend—your keeping your hands off the wife of Dareius, who was a beautiful wom-

an, and your taking care of his mother and his daughters: for that was conduct becoming a prince.

Alexander. But my eagerness to incur dangers, father, do you not praise, and the fact that at Oxydrakae I was the first to leap down within the fortifications, and received so many wounds?

Philip. I don't commend this conduct, Alexander, not because I don't think it to be honorable for the king sometimes to get wounded, and to incur danger on behalf of his army, but because such conduct least of all suited *your* character. For if, with the reputation of being divine, you had ever received a wound, and they had seen you carried out of the battle in a litter, flowing with blood, groaning by reason of the pain from the wound, that had been subject for ridicule to the spectators, how even Ammon had been convicted of being a mere juggler and false prophet, and the prophets of being mere flatterers. Or who would not have laughed at seeing the son of Zeus swooning, begging the aid of his physicians? For now, when you are dead in fact, do you not suppose there are many who make cutting sarcasms upon that pretension of yours, when they see the corpse of the god lying stretched out, already clammy with decay and swollen out, according to the law of all bodies? Besides, even that, which you were saying was of service to you, Alexander, the fact of your easily conquering by this means—it deprived you of much of the glory of your actual successes; for, thought to be achieved by a divine being, anything would appear to fall short *of what it ought to have been.*

Alexander. These are not the thoughts men have about me—on the contrary, they put me in rivalry with Heracles and Dionysus; indeed, I was the only one to conquer that famous Aornos, neither of them having got possession of it.

Philip. Do you observe that you are talking of these exploits as though you were son of Ammon, in comparing yourself with Heracles and Dionysus? And do you not blush, Alexander, and will you not unlearn even that

puffed-up pride of yours, and know and perceive yourself to be now a mere dead man?

4. *Zeus in Tragedy.* Zeus has overheard an alarming attack upon the character of himself and others of the gods; in fact, their very existence has been denied by the skeptics, who have met with no one competent to overthrow their arguments. A council of the gods is called, and the case is presented by both sides. The advocate for the gods is distressingly weak and would lose his case in a court of justice, but the gods side with him and finally console themselves with the belief that the people will continue to supply them with rich sacrifices.

Zeus, the Tragedian, as the title is often given, is a masterpiece, and in itself seems sufficient to have overthrown in the minds of Greeks any belief in their gods' divinity.

5. *Zeus Convicted. Zeus Cross-examined,* as the title is sometimes translated, gives the final death-blow to Grecian theology. Wieland says: "But Lucian, as it seems, held it to be necessary to deliver a last decisive assault. Jupiter had to be driven out altogether from his last lurking-holes, and to be convicted of his wicked deeds so completely that the most shameless sycophant must blush any longer to undertake his defense. This it is, that Lucian, as it seems to me, in this little *Dialogue,* in so masterly a way, and with so much fineness of touch, manages to effect, that I know no more complete example of the transformation of the

antipodes of reason (as Homer expresses it) 'into earth and water.' "

The dialogue is between Zeus and the cynic philosopher, Cyniscus:

Cyniscus (*with wallet and tattered cloak*). I will not trouble you, Zeus, about such matters—asking for wealth, gold, and kingdoms, which are objects most fervently prayed for by the rest of the world, and which are not altogether easy for you to grant. I observe, indeed, that you generally turn a deaf ear to their prayers. But there is one thing, and that a very easy thing to grant, I did wish to obtain from you.

Zeus. What is that, Cyniscus? For you shall not fail to get it, especially since, as you say, it is a modest favor you ask.

Cyniscus. Just give me an answer in regard to a certain not difficult question.

Zeus. Your petition, of a truth, is a small matter and soon settled: so ask whatever you have a mind to ask.

Cyniscus. Here it is then, Zeus. You read, doubtless, you as well as the rest, the poems of Homer and Hesiod. Tell me, pray, are those things true which these poets have so magnificently declaimed about Destiny and the Fates—that whatever *lot* they spin out for each mortal, at his birth, is not possible to be avoided?

Zeus. Indeed, all that is quite true: for there is nothing that the Fates do not ordain; but all things that happen, whatever they are, are turned upon their spindle; and they have, each one of them, their final event, from the very first, strictly determined: nor is it possible or right for it to be otherwise.

Cyniscus. Then, when the same Homer, in another part of his poem, says:

"Lest to the house of Aides, despite of Fate, he send thee,"

and that sort of thing, we must say, I suppose, that he is then talking nonsense?

Zeus. Certainly. For nothing could happen so, independently of the law of the Fates—nothing beyond the stretch of their thread. But, as for the poets, whatever they sing under the constraining inspiration of the Muses, that is truth: when, however, the Goddesses desert them, and they poetize of themselves, on such occasions, I say, they are liable indeed to error, and are apt to contradict their former assertions. And they may be pardoned, if, as they are but men, they don't know the truth, after it has left them, which, so long as it was present, poured forth its strains through them.

Cyniscus. Well, we will say so then. But further answer me this, too. Are there not three Fates—Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos? *Zeus.* Of course.

Cyniscus. Destiny, then, and Chance—for they, too, are much in every one's mouth—who ever are *they,* and what power does each of them exercise? Have they a power equal to that of the Fates, or something even above them? I hear, however, every one say that nothing is more powerful than Chance and Destiny.

Zeus. It is not permissible for you to know everything, Cyniscus. And with what purpose, pray, did you ask this question about the Fates?

Cyniscus. I will tell you, if you will tell me first, Zeus, this too—do they govern you, as well; and is it, really, a matter of necessity for you to hang suspended by their thread?

Zeus. It is matter of necessity, Cyniscus. But why did you smile, pray?

Cyniscus. I called to mind those verses of Homer, in which you have been represented by him as declaiming in the popular assembly of the gods, when you threatened them to suspend the universe by a certain golden chain—for you asserted that, of yourself, you would let down the chain in question from Heaven, and that all the gods together, if they chose, might hang by it and use all their force to pull it down, but that they certainly would not drag the chain down, whereas you yourself, whenever you wished, easily—

"Aloft could draw the Earth itself, and Sea, and all within them."

On those occasions, I confess, you appeared to me to be admirable in your strength, and I used to shudder with terror while I listened to those verses; whereas now I see that all this time you have been yourself suspended with your chain and all your threats, by a slight thread, as you admit. Clotho, it seems to me, according to this, might boast with far more justness, as it is she who drags up and hangs *you* in midair by her spindle, for all the world as fishermen do their little fish from their rod and line.

Zeus (*indignantly*). I don't know what these same questions of yours mean.

Cyniscus. This, Zeus—and, by the Fates and by Destiny, do not hear me with harsh or angry feeling, if I speak the truth with freedom. Why, if this is so, and the Fates rule all things, and nothing of what has once been decreed by them can be altered by any one, with what purpose do we men offer sacrifices and present whole hecatombs to you, with prayers for good things from you. For I don't see what advantage we could get from this piece of attention, if neither it is possible for us to find, through vows and prayers, means of averting evils, nor to obtain any heaven-given good.

Zeus (*vehemently*). I know where you get those pretty questions from—from those cursed sophists, who assert that we don't even exercise any providential superintendence over men; and without doubt, they ask such questions out of sheer impiety, diverting the rest of mankind from sacrifice and vow-making, as being quite useless: seeing, *as they affirm,* we neither pay any regard to what is done among you, nor, in fine, have any power at all in respect to earthly affairs. However, they shall have no reason to be pleased by their pursuance of such *inquiries.*

Cyniscus (*calmly*). No, by the spindle of Clotho, I declare, Zeus, it was not from being influenced by those

people that I put these questions to you; but our line of discussion itself, I don't know how, has gone on till it ended in this—that sacrifices are supererogatory and superfluous. But again, if you please, I will put the question to you briefly, and do not shrink from answering me, and *be so kind* as to give a more candid reply *than is your wont.*

Zeus. Ask away, *if* you have leisure to talk such trifling nonsense.

Cyniscus. You affirm that everything is done by the Fates?

Zeus. Well, I do.

Cyniscus. But that it is in your power to alter *their decrees,* and to spin them back?

Zeus. Not at all.

Cyniscus. Would you have me, then; lead up to the necessary consequence, or is it plain enough without my mentioning it?

Zeus. Oh, quite plain. But those who sacrifice, do so, not on account of any need *for it*—to make a return, and, as it were, to purchase good things from us; but, in a particular manner, out of honor for what is superior *to themselves.*

Cyniscus (*triumphantly*). That's sufficient—since even you allow that the sacrifices are of no earthly use, but *are offered simply* by way of friendly feeling on the part of men, who honor the superior power. Yet if any one of those sophists *you speak of* were present, he would ask you *why* you affirm the gods to be superior, and that, seeing they are fellow-slaves with men, and under subjection to the same mistresses—the Fates. For the plea of immortality will not avail them, so as, on that account, to gain the reputation of superiority: because that accident, in fact, makes it far worse for them, seeing that death would have removed them to a state of freedom; while, *as it is,* your business ends only with infinity, and your slavery, wound up with that long-reaching thread, is everlasting.

Zeus. But, Cyniscus, that eternity and that infinity

of ours is a blessed one for us, and *we* live in the enjoyment of all good things.

Cyniscus. Not all of you, Zeus. On the contrary, even among you your concerns have been variously portioned out, and considerable confusion exists in your midst. *You,* indeed, are fortunate, for you are king, and can hoist up Earth and Sea by just letting down a bucket-rope, as it were. But Hephaestus now, he is lame, and a sort of mechanic and blacksmith by trade; as for Prometheus, he was once upon a time crucified—and as for your own father, what shall I say of him, who is still a prisoner in chains in Tartarus? They do say that you *gods* even play the gallant, and get wounded in battle, and sometimes work with men as slaves, as certainly did your own brother with Laomedon, and Apollo with Admetus. These circumstances don't seem to me to be very happy ones; on the contrary, some individuals among you appear to be fortunate and lucky, and others the opposite. I omit, in fact, to mention that you are apt to fall among thieves, just as we are, get robbed by plunderers of your temples, and from a state of the greatest wealth become paupers, in the twinkling of an eye. And many before now have been melted down, for all their being of gold or silver; to whom, I presume, that fate had been destined.

Zeus (frowning). There! These, now, are mere wanton insults of yours, Cyniscus. Indeed, you will repent of them some time or other.

Cyniscus. Spare your threats, Zeus, as you know that I shall suffer nothing, which has not been determined by Fate before you had anything to do with it: since I notice that not even the robbers of your temples themselves are all punished; on the contrary, the majority of them get away from you scot-free. In fact, I suppose it had not been fated for them to be caught.

Zeus. Did I not say that you are, without doubt, one of those fellows who are for doing away with providence by your style of argument?

Cyniscus. You are terribly afraid of them, Zeus, I don't know why. Everything, in fact, I say, whatever it

may be, you suspect to be their teaching. But I—from whom else should I learn the truth *rather* than from you? —I should be glad to ask you this, too, who is this "Providence" of yours; is it some Fate, or a divinity even above her, as it were, ruling over *the gods* themselves?

Zeus. I told you already before that it is not lawful or proper for you to know everything. And you, although at the beginning you said you would ask a certain single question, don't stop a moment, putting a number of hair-splitting subtleties to me; and I see it is the chief aim of your discourse, to prove we exercise no providential care over human concerns in anything.

Cyniscus. That is not my affair: but you affirmed, a little before, that they are the Fates that accomplish everything; unless, perchance, you repent of making those concessions, and recall again what you have said, and put in a claim for "Providence," and thrust Destiny aside altogether.

Zeus. By no means; on the contrary, it is Fate that brings each thing to pass through our agency.

Cyniscus. I understand. You say you are a kind of agents and ministers of the Fates. But, however, even so, it would be they who exercise providence, while you are, as it were, a sort of tools and instruments of theirs.

Zeus. How?

Cyniscus. How? Why, just as, I suppose, the carpenter's axe and auger work together, in some sort, for *the creation of* the work: but no one would say that they are the workman himself, nor the ship the work of the axe or the auger, but of the shipwright. Analogously, then, Destiny is she who acts as the shipwright in regard to each particular, while you are, I presume, the axes and augers of the Fates: and, as it seems, men ought to offer their sacrifices to Destiny, and demand their good things from her; whereas they approach *you,* honoring *you* with their processions and sacrifices. And yet they would not do it reasonably, even in honor of Destiny. For I don't suppose it to be possible even for the Fates themselves to change or upset anything of what has been originally

decreed respecting each several event. At all events, Atropos would not tolerate it, if any one were to turn back the spindle, and undo the work of Clotho.

Zeus. And do you, Cyniscus, now require that not even the Fates be held in honor by men? Well, you seem to have for your object to throw everything into confusion. We, however, if for nothing else, should be justly honored, at least, for our giving out oracles and predicting every particular thing which has been determined by the Fates.

Cyniscus. Upon a survey of the whole matter, it is useless, Zeus, for those to whom it is altogether impossible to guard themselves against them, to foreknow events that are to take place; unless you say this—that one who has learned beforehand that he will have to die by an iron spear-head, might be able to escape death by shutting himself up. But that is impossible: for Fate will drag him out to set him hunting, and will deliver him up to the spear; and an Adrastus will hurl his javelin against the wild boar, and will miss *him,* but will slay the son of Croesus; just as though the javelin had been carried against the youth by irresistible command of the Fates. The saying of Laius is, indeed, ridiculous, which says:—

"Sow not, in heav'n's despite, a field of sons:
Sure death you'll meet from your own progeny."

For an exhortatory warning against events that will certainly so happen is, I imagine, superfluous. So, in fact, after the oracle, he did "sow," and "the progeny" slew him. Therefore, I don't see upon what pretense you demand pay for your oracular art. Why, I omit to mention that you *gods* are accustomed to return to the majority of *your clients* oracular responses of double and ambiguous meaning, and don't make it over clear, whether the one who crosses the Halys will destroy his own kingdom, or that of Cyrus: for the oracle might be made to mean both.

Zeus. Apollo, Cyniscus, had some cause for anger against Croesus, inasmuch as he tempted him by boiling lamb's flesh and a tortoise together.

Cyniscus. As a god, he ought not even to have been angry: but, however, it had been fated, I presume, for the Lydian that he should be deceived by the oracle; and, besides, Destiny spun for him, that he should not understand too clearly what was in store for him. So even your oracular art is her work.

Zeus. And do you leave nothing for us, but are we gods without any purpose, and do we not import any sort of providence into *human* affairs, and are we, like a lot of axes and augers, in actual fact, unworthy of sacrifices? Indeed, I think you quite reasonably have a supreme contempt for me, because, as you see, I forbear my hand, although ready to hurl my thunderbolt at you, all the time you are making all these *cavilings* against us.

Cyniscus. Shoot away, Zeus, *if* it has been fated for me to be struck by a thunderbolt; and I will not blame *you* at all for the stroke, but Clotho, who wounds me by your agency: for I would not affirm even that the thunderbolt was the cause of the wound. However, I will ask this of you—yourself and Destiny—and do you answer me, also, on her behalf; for you reminded me by your threat: Why ever in the world do you leave alone robbers of your temples and pirates, and such a number of insolent wrong-doers, and men of outrage and violence, and perjurers, and frequently cast your bolt against some poor oak, or rock, or mast of a ship that has done you no harm; and, at times, against some good and just traveler? Why are you silent, Zeus? Or is it not lawful and right for me to know even thus much?

Zeus. Why, no, Cyniscus; and you are a meddlesome sort of fellow, and I don't know where you come from with these jumbled-up *arguments.*

Cyniscus. Then may I not even ask you this—you, I mean, and Providence and Destiny—why ever did Phocion, that good man, die in such poverty and want of the actual necessaries of life, and Aristides before him; while Callias and Alcibiades, youths unbridled in their licentiousness, abounded in wealth, and Midias, the insolent upstart, and Charops of Aegina, a man of infamous de-

bauchery, who killed his mother by starvation. And, again, Socrates, why was he handed over to the Eleven, while Meletus was not so? and Sardanapalus, why had he kingly power, with his debauched character, and why were such a number of good and honorable Persians impaled or crucified by him, because they were not content with his proceedings? Not to mention to you things of the present time, or further particularize—the wicked and the avaricious happy and fortunate, the good driven and carried off into captivity, oppressed through poverty, by diseases, and ten thousand evils.

Zeus. Why, don't you know, Cyniscus, what punishments the wicked endure after this life, or in how much happiness the good pass their time?

Cyniscus. You talk to me of Hades, and the Tityuses and Tantaluses. But, as far as I am concerned, whether there is anything at all of the sort I shall know clearly enough when I am dead: and, as for the present, I would prefer to pass my life happily during this life, as long as it might be, and, after death, to have my liver gnawed by sixteen vultures—but not, while here, to be as thirsty as Tantalus; and in the Islands of the Blessed to drink, reclining in the Elysian meadows with the heroes.

Zeus. What do you say? Do you disbelieve or doubt that there are certain punishments and rewards, and a judgment-seat, where at length each one's life is inquired into?

Cyniscus. I hear that a certain Minos, a Cretan, acts as judge in such matters; and answer me somewhat about *him*, too: for he is said to be your son.

Zeus. And why do you ask about him, Cyniscus?

Cyniscus. Whom does he punish chiefly?

Zeus. The wicked, of course, such as murderers and temple robbers.

Cyniscus. And whom does he dispatch to the heroes?

Zeus. The good and holy, who have lived virtuously.

Cyniscus. Why, Zeus?

Zeus. Because some deserve reward, others punishment.

Cyniscus. And, if a man have done some dire action unwittingly, does he deem him deserving, too, of being punished?

Zeus. By no means.

Cyniscus. Nor, I suppose, if a man does some good action against his will, would he think it proper to reward him either?

Zeus. Why, no, to be sure.

Cyniscus. Then it befits him, Zeus, neither to punish nor to reward anybody?

Zeus. How, not anybody?

Cyniscus. Because we men do nothing of our own wills, but are compelled by some inevitable necessity, if, at least, those things are true which have been before admitted—namely, that Fate is the cause of everything. In fact, if a man commit a murder, she is the real murderess; and if he rob a temple, he does what it has been ordered him to do. So, if Minos intend to give just judgment, he will punish Destiny instead of Sisyphus, and Fate instead of Tantalus. For what wrong did they commit, since they obeyed their orders?

Zeus (*in a towering rage*). It is no longer worth while even to reply to you and your questions—for you are an impudent fellow, and a sophist into the bargain; and I will leave you and go away this moment.

Cyniscus (*calling after him*). I did want to put to you again this question, too—Where do the Fates spend their days, or how do they manage to reach to the superintendence, even to the smallest particular, of so many matters—and that, though they are *only* three? For they seem to me to live a laborious and no enviable sort of existence, in having such a quantity of public business; and, as it appears, they were born under a not altogether propitious Destiny, even they. I, at all events, if choice were given to me, would not exchange my own life with them, but would pass through life still poorer than I am rather than sit plying my spindle full of such a quantity of troublesome business, and looking after each particular item. However, since it is not easy for you to

reply to them, Zeus, we shall be even content with those answers which you have made: for they are quite enough to throw light upon the argument concerning Destiny and Providence. As for the rest, probably it was not *fated* for me to hear them.

6. *The Ferry-Boat: or, The Tyrant.* Charon, ready to sail, is impatient because Hermes does not appear with his detachment of ghosts. Clotho is calming him when Hermes appears "in a bath of perspiration, his feet covered with dust, and all out of breath:"

Clotho. What's this, Hermes? What's all this hurry about, for you seem to be much put out?

Hermes (*puffing and perspiring*). What else, Clotho, than that, from chasing this runaway sinner here, I was within an ace of being a deserter from my ship to-day?

Clotho. But who is he? Or what was his intention in running away?

Hermes. That's plain enough—he preferred living. He is some king or despot—to judge, at least, by his lamentations, and the wailings he gives vent to; he says he has been deprived of vast pleasure of some sort.

Clotho. Then did the fool run away, as if he could have a longer lease of life, when his spun out thread had actually failed?

Hermes. Run away, do you say? Why, if this most excellent gentleman here, he of the club, had not aided me, and we had not caught and handcuffed him, he would even have got clean off from us altogether. From the moment, in fact, Atropos had delivered him over to me, all the way he resisted and struggled; and, firmly planting his feet on the ground, he was by no means an easy charge. Sometimes, too, he would fall to supplications and make vehement entreaty, demanding to be let off for a little, with offers of large bribes. However, I, as you may well imagine, did not let him off, seeing that he wanted the impossible. Well, when we were now at the

very mouth *of Orcus,* while, as was my custom, I was counting over the tale of the dead to Aeacus, and he was making up their reckoning by the ticket sent him by your sister, somehow or other, without being observed, the thrice-damned fellow got clean away. One dead man, accordingly, was wanting to the full tale; and, says Aeacus, raising his eyebrows, "Pray, Hermes, don't practice your thievish art with every one *you meet:* you have quite enough sport in heaven; the affairs of the Dead *are managed* with strict attention to business, and by no means can they be slurred over. The ticket, as you observe, has 'one thousand and four' scratched on it; whereas you come to me with one short: *this won't do,* unless you tell me that Atropos has cheated you." I, blushing at his lecture, quickly recollected what had happened by the way; and when, after a glance around, I saw this fellow nowhere, perceiving his flight, I set out in pursuit with all the speed I could by the road leading to daylight, and this most excellent person followed me quite of his own accord. So, running at a speed as if off from a starting line at a racecourse, we overtake him just at Taenarum—so nearly did he succeed in escaping us.

Clotho. And we, Charon, but now were condemning Hermes's neglect of duty!

Charon. Why, pray, do we longer delay, as though we had not wasted time enough already?

Clotho. You are right. Let them embark; and I, with my way-bill ready in my hand, and taking my seat, as is my custom, at the gangway, will make my diagnosis of each of them, as he embarks—who he is, and where he comes from, and what the manner of his death. And do you take them from me, and pack them together, and arrange them in regular order. And do you, Hermes, first of all, toss in those new-born infants there: for what could *they* answer to my questions?

Hermes. There, Ferryman, is the exact number—with the exposed *infants,* three hundred in all.

Charon. A fig for your fine rich haul! You come and bring me a lot of unripe dead!

Hermes. Will you have us, Clotho, embark the *unwept* next?

Clotho. Do you mean the old ones? So do. (*Aside, in disgust*) Why, indeed, should I be troubled with inquiring into matters which happened before the days of Eucleides.—You who are above sixty, you come forward now. What's this? Have they their ears so plugged up by age that they don't hear me? (*To Hermes*) You will, likely, have to take them up and bring them along.

Hermes. Here, again, are this lot, four hundred all but two—quite ready to melt in your mouth, all of them, and full-ripe, gathered in not before it was time.

Charon. By heavens! no, for they are all of them, already, regular raisins—

Clotho. Bring up next those who received their death-wounds in battle, Hermes.—(*To the wounded*) And first tell me, how you met your deaths to come here? Or stay; rather, I will myself examine you by the written instructions. (*Looking at her way-bill*) Yesterday there must have perished in battle, in Mysia, four and eighty, and among them, Gobares, the son of Oxyartes.

Hermes. They are here.

Clotho (*reading again from her tablets*). Seven have cut their own throats on account of some love affair, and the philosopher Theagenes on account of his mistress, the courtesan from Megara.

Hermes. They are here, at your side.

Clotho (*referring to her tablets*). And where are those who died at each others' hands, *fighting* for the throne?

Hermes. Here they are.

Clotho. And the man who was murdered by his own wife and her lover?

Hermes. There, close to you.

Clotho (*referring again*). Ah! to be sure, bring up at once those *victims* of the tribunals of justice—I mean, I say, those who have perished by the bastinado, and those who have been impaled alive. And those sixteen killed by pirates—where are they, Hermes?

Hermes. Here they are, those with the death-wounds, as you see.—Is it your wish I bring up the women, at the same time?

Clotho. By all means, and the shipwrecked people at the same time, for, indeed, they perished in the same manner; and the *victims* of the fever, those too—and, with them, the physician Agathocles. But where is the philosopher, Cyniscus, who was fated to die by eating Hecate's supper, and the purificatory eggs, and the raw polypus, into the bargain?

Cyniscus. I have been at your elbow this long time, most excellent Clotho. But what wrong have I done, that you left me such a length of time up above? For you all but spun out your whole spindle for me; although I often endeavored to cut the thread and come *here;* but, somehow or other, it was not to be sundered.

Clotho. I left you behind as a superviser, and physician, of human wickedness. But come on board, and good health to you.

Cyniscus. In heaven's name, not before we have shipped this fellow here in fetters: for I am afraid he may get over you with his entreaties.

Clotho. Come, let me see who he is.

Hermes. Megapenthes, the son of Lacydas, the despot.

Clotho. Come on board, you.

Megapenthes (*imploringly*). No, don't, O my Lady Clotho! pray, suffer me to go up again *to the light* for a little while: then I will come of my own accord, without any one summoning me.

Clotho. But what is it for which you wish to go?

Megapenthes. Just give me permission to finish my mansion—for my palace has been but half completed.

Clotho. You trifle. Embark, then!

Megapenthes (*on his knees*). It is no long time I ask, O Fate. Suffer me to stay behind just this one day, until I have given some instructions to my wife about my money, as to where I had that vast treasure interred.

Clotho. *Your fate* is fixed. You cannot obtain *your wish.*

Megapenthes (*weeping and groaning*). Is such a vast amount of gold, then, to perish?

Clotho. It will not perish. So have no fear on that score, at least: for Megacles, your cousin, will inherit it.

Megapenthes. Alas! the contumely! My enemy, whom through indolence I, yes I, did not put to death beforehand?

Clotho. The very same, and he will survive you forty years, and some little time longer, into the bargain, inheriting your mistresses, and your wardrobe, and all your gold.

Megapenthes. You do me wrong, Clotho, in assigning my wealth to my greatest enemies.

Clotho (*scornfully indignant*). Why, you, did not *you* inherit those very things which were Cydimachus's, most noble Sir, after having slain him, and cut the throats of his little children before his eyes, as he yet breathed?

Megapenthes. But now they were mine.

Clotho. Nay, your time for possessing them is now over.

Megapenthes (*coaxingly*). Listen for a moment, O Clotho, to what I desire to say to you quite in private, in no one's hearing.—(*To his fellow ghosts*) Do you stand aside for a little.—(*In a whisper to Clotho*) Should you suffer me to run away, I promise to give you this day a quarter of a million pounds sterling.

Clotho. What, ridiculous man, do you still keep your gold and your thousands in mind?

Megapenthes. And I will throw into the bargain the two large mixing-bowls, if you like, which I received after putting Cleocritus to death, weighing each a hundred talents of pure fine gold.

Clotho. Drag away and weigh *him*, at once: for he does not look like coming on board of his own accord.

Megapenthes (*to his fellow ghosts*). I call you to witness—my walls remain unfinished, and my naval docks. I should have certainly completed them, if I had lived only five days longer.

Clotho. Don't fret yourself. Another will build them.

Megapenthes. Well, then, I beg of you this, at all events, surely reasonable request.

Clotho. What?

Megapenthes. *For me* to live on so long as until I shall have brought the people of Pisidia under my subjection, and imposed tribute on the Lydians, and raised to myself a vast monument, and inscribed on it all the great military exploits of my life.

Clotho. Ah! you fellow, you no longer ask for a single day, but a respite of something like twenty years.

Megapenthes. Indeed, I assure you I am prepared to offer you securities for my speedy return. And, if you wish it, I will hand over to you as my substitute my only beloved son.

Clotho. Abominable villain!—him, whom you often used to pray you might leave behind in the world?

Megapenthes. Those vows I offered up a long time ago: but now I see what is better.

Clotho. He, too, will come to you in a little while, taken off by the new king.

Megapenthes. Well, then, don't deny me this favor at least, O Fate!

Clotho. Which?

Megapenthes. I wish to know how matters will go on after my decease.

Clotho. Listen, then: for when you have heard you will have the more anguish. Your slave Midas will have your wife; indeed, he had an intrigue with her long ago.

Megapenthes (*furious*). The cursed rascal, to whom, by her persuasion, I give his freedom!

Clotho. And your daughter will be numbered among the mistresses of the now reigning despot; and the pictures and statues, which the city set up and dedicated to you formerly, will all be overturned, and afford ridicule to the spectators.

Megapenthes. Tell me, and is there not one of my friends indignant at these proceedings?

Clotho. Why, *who* was your friend, or on what account could he be so? Are you ignorant that all, who

adored you and eulogized every one of your sayings and doings, did so either from fear or from expectation, from love of your power, and with their looks eagerly fixed on their opportunity?

Megapenthes. Yet when they poured out their libations at my dinner-parties, with loud voice they were accustomed to invoke many blessings upon my head, ready each one of them to die for me, if it were possible. And, in fine, I was the great object of their adjuration.

Clotho. Accordingly, it was when you were dining with one of them, yesterday, you died: for the last goblet offered you to drink from, that it was which sent you down here.

Megapenthes. That, then, was the taste of something bitter I perceived. But with what intention did he do this?

Clotho. You ask me a good many questions, when you ought to have embarked at once.

Megapenthes. One thing chokes me most of all, Clotho, on account of which I did long just to have but one peep again into daylight, if but for a moment.

Clotho. And what is it? It looks like something exceedingly important.

Megapenthes. Carion, my domestic, as soon as ever he perceived me to be dead, late at night went up into my chamber, where I was lying—there being plenty of opportunity, for there was no one even to watch over me—and, fastening the door, enjoyed himself with my mistress Glycerium (and it was not, I suppose, the first time he had made free with her), for all the world as though nobody was there; then, when he had satisfied his desire, fixing his looks upon me, "You, however, you little paltry scoundrel of a fellow," exclaims he, "many a time you inflicted blows upon me for nothing," and, suiting his actions to his words, he began to pull my beard, and strike me on the chaps; and, finally, making a deep expectoration, he spat on me, with the valediction of "Go to the devil," and took himself off. I was all on fire with rage, and yet could not do anything to him, for I was already

as dry as a bone and cold as death; and the abominable girl, when she heard the noise of some persons approaching, rubbed her eyes with spittle, as though she had been crying over me; and with loud lamentations, and adjuring me by name, she slipped away. And if I could but get hold of them——

Clotho. Have done with your threats.—Nay, come on board this instant; it is high time you appeared at the judgment-seat.

Megapenthes. And who will claim the right to cast a vote against a royal person?

Clotho. Against a "royal person" no one, indeed; but against a dead man Rhadamanthus himself, whom you will presently see—a just judge, and who pronounces sentence equitably. But, just now, don't waste time.

Megapenthes. Even make me, if you would, a private person, Fate, one of the crowd of paupers, even a slave, from the king that I was before—only suffer me to live just once again.

Clotho. Where is he of the club? And you, Hermes, help haul him within by the foot; for he would never come on board of his own accord.

Hermes. Follow me, now, runaway slave. (*Seizing him, by the neck*) Take him, you Ferryman, and the other, what's his name, and see that they are safely——

Charon. Don't be afraid—he shall be bound to the mast.

Megapenthes. Surely I ought to sit in the front seat.

Clotho. For why?

Megapenthes. By heaven, because I was a prince, and had ten thousand body-guards.

Cyniscus. So, then, did not your Carion yonder, properly enough, pull your beard, for a dolt that you are? A bitter sort of princedom will you have, anyway, when you have had a taste of the club.

Megapenthes. What, will Cyniscus dare to threaten me with his stick? (*To the philosopher*) Did I not, but the day before yesterday, all but have you nailed up for being over free, and rude, and fault-finding?

Cyniscus (*laughing*). Accordingly, you will remain, you too, nailed up to the mast.

Micyllus (*pushing to the front*). Tell me, Clotho, and am *I* of no account with you? Or, because I am a poor man, must I for that reason be the last to embark?

Clotho. And you—who are you?

Micyllus. The cobbler Micyllus.

Clotho. And so you are annoyed at waiting about? Don't you see how much this prince promises to give, to be respited for but a brief time? I am all amazement, to be sure, that this delay is not liked by you as well.

Micyllus. Just lend me your ear, most excellent Fate. The kind gift of the Cyclops does not altogether delight me—the promise, I mean, of "Outis I will last devour." Whether first or last, the same teeth, I suppose, await me. Besides, my circumstances are not like those of the rich—for our lives, as the saying is, are "as opposite as the two poles." The prince, indeed, seeing he had the reputation of being happy in life, an object of dread to all, and looked up to with awe by every one, and has left behind such a vast amount of gold and silver, and fine clothes, and horses, and dinners, and beautiful women, was with good reason angry, and vexed at being torn away from them all. For, somehow or other, the mind clings to such things as to a sort of bird-lime, and is not willing with any good grace to let itself go, inasmuch as it has long been fast glued to them; or, rather, it is as if it were some unseverable chain, by which it is their fate to be bound. Of course, should one drag them off by force, they will howl and fall to prayers; and, while audacious enough in other respects, they are found out to be arrant cowards as respects this road that leads to Hades. They turn themselves round, forsooth, to regard what they are leaving behind; and, like unfortunate lovers, would like to gaze even from a distance upon the concerns of the upper world, just as that fool did, who ran away on the road, and fell to frantic entreaties to you even here.

Whereas I, seeing I had no pledge to hold me to life, no

estate, no house-property, no gold, no furniture, no fame, no portraits, naturally I was quite equipped for the journey, and when Atropos simply beckoned to me, gladly I threw away my brad-awl, and shoe-sole—for I had a last in my hands—and jumping up at once I followed barefooted, and without even washing off the black dirt; rather I led the way, with my face to the front: for there was nothing behind to cause me to turn, and to call me back. And heaven be my witness, now I see everything with you to be fair; for the fact of perfect equality in honor for all, and of nobody being superior to his neighbor, to me, at all events, appears to be uncommonly pleasant. And I guess that debts are not demanded of debtors hereabouts, and that there are no taxes to pay. But what is best of all, is that there is no shivering from winter's cold, nor sickness, nor being beaten by one's superiors. All is perfect peace here, and things are entirely reversed: for it's we poor devils now who laugh, while the rich plague themselves and make loud lamentations.

Clotho. I have been watching you laughing a long time, Micyllus. What is it that particularly moved you to laughter?

Micyllus. Just hear me, a moment, my most honored of all divinities. Up above there I used to live near the palace of a prince, and very narrowly observed all his actions, and he seemed to me then to be even, in a manner, a rival of the gods. For when I saw his embroidered purple, and the number of his attendants, and his gold, and his bejeweled beakers, and his silver-footed couches, I thought him happy; and moreover, the rich steam from the dishes prepared for his feasts tantalized me to death—so that he appeared quite plainly to me to be some man far above ordinary human clay and thrice-blessed, and almost *I was going to say* the handsomest man alive, and to tower above the rest of the world by a whole royal cubit; exalted by fortune as he was, with his magnificent strides, with his backward tosses of his head, and inspiring terror in all who accosted him. But as soon as ever he was dead, the great man was seen to be alto-

gether an object for ridicule—when he had stripped himself of his luxuries. And I derided myself the more, such a miserable wretch had I been stupidly gazing open-mouthed at; measuring his good fortune by the steam from his kitchens, and thinking him happy on account of the blood-red liquid obtained from shell-fish in the seas of Laconia. And, when I saw not only him, but also the money-lender Gniphon, groaning and repenting of his folly, because he had had no enjoyment of his riches, but had died without tasting them, leaving his wealth to the spendthrift Rhodocharis (for he was his nearest relative, and by law had the first claim to the property), I did not know how to strifle my laughter; most especially, when I remembered how pallid he always was, and dirty, with his face full of care, and rich only for his fingers, with which he used to count over his talents and myriads *of drachmas,* scraping together little by little what in a brief time will be squandered by the happy Rhodocharis. —But why don't we set off now? For, faith, while on our voyage we shall be able to have our laugh out, and watch them howling.

Clotho (*to Micyllus*). Come on board, that the Ferryman may hoist up his anchor.

Charon (*pushing back Micyllus*). Holloa! you there, where are you rushing to? Our craft is full enough already. Stay here till to-morrow: the first thing in the morning, we will take you across.

Micyllus (*struggling to get on board*). It is unfair of you, Charon, to leave me behind, an already stale dead man of yesterday. Never mind, I will bring an action against you before Rhadamanthus for unconstitutional procedure.—Out upon my ill-fate! They are already off; and I shall have to be left here all alone. However, why don't I swim across after them? For, as I am ready dead, I have no fear of being done up and drowned. Besides, I have not even the penny to pay down for the fare (*jumps into the Styx*).

Clotho. What's this? Stop a moment, Micyllus, and wait. It's not lawful and right for you to cross so.

Micyllus. Indeed, I shall very likely come ashore before you.

Clotho. Not for the world! (*To Charon*) However, let us sail up to him and take him on board; and you, Hermes, do you snatch him up at the right moment.

Charon (*helping to drag him on board*). Where shall he sit now? Every inch of room is occupied, as you observe.

Hermes. Upon the tyrant's shoulders, if you like.

Clotho. A good idea of Hermes's! (*To Micyllus*) Come up, then, and tread on the rascal's neck. And now a fair voyage to us!

Cyniscus (*making up a face*). Charon, it is well at this juncture to tell you the truth. I should not be able to pay you the penny, upon landing; for I have nothing more than my wallet, which you see, and this club here. But, for the rest, if you would like me to scuttle out the bilgewater, I am quite ready, or to take my place at the oar. And you shall have no cause to find fault at all, only give me a strong and well-fitted oar.

Charon. Row away, then; for to get even that from you is as much as can be expected.

Cyniscus rows and sings to give time to the rowers, and he and the cobbler cheer some of the passengers by jeering at the lamentations of the rich. Upon landing, the two go arm in arm to the court of Rhadamanthus. The cynic is examined:

Rhadamanthus. And *who* are you?

Cyniscus. Cyniscus, most excellent Sir, a philosopher, as he hopes.

Rhadamanthus. Come here, and take your place first for judgment. (*To Hermes*) And do you summon the accusers.

Hermes. If any one has any charge against Cyniscus here, let him now come forward.

Cyniscus. No one stirs.

Rhadamanthus. But that is not sufficient. Strip off your clothes, that I may examine you by your brand-marks.

Cyniscus. But why? For where did *I* ever become a branded slave?

Rhadamanthus. Whatever evil deeds any one of you may have done during your life,—in the case of each individual, he carries about invisible brand-marks upon his soul.

Cyniscus (*stripping himself*). There, I stand before you as naked as *I* was born. So make a thorough search for what you call "the brand-marks."

Rhadamanthus (*examining*). This man, for the most part, is free *from them;* with the exception of these three or four very dim and scarcely recognizable ones. (*Scrutinizing more closely*). What is the meaning, however, of this? There are traces and many signs of scars; but somehow they have been obliterated, or, rather, excised. How is this, Cyniscus? how is it you have come out pure, as though you had been born anew?

Cyniscus. I will tell you. Whereas formerly I was corrupt for want of instruction, and, on that account, contracted many brand-marks; as soon as ever I began to study philosophy, by degrees I cleansed my soul for myself of all its stains, by using a wholesome and most efficacious remedy.

Rhadamanthus. Depart, then, to the Islands of the Blessed, to join the company of the Best, first alleging your charges against the despot whom you speak of. (*To Hermes*) Call up others.

Micyllus. Surely my case is a trifling one, Rhadamanthus, and needs but a brief sort of examination. This long time, at all events, I have been quite naked at you service. So inspect me.

Rhadamanthus. And who may *you* be?

Micyllus. The cobbler, Micyllus.

Rhadamanthus (*after minute inspection*). Excellent Micyllus: perfectly clear, and without any noticeable

mark. Go you, too, by the side of Cyniscus here. Now summon the tyrant.

Cyniscus rehearses the evil deeds of Megapenthes, summoning witnesses, especially the Couch and the Lamp, which had seen the debaucheries of the tyrant, and the latter is convicted:

Rhadamanthus. We have now had enough of witnesses. (*To the officers of the Court*) Well, now, strip off this purple dress, that we may count the number of his brandings.—Ha! The fellow here is livid all over, and everywhere marked; or, rather, he is black and blue from them. In what way should he be punished? Is he to be thrown into the flames of Pyriphlegethon, or to be given up to Cerberus?

Cyniscus. Not so. But, if you will permit me, I will suggest to you a new and befitting kind of punishment for him.

Rhadamanthus. Speak, for I shall acknowledge my extreme indebtedness to you for so doing.

Cyniscus. It is a custom, I believe, for all who die to drink the water of Lethe.

Rhadamanthus. Certainly.

Cyniscus. Then let this man be the exception, and not drink.

Rhadamanthus. Why, pray?

Cyniscus. In that way he will undergo a punishment hard to bear, recollecting, *as he will,* what he was, and how great was his power in the upper world, and pondering over his lost delights.

Rhadamanthus. You are right. Let him be sentenced accordingly, and let him be dragged away and put in chains by the side of Tantalus, and let him retain memory of all his deeds committed in his lifetime.

XII. NEO-PLATONISM. The speculations of the old Greek philosophers, vital and im-

portant as they were, were soon found unsatisfactory, or, rather, incomplete. The quest of all these erudite men was for truth, but no one had succeeded fully in determining what truth is, nor could the later philosophers, by taking something from each of the preceding ones, build a system that explained satisfactorily what man is, why he is here, and what he has to look forward to. Then, Greek philosophy came into contact with Hebrew literature and later with Christianity, and each in its turn materially influenced the ideas of the teachers. The Romans came and conquered the world, and from all parts of it brought new and conflicting opinions, beliefs and practices, which after a time became more or less amalgamated into an eclectic scheme of things, which the philosophers promulgated, especially in Alexandria.

This new set of doctrines was based principally upon the philosophy of Plato, and, as we have said, was pursued most strenuously at the time of its origin in Alexandria, though it soon ceased to have any connection with that city, and schools were established in various parts of Asia, in Rome and in Athens.

Just when this new eclectic system can be said to have come into existence we cannot say, but credit is usually given to Ammonius Saccas, a Greek philosopher of the third century, for being the forerunner of the Neo-Platonic philosophy, though Plotinus, his pupil, is generally known as the founder. His pupil, Por-

phyry, edited the works of his master and wrote his life.

Among other early leaders are Longinus, a Syrian-Greek, who, having espoused the cause of Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, was condemned to death by the Romans; Proclus, a native of Constantinople, who studied at Alexandria and Athens; and Hypatia, one of the most notable women of antiquity. The last was the daughter of Theon, an astronomer and mathematician of Alexandria, and was born in that city about A. D. 370. Famous alike for her beauty and her pure womanly character, she was equally noted for her deep learning, sound judgment, and fine powers of elocution. To her school in Alexandria came students from all parts of the East, wherever a knowledge of Greek culture had penetrated, and her home became the resort of all the great and learned men of Alexandria. So popular was she in the city and so confident were the Alexandrians of her good judgment that she was frequently consulted by its rulers on questions of public policy. Among her admirers was Orestes, the prefect of the city, with whom by some fanatics she was charged with being too intimate. About A. D. 415 savage Nitrian monks and fanatical Christians, led by a man named Peter, "entered into a conspiracy against her; and observing her as she returned home in her carriage, they dragged her from it and carried her to a church called the Caesareum, where they completely stripped her and murdered her

with shells. After tearing her body to pieces, they took her mangled limbs to a place called Cinaron, and there burned them."

Plotinus professed for the most part merely to interpret Plato, but he was a bold thinker, and his philosophy is perhaps the most comprehensive one of Roman times. According to his doctrine, the world and everything in it comes from one Original Force, which separates itself into Thought and Being, which together compose Mind. Nature is the result of thoughts contemplating themselves. The dualistic opposition of the divine and the earthly is always present in man, and liberation from the rule of the earthly is obtained by asceticism and revelation obtained in a condition of ecstasy. The Orientalism of this phase of the doctrine will be recognized by those who understand Buddhism. The religious element of this was organized into a distinct system of paganism intended to stand against Christianity, which in itself is perhaps sufficient to account for such fanatical opposition as resulted in the death of Hypatia.

One of the most prominent doctrines of Neo-Platonism is the immanence of the divine in everything, which in some of its followers tended to revert to pantheism. This phase of the doctrine continued through many centuries, and long after the Greeks were extinct as a nation it appeared in the writings of medieval thinkers and even among the poets and philosophers of modern days.

XIII. THE BYZANTINE PERIOD. From A. D. 529 to the fall of Constantinople in 1453 is known as the Byzantine period of Greek literature. It is impossible to draw hard and fast lines between the Graeco-Roman period and this last mentioned. In fact, the whole long epoch marks the decline and ultimate extinction of the Greek language and its literature, a decline which, as we have seen, had begun even before the Romans made their conquest.

Constantine the Great, who was Emperor of Rome from 306 to 337, became converted to Christianity and encouraged that belief among his people. Moreover, he moved his seat of government to his new city of Constantinople, and, after the profession of Christianity became the shortest road to influence and honor and a steady and forcible opposition was made to paganistic literature, the old literature, full of mythological allusions, lost its popularity and became forgotten. The Alexandrian Library had been partially destroyed by the end of the fourth century; the Saracens had conquered Egypt by the seventh century; the schools of Athens had been closed by Justinian and the teaching of philosophy prohibited, so that the only remaining Grecian schools were those of Constantinople, and when in 1453 Constantinople fell and the Emperor Constantine XI was killed, the eastern Roman Empire was extinguished, and what little remained of Western culture was swallowed in the flood of Mohammedan bigotry.

The literature of this long period is vast in its extent and shows considerable learning, but it is not of a character to interest us at the present moment. Such of it as relates to Christianity, and that is the larger and better part, will be better discussed, if at all, in another place.

In Western Europe both Greek and Roman culture were extinguished at a much earlier date, for after the fall of Rome in 475 we enter upon seven hundred years of ignorance and superstition, during which time learning was practically extinguished and the enlightenment which had characterized the rule of both the Greeks and the Romans gave way to the utter barbarism of their conquerors. Of this period, however, we shall have more to say in another place.



MOUND OVER THE GRAVE
OF THE 1912 ATHENIANS KILLED IN
THE BATTLE OF MARATHON



CHAPTER XXVIII

GREEK FICTION

INTRODUCTION. While in the great narrative poems of the Greeks the element of fiction, as we understand the term, is undoubtedly very strong, it was not fiction to the early writers and readers. Romantic as were the adventures of many of the Greek heroes, yet they were not romance to the poets or even to many of the philosophers.

It was not until very late in Greek history, in fact, not until the period of decline was well under way, that any serious writing in fiction was accomplished. It is altogether probable that the early romances were of Oriental origin, and that the Greeks obtained from the East not only the idea of elaborate tales but also many of the subjects which were used by them. In fact, the writers of the early tales, which now go under the name of *Greek Ro-*

mances, were themselves of Oriental birth or extraction.

Nevertheless, it rested with the Western mind to use the power of invention on the events of ordinary life and to surround ordinary human beings with a natural interest in incidents which do not partake to any great extent of the miraculous or supernatural. In the stories which we have to consider, the characters are Greeks or upon Greek models, and while their adventures may be marvelous, yet the interference of the gods in behalf of human beings is not common. The belief in omens and the supernatural is tempered by reason, and superhuman acts are rarely included.

It follows, then, that these *Greek Romances* are the forerunners of the modern novel; in fact, they have been in a number of instances the actual models for later fiction in many tongues.

II. The Earliest Tales. The first professedly fictitious narratives of which we have any record appeared among the Milesians, a colony of Greeks, of which specimens may be seen in the stories of Parthenius, a rather immoral collection of love tales. After the conquest of Alexander the Great communication between the East and the West became more frequent, and fictitious narratives grew into considerable popularity, but of the early writers we have no knowledge excepting a brief list summarized by Photius, patriarch of Constantinople, in the ninth century. Among these

were Antonius Diogenes, who wrote *The Incredible Things in Thule,* and Iamblicus, who wrote *The Babylonica,* in sixteen books.

III. HELIDORUS. In 1526 there was discovered in the library of Matthias Corvinus the manuscript of the *Aethiopica,* written by Helidorus of Emesa in Syria. Of the writer we know very little. It was for a long time generally believed that this manuscript was written by Heliodorus, bishop of Tricca in Thessaly, who flourished about A. D. 400. Nicephorus, writing about A. D. 800, says: "This Heliodorus, bishop of Tricca, had in his youth written certain love stories called *Aethiopics,* which are highly popular even at the present time, though they are now better known by the title of *Chariclea;* and it was by reason thereof that he lost his see. For inasmuch as many of the youths were drowned in the peril of sin by the perusal of these amorous tales, it was determined by the Provincial Synod that either these books, which kindled the fire of love, should themselves be consumed by fire, or that the author should be deposed from the episcopal functions; and this choice being propounded to him, he preferred to surrender his bishopric to destroying his writings."

Other writers discredit this and assert that the author was Helidorus of Emesa, who flourished in the third century A. D. and who should by no means be confused with the bishop.

IV. "THE AETHIOPICA." *The Aethiopics, or Adventures of Theagenes and Chariclea,*

would make a book of about two hundred fifty pages of the size of those of the ordinary modern novel. The plot may be summarized as follows: Persina, Queen of Ethiopia, gives birth to a beautiful baby girl whose skin is perfectly white. Fearing the suspicions of Hydaspes, the King, if he should discover the phenomenon, the Queen told him that the child was still-born, and then having committed the infant to the charge of Sisimithres, one of the Ethiopian senators, she gave him jewels of great value and an amulet of miraculous power, which were to remain always with the child.

For seven years the senator takes charge of the babe, and carries her with him on an embassy to Egypt, where he meets a priest of Delphi, to whom he gives the child for safe keeping. The priest, Charicles, takes the little Chariclea to Delphi and brings her up as his daughter, determining to make her the wife of his nephew; but about this time Theagenes, a Thessalian youth, comes to Delphi to offer sacrifices, meets Chariclea, who is a priestess in the temple, and the two become mutually enamored.

Calasiris, an Egyptian priest, has come to Delphi, and Charicles engages him to prepossess the maiden with a love for his nephew. In the meantime, the Egyptian is warned by Apollo in a vision that he should return home and take with him both Chariclea and Theagenes. Accordingly, by stratagem and after numerous adventures, they leave Delphi but on

their way to Alexandria fall in with pirates, who capture the ship and proceed to the mouth of the Nile, where their lair is situated. The pirate chief is smitten with love of Chariclea, and in order to escape him Calasiris instigates a subordinate officer to war upon his chief. After they have landed and while a feast is being held, the pirates quarrel, and all hands fight until only Chariclea and Theagenes, the latter badly wounded, remain alive.

It is at this point that the story opens and all that has preceded is told at length by one or another of the characters in the course of the numerous adventures which follow. These adventures, thrilling in themselves, grow out of the love which the beautiful Chariclea invariably inspires in the men she meets, and out of the infatuation of Arcase, wife of the satrap of Egypt, for Theagenes. Through all the temptations and sufferings which result, the two lovers preserve their purity and remain faithful to each other. This is the motive of the story; and, when in the end they reach the capital of Ethiopia as slaves and are about to be sacrificed to the Ethiopian gods because of victories over the Persians, the identity of Chariclea becomes known to both her father and her mother, who accept her and her lover as heirs to the kingdom.

The main line of the plot is involved by many secondary incidents, which make the first half of the tale rather confusing, but after that the movement is clear enough until the climax. In-

terest centers chiefly in Chariclea, an exquisitely beautiful girl, who is also a woman of clear mind, great courage and remarkable foresight. Her character is attractive in every way, and under the most trying circumstances she preserves her poise and self-control, except when Theagenes is involved in the apparent ruin. To the average reader the surprising thing in the character of Chariclea is that she is so devoted to Theagenes, who appears, beside her, as rather an insipid character, easily discouraged, and expecting to be overcome by almost every difficulty. On the other hand, his devotion to Chariclea is admirable, his resistance to temptation unconquerable, and at times he fights manfully and "comes out" better than might have been expected.

The best parts of the *Aethiopics* are the descriptions, some of which are remarkably clever and still give us vivid pictures of those early days. As an example of this we will quote what Charicles says of Delphi:

But having heard that there was a famous city in Greece, called Delphi, sacred to Apollo, abounding in temples, the resort of wise men, retired, and free from popular tumults; thither I bent my steps, thinking that a city destined for sacred rites was a proper retreat for one of my profession. I sailed through the Crissoean gulf, and landing at Cirrha, proceeded to the city: when I entered it, a voice, no doubt divine, sounded in my ears; and as in other respects this place seemed a fit habitation for a superior race, so particularly on account of its situation. The mountain Parnassus hangs over it, as a kind of natural fortification and citadel, stretching out its sides, and receiving the city into its bosom.

I ascended into the place, I admired the city of race-courses, of market-places, and of fountains, especially the famed one of Castalia, with the water of which I sprinkled myself, and hastened to the temple; for the thronging of the multitude, which pressed towards it, seemed to announce the time when the priestess was about to be under the sacred impulse; and having worshiped and uttered a petition for myself, I received the following oracle:

"Thou from the fertile Nile, thy course dost bend,
Pause here a while, and sojourn as my friend:
Stern fate thou fly'st, her strokes with courage bear;
Ere long of Egypt thou shalt have a share."

As soon as the priestess had pronounced this, I fell upon my face, and besought the deity to be propitious to me in everything.

One of the most interesting scenes in the book is the description of the Delphic ceremonies, at which Theagenes and Chariclea meet:

"When the ceremony was over, and the procession had passed by," continued Calasiris,—"But," said Cnemon, interrupting him, "the ceremony is not over, Father; you have not made me a spectator of the procession, whereas I am very desirous both of hearing and seeing; you treat me like a guest who, as they say, is come a day after the feast: why should you just open the theater, only to close it again?"—"I was unwilling," said Calasiris, "to detain you from what you are most desirous to know, by a detail which has little or nothing to do with the principal end of my narration; but since you must be a passing spectator, and by your fondness for shows declare yourself to be an Athenian, I will endeavor briefly to describe the exhibition to you; and I shall do so the more willingly, on account of the consequences which followed it.

"The procession began with an hecatomb of victims, led by some of the inferior ministers of the temple, rough-looking men, in white and girt-up garments. Their right hands and breasts were naked, and they bore a two-edged ax. The oxen were black, with moderately arched and brawny necks—their horns equal, and very little bent; some were gilt, others adorned with flowers—their legs bent inwards—and their deep dewlaps flowing down to their knees—their number, in accordance with the name, exactly a hundred. A variety of other different victims came afterwards, each species separate and in order, attended with pipes and flutes, sending forth a strain prelusive of the sacrifice: these were followed by a troop of fair and long-waisted Thessalian maidens, with dishevelled locks—they were distributed into two companies; the first division bore baskets full of fruits and flowers; the second, vases of conserves and spices, which filled the air with fragrance: they carried these on their heads; thus, their hands being at liberty, they joined them together, so that they could move along and lead the dance. The key-note to the melody was sounded by the next division, who were to sing the whole of the hymn appointed for this festival, which contained the praises of Thetis, of Peleus, and their son, and of Neoptolemus. After this, O Cnemon——" "But *Cnemon* me no *Cnemons,*" said the latter; "why not recite the hymn to me instead of depriving me of so much pleasure? Make me, I beseech you, an auditor at this festival as well as a spectator."—"You shall be so if you desire it," said Calasiris; "the hymn, as nearly as I can recollect, ran as follows:

" 'Thetis, the golden-haired, we sing.
She who from Nereus erst did spring,
The Venus of our fatherland.
To Peleus wed, at Jove's command,
Her—of the thunderbolt of war,
Famed for his beamy spear afar,
Achilles—Greece the mother saw
Wedded to whom did Pyrrha bear,

Great Neoptolemus his heir,
Of Grecian land the boast and joy,
The destined scourge of lofty Troy.
Thou who in Delphic land dost rest,
Hero, by thee may we be blest;
Accept our strains, and oh, by thee,
May every ill averted be!
Thetis the golden-haired we sing,
She who from Peleus erst did spring.' "

"The dance which accompanied this song was so well adapted to it, and the cadence of their steps agreed so exactly with the melody of the strain, that for a while, in spite of the magnificence of the spectacle, the sense of seeing was overpowered and suspended by that of hearing; and all who were present, attracted by the sounds, followed the advancing dancers. At length a band of youths on horseback, with their splendidly dressed commander, opening upon them, afforded a spectacle far preferable to any sounds. Their number was exactly fifty; they divided themselves into five-and-twenty on each side guarding their leader, chief of the sacred embassy, who rode in the midst: their buskins, laced with a purple thong, were tied above their ankles; their white garments, bordered with blue, were fastened by a golden clasp over their breasts. Their horses were Thessalian, and by their spirit gave token of the open plains they came from; they seemed to champ with disdain the foaming bit, yet obeyed the regulating hand of their riders, who appeared to vie with each other in the splendor of their frontlets and other trappings, which glittered with gold and silver. But all these, Cnemon, splendid as they were, were utterly overlooked, and seemed to vanish, like other objects before a flash of lightning, at the appearance of their leader, my dear Theagenes, so gallant a show did he make. He too was on horseback, and in armor, with an ashen spear in his hand; his head was uncovered; he wore a purple robe, on which was worked in gold the story of the Centaurs and the Lapithae; the clasp of it

was of electrum, and represented Pallas with the Gorgon's head on her shield. A light breath of wind added to the grace of his appearance; it played upon his hair, dispersed it on his neck, and divided it from his forehead, throwing back the extremities of his cloak in easy folds on the back and sides of his horse. You would say, too, that the horse himself was conscious both of his own beauty and of the beauty of his rider; so stately did he arch his neck and carry his head, with ears erect and fiery eyes, proudly bearing a master who was proud to be thus borne. He moved along under a loose rein, balancing himself equally on each side, and, touching the ground with the extremity of his hoofs, tempered his pace into almost an insensible motion.

"Every one, astonished at the appearance of this young man, joined in confessing, that beauty and strength were never before so gracefully mingled. The women in the streets, unable to disguise their feelings, flung handfuls of fruit and flowers over him, in token of their admiration and affection: in short, there was but one opinion concerning him—that it was impossible for mortal form to excel that of Theagenes. But now, when

" 'Rosy-finger'd morn appeared,'

as Homer says, and the beautiful and accomplished Chariclea proceeded from the temple of Diana, we then perceived that even Theagenes might be outshone; but only so far as female beauty is naturally more engaging and alluring than that of men. She was borne in a chariot drawn by two white oxen—she was dressed in a purple robe embroidered with gold, which flowed down to her feet—she had a girdle round her waist, on which the artist had exerted all his skill: it represented two serpents, whose tails were interlaced behind her shoulders; their necks knotted beneath her bosom; and their heads, disentangled from the knot, hung down on either side as an appendage: so well were they imitated, that you would say they really glided onward. Their aspect was not at all terrible; their eyes swam in a kind of

languid luster, as if being lulled to sleep by the charms of the maiden's breast. They were wrought in darkened gold, tinged with blue, the better to represent, by this mixture of dark and yellow, the roughness and glancing color of the scales. Such was the maiden's girdle. Her hair was not entirely tied up, nor quite disheveled, but the greater part of it flowed down her neck, and wantoned on her shoulders—a crown of laurel confined the bright and ruddy locks which adorned her forehead, and prevented the wind from disturbing them too roughly—she bore a gilded bow in her left hand; her quiver hung at her right shoulder—in her other hand she had a lighted torch; yet the luster of her eyes paled the brightness of the torch.

"After that the procession had thrice compassed the sepulcher of Neoptolemus, and that both men and women had raised over it their appropriate shout and cry; on a signal being given, the oxen, the sheep, the goats, were slaughtered at once, as if the sacrifice had been performed by a single hand. Heaps of wood were piled on an immense altar; and the victims being placed thereon, the priest of Apollo was desired to light the pile, and begin the libation.

" 'It belongs, indeed, to me,' said Charicles, 'to make the libation; but let the chief of the sacred embassy receive the torch from the hands of Diana's priestess, and light the pile; for such has always been our custom.' Having said this, he performed his part of the ceremony, and Theagenes received the torch from Chariclea. From what now happened, my dear Cnemon, we may infer that there is something divine in the soul, and allied to a superior nature; for their first glance at each other was such, as if each of their souls acknowledged its partner, and hastened to mingle with one which was worthy of it.

"They stood a while, as if astonished; she slowly offering and he slowly receiving the torch; and fixing their eyes on one another, for some space, they seemed rather to have been formerly acquainted, than to have now met for the first time, and to be returning gradually into

each other's memory. Then softly, and almost imperceptibly smiling, which the eyes, rather than the lips, betrayed, they both blushed, as if ashamed of what they had done; and again turned pale, the passion reaching their hearts. In short, a thousand shades of feeling wandered in a few moments over their countenances; their complexion and looks betraying in various ways the movements of their souls.

"At length Theagenes slowly and unwillingly turning from the maiden, lighted the pile, and the solemn ceremony ended. The Thessalians betook themselves to an entertainment, and the rest of the people dispersed to their own habitations. Chariclea putting on a white robe, retired with a few of her companions to her apartment, which was within the precincts of the temple; for she did not live with her supposed father, but dwelt apart for the better performance of the temple services."

While the descriptive passages have been criticized as detracting from the interest of the story, yet they are sufficiently remarkable to warrant our consideration, particularly the following, which gives an interesting account of the siege of Syene and the battle between the Persians and the Ethiopians. What could be more vivid than the picture of the Persian warriors in their armor or the stratagem by which Syene was captured?

Hydaspes, who had flattered himself that he should take Syene at his first appearance, without opposition, being very nearly repulsed by the garrison, defending themselves bravely, irritated besides by insulting speeches, determined no longer to continue the blockade, by which the city might at last be taken, to the destruction of some and the escape of others: but, by a new and unusual way of assault, to involve the town, and its defenders, in one common and universal ruin.

His plan of attack was this: he described a circle round the walls, which he divided into portions of ten cubits each, assigning ten men to every division, and ordering them to dig a wide and deep ditch. They dug it accordingly, while others, with the earth they threw out, raised a mound or wall parallel with, and nearly equal in height, to that of the place which they were besieging. The garrison made no attempt to hinder these operations—the besieging army was so numerous, that they durst not venture on a sally—and the works were carried on at such a distance from the walls, as to be out of the reach of their missile weapons.

When he had completed this part of his plan, with wonderful dispatch, owing to the multitude of men employed in it, and the diligence with which he urged on their labors, he proceeded to execute another work. He left a part of the circle, to the space of about fifty feet, plain and unfilled up. From each extremity of the ditch above described, he extended a long mound down to the Nile, raising it higher and higher as it approached the river. It had the appearance of two long walls, preserving all the way the breadth of fifty feet.

When he had carried on his lines so that they joined the river, he cut a passage for it, and poured its waters into the channel, which he had provided for them. They, rushing from higher into lower ground, and from the vast width of the Nile into the narrow channel, and confined by the mounds on each side, thundered through the passage and channel with a noise and impetuosity that might be heard at a great distance.

The fearful sight and sound struck the ears and met the eye of the astonished inhabitants of Syene. They saw the alarming circumstances in which they were, and that the view of the besiegers was, to overwhelm them with the waters. The trenches which surrounded, and the inundation which was now fast approaching, prevented their escaping out of the city, and it was impossible for them to remain long in it, without the extremest danger; they took measures, therefore, for their own protection.

In the first place, they filled up and secured every opening and crevice in the gates with pitch and tow; then they propped and strengthened the walls with earth, stones, and wood, heaping up against them anything which was at hand. Every one was employed; women, children, and old men; for no age, no sex, ever refuses labor when it is for the preservation of their lives. They who were best able to bear fatigue were employed in digging a subterraneous and narrow passage, from the city to the enemy's mound, which work was thus conducted:

They first sunk a shaft near the walls, to the depth of five cubits; and when they had dug it below the foundations, they carried their mine on forwards towards the bulwarks with which they were inclosed, working by torch-light; those who were behind receiving, in regular order, the earth thrown out from those who were before, and depositing it in a vacant place in the city, formerly occupied by gardens, where they raised it into a heap.

Their intention in these operations, was to give some vent and outlet to the waters, in case they should reach the city; but the approach of the calamities which threatened them was too speedy for their endeavors to prevent it. The Nile, rolling through the channel which had been prepared for it, soon reached the trench, overflowed it everywhere, and formed a lake of the whole space between the dyke and the walls; so that an inland town seemed like an island in the midst of the sea, beaten and dashed against on all sides by the waves.

At first, and for the space of a day, the strength of the walls resisted; but the continued pressure of the waters, which were now raised to a great height, and penetrated deeply into an earth black and slimy, which was cleft in many places, from the summer's heat, sensibly undermined the walls; the bottom yielded to the pressure of the top, and wherever, owing to the fissures in the ground, a settlement took place, there the walls began to totter in several places, menacing a downfall, while they who should have defended the towers were driven from their stations by the oscillation.

Towards evening a considerable portion of the wall between the towers fell down; not so much, however, as to be even with the ground, and afford a passage to the waters, for it was still about five cubits above them; but now the danger of an inundation was imminent and most alarming.

At this sight a general cry of horror and dismay arose in the city, which might be heard even in the enemy's camp—the wretched inhabitants stretched out their hands to the gods, in whom only they had hope, and besought Oroondates to send deputies with offers of submission to Hydaspes. He, reduced to be the slave of Fortune, unwillingly listened to their entreaties; but he was entirely surrounded with water, and it being out of his power to send an officer to the enemy, he was reduced by necessity to this contrivance—he wrote down the purport of their wishes, tied it to a stone, and endeavored, by means of a sling, to make it serve the purpose of a messenger by traversing the waters; but his design was disappointed; the stone fell short, and dropped into the water before it reached the other side. He repeated the experiment several times. The archers and slingers strained every nerve to accomplish that upon which they thought their safety and life depended; but still without success. At length, stretching out their hands to the enemy, who stood on their works spectators of their distress, the miserable citizens implored their compassion by the most piteous gestures, and endeavored to signify what was meant by their ineffectual stones and arrows—now clasping their hands together, and holding them forwards in a suppliant manner— now putting their arms behind their backs, in token that they submitted to servitude.

The Persians under Oroondates escaped from Syene, went to Elephantine, and reorganized their army. Hydaspes waited:

His troops were hardly formed in order of march when his scouts informed him that the Persians were advancing

towards him to give battle: Oroondates had assembled an army at Elephantine, just at the time when as we have seen, he was forced, by the sudden approach of the Aethiopians, to throw himself into Syene with a few troops; being then reduced to imminent danger by the contrivance of Hydaspes, he secured the preservation of the place, and his own safety, by a method which stamped him with the deepest perfidy. The two Persians sent to Elephantine, under pretense of inquiring on what terms the troops there were willing to submit, were really dispatched with a view of informing him whether they were ready and disposed to resist and fight, if by any means he could escape, and put himself at their head.

He now proceeded to put into practice his treacherous intent, for upon his arrival at Elephantine, finding them in such a disposition as he could wish, he led them out without delay, and proceeded with all expedition against the enemy; relying chiefly for success on the hope that by the rapidity of his movements he should surprise them while unprepared. He was now in sight, attracting every eye by the Persian pomp of his host; the whole plain glistening as he moved along, with gold and silver armor. The rays of the rising sun falling directly upon the advancing Persians, shed an indescribable brightness to the most distant parts, their own armor flashing back a rival brightness.

The right wing was composed of native Medes and Persians—the heavy armed in front—behind them the archers, unincumbered with defensive arms, that they might with more ease and readiness perform their evolutions, protected by those who were before them. The Egyptians, the Africans, and all the auxiliaries were in the left wing. To these likewise were assigned a band of light troops, slingers and archers, who were ordered to make sallies, and to discharge their weapons from the flanks. Oroondates himself was in the center, splendidly accoutered and mounted on a scythed chariot. He was surrounded on either side by a body of troops, and in front were the barbed cavalry, his confidence in whom had

principally induced him to hazard an engagement. These are the most warlike in the Persian service, and are always first opposed, like a firm wall, to the enemy. The following is the description of their armor: A man, picked out for strength and stature, puts on a helmet which fits his head and face exactly, like a mask; covered completely down to the neck with this, except a small opening left for the eyes, in his right hand he brandishes a long spear—his left remains at liberty to guide the reins—a scimitar is suspended at his side; and not his breast alone, but his whole body also, is sheathed in mail, which is composed of a number of square separate plates of brass or steel, a span in length, fitting over each other at each of the four sides, and hooked or sewn together beneath, the upper lapping over the under; the side of each over that next to it in order. Thus the whole body is inclosed in an imbricated scaly tunic, which fits it closely, yet by contraction and expansion allows ample play for all the limbs. It is sleeved, and reaches from neck to knee, the only part left unarmed being under the cuishes, necessity for the seat on horseback so requiring. The greave extends from the foot to the knee, and is connected with the coat. This defense is sufficient to turn aside all darts, and to resist the stroke of any weapon. The horse is as well protected as his rider; greaves cover his legs, and a frontal confines his head. From his back to his belly, on either side, hangs a sheet of the mail, which I have been describing, which guards his body, while its looseness does not impede his motions.

Thus accoutered and as it were fitted into his armor, this ponderous soldier sits his horse, unable to mount himself on account of his weight, but lifted on by another. When the time for charging arrives, giving the reins, and setting spurs to his horse, he is carried with all his force against the enemy, wearing the appearance of a hammer-wrought statue, or of an iron man. His long and pointed spear extends far before him, and is sustained by a rest at the horse's neck, the butt being fixed in another at his croupe. Thus the spear does not give way in the con-

flict, but assists the hand of the horseman, who has merely to direct the weapon, which pressing onwards with mighty power pierces every obstacle, sometimes transfixing and bearing off by its impulse two men at once.

With such a force of cavalry and in such order, Oroondates marched against the enemy, keeping the river still behind him, to prevent his being surrounded by the Aethiopians, who far exceeded him in number. Hydaspes, on the other hand, advanced to meet him. He opposed to the Medes and Persians in the right wing, his forces from Meroe, who were well accoutered, and accustomed to close fighting. The swift and light-armed Troglodites, who were good archers, and the inhabitants of the cinnamon region, he drew up to given employment to those posted on the left. In opposition to the center, boasting as they did of their barbed cavalry, he placed himself, with the tower-bearing elephants, the Blemmyae, and the Seres, giving them instructions what they were to do when they came to engage. Both armies now approached near, and gave the signal for battle; the Persians with trumpets, the Aethiopians with drums and gongs. Oroondates, cheering on his men, charged with his body of horse. Hydaspes ordered his troops to advance very slowly, that they might not leave their elephants, and that the enemy's cavalry, having a longer course to take, might become exhausted before the conflict. When the Blemmyae saw them within reach of a spear's cast, the horsemen urging on their horses for the charge, they proceeded to execute their monarch's instructions.

Leaving the Seres to guard the elephants, they sprang out of the ranks, and advanced swiftly towards the enemy. The Persians thought they had lost their senses, seeing a few foot presume to oppose themselves to so numerous and so formidable a body of horse. These latter galloped on all the faster, glad to take advantage of their rashness, and confident that they should sweep them away at the first onset. But the Blemmyae, when now the phalanx had almost reached them, and they were all but

touched by their spears, on a sudden, at a signal, threw themselves on one knee, and thrust their heads and backs under the horses, running no danger by this attempt, but that of being trampled on; this maneuver was quite unexpected, many of the horses they wounded in the belly as they passed, so that they no longer obeyed the bridle, but became furious, and threw their riders; whom, as they lay like logs, the Blemmyae pierced in the only vulnerable part, the Persian cuirassier being incapable of moving without help.

Those whose horses were not wounded proceeded to charge the Seres, who at their approach retired behind the elephants, as behind a wall or bulwark. Here an almost total slaughter of the cavalry took place. For the horses of the Persians, as soon as the sudden retreat of the Seres had discovered these enormous beasts, astonished at their unusual and formidable appearance, either turned short round and galloped off, or fell back upon the rest, so that the whole body was thrown into confusion. They who were stationed in the towers upon the elephants (six in number, two on either side, except towards the beast's hind quarters), discharged their arrows as from a bulwark, so continuously and with such true aim, that they appeared to the Persians like a cloud.

Fighting upon unequal terms against mailed warriors, and depending upon their skill in archery, so unfailing was their aim at the sight holes of the enemy, that you might see many galloping in confusion through the throng, with arrows projecting from their eyes.

Some, carried away by the unruliness of their horses to the elephants, were either trampled under foot or attacked by the Seres and the Blemmyae, who rushing out as from an ambush, wounded some, and pulled others from their horses, in the melee. They who escaped unhurt retreated in disorder, not having done the smallest injury to the elephants: for these beasts are armed with mail when led out to battle, and have, besides, a natural defense in a hard and rugged skin, which will resist and turn the point of any spear.

Oroondates, when he saw the remainder routed, set the example of a shameful flight; and descending from his chariot, and mounting a Nysaean horse, galloped from the field. The Egyptians and Africans in the left wing were ignorant of this, and continued still bravely fighting, receiving, however, more injury than they inflicted, which they bore with great fortitude and perseverance; for the inhabitants of the cinnamon region, who were opposed to them, pressed and confounded them by the irregularity and activity of their attacks, flying as the Egyptians advanced, and discharging their arrows backward as they fled. When the Africans retreated, they attacked them, galling them on all the flanks, either with slings or little poisoned arrows. These they fixed around their turbans, the feathers next their heads, the points radiating outwards; and drawing them thence as from a quiver, they, after taking a sudden spring forward, shot them against the enemy, their own bodies being naked, and their only clothing this crown of arrows. These arrows require no iron point; they take a serpent's backbone, about a foot and a half in length, and after straightening it, sharpen the end into a natural point.

The Egyptians resisted a long time, defending themselves from the darts by interlocking shields—being naturally patient, and bravely prodigal of their lives, not merely for pay but glory; perhaps, too, dreading the punishment of runaways. But when they heard that the barbed cavalry, the strength and right hand of their army, was defeated—that the viceroy had left the field, and that the Medes and Persians, the flower of their foot, having done little against, and suffered much from, those to whom they were opposed, had followed his example, they likewise, at last, gave up the contest, turned about, and retreated. Hydaspes, from an elephant's back, as from a watch tower, was spectator of his victory; which when he saw decided, he sent messengers after the pursuers, to stop the slaughter, and to order them to take as many prisoners as they could, and particularly, were it possible, Oroondates.

Success crowned his wishes, for the Aethiopians extending their numerous lines to a great length on each side, and curving the extremities till they surrounded the Persians, left them no way to escape but to the river. Thus the stratagem which Oroondates had devised against the enemy they found turned against themselves, multitudes being forced into the river by the horses and scythed chariots, and the confusion of the crowd. The viceroy had never reflected, that by having the river in his rear he was cutting off his own means of escape.

After Chariclea has been accepted as the daughter of Hydaspes and Persina, Theagenes is still held for sacrifice. The way in which he escaped and was united to Chariclea is told thus:

When almost all the ambassadors had been admitted, and had been presented, some with rewards equal to their gifts, others with such as were far greater, at last the ambassadors of the Axiomitae appeared. These were not tributaries, but allies: they came to express their satisfaction at the King's success, and brought with them their presents; and among the rest there was an animal of a very uncommon and wonderful kind: his size approached to that of a camel! his skin was marked over with florid spots: his hind-quarters were low and lionshaped: but his fore legs, his shoulders, and breast, were far higher in proportion than his other parts; his neck was slender, towering up from his large body into a swanlike throat, and his head, like that of a camel, was about twice as large as that of a Lybian ostrich; his eyes were very bright and rolled with a fierce expression; his manner of moving was different from that of every other land or water animal; he did not use his legs alternately, one on each side at once, but moved both those on the right together, and then, in like manner, both those on the left; one side at a time being raised before the other; and yet so docile in movement and gentle in disposition was he, that his

keeper led him by a thin cord fastened round his neck; his master's will having over him the influence of an irresistible chain. At the appearance of this animal the multitude were astonished; and extemporizing his name from the principal features in his figure, they called him a camelopard. He was, however, the occasion of no small confusion in the assembly. There happened to stand near the altar of the Moon a pair of bulls, and by that of the Sun four white horses, prepared for sacrifice. At the sudden sight of this strange outlandish beast, seen for the first time, terrified as if they had beheld some phantom, one of the bulls, and two of the horses, bursting from the ropes of those who held them, galloped wildly away. They were unable to break through the circle of the soldiery, fortified as it was with a wall of locked shields; but running in wild disorder through the middle space, they overturned vessels and victims—everything, in short, that came in their way; so that mingled cries arose, some of fear in those towards whom the animals were making; some of mirth for the accidents which happened to others whom they saw fallen and trampled upon. Persina and her daughter, upon this, could not remain quiet in their tent; but gently drawing aside the curtain they became spectators of what was done.

But now Theagenes, whether excited by his own courageous spirit, or by the inspiration of the gods, observing the keepers who were placed around him dispersed in the tumult, rose from his knees, in which posture he had placed himself before the altar, awaiting his approaching sacrifice; and seizing a piece of cleft wood, many of which lay prepared for the ceremony, he leaped upon one of the horses, who had not burst his bands; and grasping the mane with one hand, and using it for a bridle, with his heel (as with a spur) and the billet he urged on the courser, and pursued, on full speed, one of the flying bulls.

At first, those present supposed it an attempt of Theagenes to escape in the confusion, and called out not to let him pass the ring of soldiers; but they soon had reason to

be convinced that it was not the effect of fear or dread of being sacrificed. He quickly overtook the bull and followed him for some time close behind, fatiguing him, and urging on his course, pursuing him in all his doublings, and if he endeavored to turn and make at him, avoiding him with wonderful dexterity. When he had made the animal a little familiar with his presence and his movements, he galloped up close by his side, actually touching him, mingling the breath and sweat of both animals, and so equalizing their courses, that they who were at a distance might imagine their heads had grown together. Every one extolled Theagenes who had found means to join together this strange hippotaurine pair. While the multitude was intent upon, and diverted with this spectacle, Chariclea was agitated, and trembled. She knew not what was the object of Theagenes; should he fall and be wounded it would be death to her; her emotion, in short, was such that it could not escape the observation of Persina.

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She was preparing to declare everything which related to her situation and connections, when she was interrupted by a sudden and loud shout from the multitude; for Theagenes, after urging his horse at its swiftest speed and getting even with the bull's head, suddenly leaping from the animal (which he allowed to run loose) threw himself on the bull's neck. He placed his face between his horns, closely embraced his forehead with his arms (as with a chaplet), clasped his fingers in front, and letting his body fall on the beast's right shoulder, sustained his bounds and shocks with little hurt. When he perceived him to be fatigued with his weight, and that his muscles began to be relaxed and yield, just as he passed by the place where Hydaspes sat, he shifted his body to the front, entangled his legs with those of the bull, continuously kicking him and hindering his progress. The beast being thus impeded, and borne down at the same time by the weight and force of the youth, trips and tumbles upon his head, rolls upon his back, and there lies

supine, his horns deeply imbedded in the ground, and his legs quivering in the air, testifying to his defeat. Theagenes kept him down with his left hand, and waved his right towards Hydaspes and the multitude, inviting them, with a smiling and cheerful countenance, to take part in his rejoicing, while the bellowings of the bull served instead of a trumpet to celebrate his triumph. The applause of the multitude was expressed not so much by articulate words, as by a shout, giving open-mouthed token of their wonderment, and with its sounds extolling him to the very skies. By order of Hydaspes, Theagenes was brought before him, and the bull, by a rope tied over his horns, was led back weak and dispirited towards the altar, where they again fastened him, together with the horse which had escaped. The King was preparing to speak to Theagenes, when the multitude, interested in him from the first, and now delighted with this instance of his strength and courage, but still more moved with jealousy towards the foreign wrestler, called out with one voice—"Let him be matched with Meroebus's champion. Let him who has received the elephant contend, if he dare, with him who has subdued the bull." They pressed and insisted on this so long, till at length they extorted the consent of Hydaspes. The fellow was called out: he advanced, casting around fierce and contemptuous looks, stepping haughtily, dilating his chest, and swinging his arms with insolent defiance. When he came near the royal tent, Hydaspes looking at Theagenes, said to him in Greek—"The people are desirous that you should engage with this man, you must therefore do so."

"Be it as they please," replied Theagenes. "But what is to be the nature of the contest?"—"Wrestling," said the king.—"Why not with swords, and in armor?" returned the other, "that either by my fall or by my victory I may satisfy Chariclea, who persists in concealing everything which relates to our connection, or perhaps at last has cast me off."

"Why you thus bring in the name of Chariclea," replied Hydaspes, "you best know; but you must wrestle,

and not fight with swords, for no blood must be shed on this day, but at the altar." Theagenes perceived the King's apprehension lest he should fall before the sacrifice, and said, "You do well, O King, to reserve me for the gods; they too, you may be assured, will watch over my preservation." So saying, taking up a handful of dust, he sprinkled it over his limbs, already dropping with sweat, from his exertions in pursuit of the bull. He shook off all which did not adhere; and stretching out his arms, planting his feet firmly, bending his knees a little, rounding his back and shoulders, throwing back his neck, and contracting all his muscles, he stood anxiously waiting the gripe of his antagonist. The Aethiopian seeing him, grimly smiled, and by his contemptuous gestures seemed to slight his adversary.

Making a rush he let fall his arm, like some mighty bar, upon the neck of Theagenes—at the echo which it made the braggart laughed exultingly. Theagenes, trained in the wrestling-school tricks from his youth, and familiar with all the tricks of the Mercurial art, determined to give ground at first, and having made trial of his adversary, not to stand up against such tremendous weight and savage ferocity, but to elude his undisciplined strength by skill and subtlety. Staggering back, then, a little from his place he affected to suffer more than he really did, and exposed the other side of his neck to his opponent's blow; and when the African planted another hit in that quarter, purposely giving way, he pretended almost to be falling upon his face. But when waxing stronger in contempt and confidence, his antagonist was now a third time, unguardedly rushing on, and about to let fall his upraised arm, Theagenes got within his guard, eluding his blow by a sudden twist, and with his right elbow struck up the other's left arm, and dashed him to the earth, already impelled downwards by the sway of his own missed blow; then slipping his hand under his armpits, he got upon his back, and with difficulty spanning his brawny waist, incessantly kicked his feet and ankles, and compelled him to rise upon his knees, strode over him,

pressed him in the groin with his legs, struck from under him the support of his hands, and twining his arms about his temples, dragged his head back upon his shoulders, and so stretched him with his belly on the ground.

An universal shout of applause, greater than before, now burst from the multitude; nor could the King contain himself, but springing from his throne—"O hateful necessity," he cried, "what a hero of a man are we compelled to sacrifice!" and calling him to him he said, "Young man, it now remains for you to be crowned for the altar, according to our custom. You have deserved a crown too for your glorious but useless victory, and transitory triumph; and though it be out of my power, however willing I may be, to preserve your life, whatever I can do for you I will. If therefore there is anything you wish to have done, either before or after your death, ask it freely." So saying he took a crown of gold, set with precious stones, and put it on his head; and, while he placed it there, was seen to shed tears.

"I have but one thing to ask," said Theagenes, "and this I earnestly beseech you that I may obtain. If it be impossible for me to avoid being sacrificed, grant that I may suffer by the hands of this your newly recovered daughter."

Hydaspes was annoyed at this reply, and called to mind the conformity of this request to that made just before by Chariclea; but, as the time pressed, he did not think it necessary to inquire particularly into the reasons of it, and only said, "Whatever is possible, stranger! I encouraged you to ask, and promised that you should obtain; but she, who performs the sacrifice the law declares, must be one who has a husband, not a maiden."

"Chariclea has a husband," said Theagenes.—"These are the words," replied Hydaspes, "of one who trifles and is about to die. The altar has declared her unmarried and a virgin—unless indeed you call this Meroebus her husband (having somehow heard the rumor); he however is not yet her husband—he is yet in accordance with my will, only her intended."

"Nor will he ever be her husband," said Theagenes, "if I know aught of Chariclea's sentiments; and, if being a victim, credit is due to me as inspired by prophecy."—"But, fair Sir," said Meroebus, "it is not living but slaughtered victims which afford knowledge to the Seers. You are right, Sir, in saying that the stranger talks folly, and like one just about to die. Command, therefore, that he be led to the altar; and when you shall have finished all your business, begin the rites, I pray you."

Thcagenes was being led away; and Chariclea, who had breathed again when he was victorious, was once more plunged into grief, when she saw it had profited him nothing. Persina observed her tears, and feeling for her affliction, said—"It is possible I may yet have power to save this Grecian, if you will explain more clearly all the particulars relating to yourself."

Chariclea, who saw that there was not a moment to be lost, was a second time preparing to own everything; when Hydaspes inquiring from the lord in waiting whether any ambassadors remained who had not had audience, was told only those from Syene, who were that instant arrived, with letters from Oroondates, and presents. "Let them too approach, and execute their commission," said the monarch. They were introduced, and delivered letters to this effect:—

"Oroondates, Viceroy of the Great King, to Hydaspes, the King of Aethiopia.

"Since conqueror in fight, you are yet more conqueror in magnanimity, in restoring to me a viceroyalty unasked, I have little doubt that I shall obtain a slight request. A young maiden who was being conducted from Memphis to my camp, became involved in the perils of war, and as I am informed, was sent by you into Aethiopia. This I have learnt from those who were with her and who escaped: I beg she may be sent to me, both on account of the maiden herself, as well as for her father's sake, who, after having wandered over half the globe, in search of his daughter, came at last to Elephantine, and was taken

prisoner by the garrison. When reviewing those of my soldiers who survived, I saw him and he earnestly desired to be sent to your clemency. He is among the ambassadors, his manners and bearing show him to be of noble birth, and his very countenance and looks speak strongly in his favor. Dismiss him then, O King, I beseech you, happy and contented from your presence. Send back to me one who is a father not merely in name but in reality."

Hydaspes, having read the letter, inquired who it was, who was come in quest of his daughter. When he was pointed out to him, he said, "I am ready, stranger, to do everything which Oroondates requests of me. Out of the ten captive maidens whom we have brought hither, one assuredly is not your daughter; examine the rest, and if she be found among them take her."

The old man, falling down, kissed his feet. The maidens were brought, and passed in review before him; but when he saw not her whom he sought, he said sorrowfully —"None of these, O King, is my daughter."—"You have my good will in your behalf," replied Hydaspes. "You must blame Fortune if you have not discovered your child. It is in your power to search, if you will, through the camp; and to ascertain that none else has been brought hither besides these."

The old man smote his forehead, and wept; and, then after raising his eyes, and looking around him, he suddenly sprang forward, like one distracted; and upon coming to the altar, he twisted the end of his long robe into the form of a halter, threw it over the neck of Theagenes, and pulled his towards him, crying out—"I have found you, my enemy! I have found you, man of blood, detested wretch!"—The guards interposed, and endeavored to resist and pull him away, but he succeeded in bringing him before Hydaspes and the council.

"This, O King," said he, "is the man who stole away my daughter. This is he who has rendered my house childless and desolate; who, after ravishing away my daughter from the midst of Apollo's altar, now sits as though he were holy beside the altars of the gods."

The assembly was thrown into commotion at what was taking place. They did not understand what he said, but wondered at what they saw him do; and Hydaspes commanded him to explain himself more plainly, and say what he would have; when the old man (it was Charicles), concealing the true circumstances of the birth and exposure of Chariclea, lest, if she should have perished in her flight or journey, he might come into some collision with her real parents, explained briefly such matters as could produce no ill results.

"I had a daughter, O King! and had you seen her various and uncommon perfections, both of mind and person, you would say I have good cause for speaking as I do. She lived the life of a virgin, a priestess of Diana, in the temple at Delphi. This noble Thessalian, forsooth, who was sent by his country to preside over a solemn embassy and sacrifice to be celebrated in our holy city, stole her away from the very shrine, I say, of Apollo.

"Justly may he be considered to have insulted you by profaning your national deity Apollo and his temple, Apollo being identical with the Sun. His assistant in this impious outrage was a pretended priest of Memphis. In my pursuit, I came to Thessaly; and the Thessalians offered to give him up should he be found as one accursed and deserving death. Thinking it probable that Calasiris might have chosen Memphis as a place of refuge, I hastened thither. Calasiris, I found, was dead; but I learnt all particulars concerning my daughter from his son Thyamis, who told me that she had been sent to Oroondates at Syene. After being disappointed at not finding the latter at Syene, and having been myself detained prisoner at Elephantis, I now appear before you as a suppliant, to seek my child. You will, then, deeply oblige me, a man of many griefs, and will also gratify your own self, by not disregarding the Viceroy's intercession." He ceased, and burst into tears.

The King asked Theagenes what reply he had to make to all this. "The whole charge," said he, "is true. To this man I have been a ravisher, unjust, and violent;

but to you I have been a benefactor."—"Restore, then, another's daughter," said Hydaspes. "You have been dedicated to the gods; let your death be a holy and glorious sacrifice—not the just punishment of crime."

"Not he who committed the violence," said Theagenes; "but he who reaps the fruits of it, is bound to make restitution. Do you then restore Chariclea, for she is in your possession. The old man, you shall see, will own your daughter to be her whom he seeks."

None could repress their emotion: all were in confusion. But Sisimithres, who had hitherto kept silence, though long since understanding all that was being said and done, yet waiting till the circumstances should become yet clearer, now ran up and embraced Charicles. "Your adopted child," said he, "she whom I formerly delivered into your hands, is safe: she is, and has been acknowledged to be, the daughter of those whom you know."

Upon this Chariclea rushed out of the tent, and overlooking all restraints of sex or maidenly reserve, flung herself at the feet of Charicles, and cried out, "O my father! O not less revered than the authors of my birth, punish me, your cruel and ungrateful daughter, as you think fit, regardless of my only excuse, that what has been done was ordained by the irresistible will and appointment of the gods." Persina, on the other side, threw her arms round Hydaspes, and said, "My dear husband, be assured that all this is truth, and that this stranger Greek is her betrothed." The people, on the other hand, leaped and danced for joy; every age and condition were, without exception, delighted—not understanding, indeed, the greater part of what was said, but conjecturing the facts from what had taken place with Chariclea. Perhaps, too, they were brought to a comprehension of the truth by some secret influence of the deity, who had ordered all these events so dramatically, producing out of the greatest discords the most perfect harmony: joy out of grief; smiles from tears; out of a stern spectacle a gladsome feast; laughter from weeping; rejoicing out

of mourning; the finding of those who were not sought; the losing of those who were in imagination found; in one word, a holy sacrifice out of an anticipated slaughter.

At length Hydaspes said to Sisimithres, "O sage! what are we to do? To defraud the gods of their victims is not pious; to sacrifice those who appear to be preserved and restored by their providence is impious. It needs that some expedient be found out."

Sisimithres, speaking, not in the Grecian, but in the Ethiopian tongue, so as to be heard by the greatest part of the assembly, replied: "O King! the wisest among men, as it appears, often have the understanding clouded through excess of joy, else, before this time, you would have discovered that the gods regard not with favor the sacrifice which you have been preparing for them. First they, from the very altar, declared the all-blessed Chariclea to be your daughter; next they brought her foster-father most wonderfully from the midst of Greece to this spot; they struck panic and terror into the horses and oxen which were being prepared for sacrifice, indicating, perhaps, by that event, that those whom custom considered as the more perfect and fitting victims were to be rejected. Now, as the consummation of all good, as the perfection of the piece, they show this Grecian youth to be the betrothed husband of the maiden. Let us give credence to these proofs of the divine and wonder-working will; let us be fellow workers with this will; let us have recourse to holier offerings; let us abolish, forever, these detested human sacrifices."

When Sisimithres had uttered this, in a loud voice, Hydaspes, speaking also in the Ethiopian tongue, and taking Theagenes and Chariclea by the hand, thus proceeded:

"Ye who are this day assembled! since these things have been thus brought to pass by the will of the deities, to oppose them would be impious. Wherefore, calling to witness those who have woven these events into the web of destiny, and you whose minds appear to be in concert with them, I sanction the joining together of this

pair in wedlock and procreative union. If you approve, let a sacrifice confirm this resolution, and then proceed we with the sacred rites."

The assembly signified their approval by a shout, and clapped their hands, in token of the nuptials being ratified. Hydaspes approached the altar, and, in act to begin the ceremony, said, "O lordly Sun and queenly Moon! since by your wills Theagenes and Chariclea have been declared man and wife, they may now lawfully be your ministers." So saying, he took off his own and Persina's miter, the symbol of the priesthood, and placed his own upon the head of the youth, that of his consort upon the maiden's head.

Upon this Charicles called to mind the oracle which had been given to them in the temple before their flight from Delphi, and acknowledged its fulfillment.

"In regions torrid shall arrive at last,
There shall the gods reward their pious vows,
And snowy chaplets bind their dusky brows."

The youthful pair then, crowned by Hydaspes with white miters, and invested with the dignity of priesthood, sacrificed under propitious omens; and, accompanied by lighted torches and the sounds of pipes and flutes, Theagenes and Hydaspes, Charicles and Sisimithres, in chariots drawn by horses, Persina and Chariclea, in one drawn by milk white oxen, were escorted, into Meroe (amids shouts, clapping of hands, and dances), there to celebrate with greater magnificence the more mystic portions of the nuptial rites.

V. LONGUS. Nothing is known of Longus except that he was the author of a pastoral in prose, which is known as *The Loves of Daphnis and Chloe*. It is probable that he lived during the fourth or fifth century A. D., as mention of his work appears only after that date.

The earlier pastorals all had been metrical, but in choosing prose for his medium Longus did not lessen the beauty of his composition. His style is simple, smooth and flowing, quite in harmony with his subject; and his plot, simple in itself, marches on without interruption and is prolonged by no incidents excepting the few which are necessary to the development of the action. The startling frankness with which the Greeks discussed all subjects mars the story in places, but the moral tone of the whole romance is high.

The influence of this story upon later literature has been important and far-reaching, and not a few modern writers have been deeply indebted to it. In the exquisite pastoral, *Paul and Virginia,* by St. Pierre, there are many points of resemblance to the old story of *Daphnis and Chloe,* and it cannot be doubted that the author of the former had been affected by his reading of the latter.

There is no affectation about the characters of Longus, nor do they indulge in stilted or artificial conversations, their talk all being quite in harmony with the simplicity of their surroundings and the pastoral lives which they lead. Evidently, the author intended to portray the shepherd life as it actually existed, and there is a truthful ring to everything. The few exciting incidents which occur cause little more than a ripple in the tranquil lives of the characters, and after it develops that the lovers are in reality not of the shepherd class, they have

been sufficiently under the influence of their quiet life to return to it and end their lives in peace and harmony on the very grounds on which they passed their childhood.

VI. "DAPHNIS AND CHLOE." We may condense the story of Daphnis and Chloe into the following brief narrative: A goatherd, tending his flocks one day near Mytilene, the principal city of Lesbos, discovered a richly-dressed infant sucking one of his goats. Lying by his side was a little sword with an ivory hilt, which, as well as his purple mantle, showed him to be from a wealthy home. Lamon, the goatherd, and his wife Myrtale decided to bring up the child as their own, and gave to him the name of Daphnis.

Two years later a shepherd living near found a female child nursing from one of his sheep, and in turn adopted the child, giving to her the name of Chloe. By the time the children were fifteen and twelve years of age, respectively, they had become constant companions, Daphnis tending the goats of his reputed father, and Chloe the sheep of her supposed parents.

The plot of the story may be said to consist in showing how these two children, wholly innocent and unsophisticated, drawn together under such circumstances, little by little learned the lesson of love. Almost at the beginning, Chloe has another lover, who, clothing himself in the skin of a wolf, attempts to seize her and carry her away, but is nearly killed by the dogs before his identity is discovered by Chloe.

Then young men from a neighboring city land near the home of Daphnis, fasten their boat with a vine, only to have it eaten off by the goats. The owners of the boat seize Daphnis and attempt to carry him away, but are driven from the neighborhood by shepherd friends. The next day they return and carry off Chloe. Pan intervenes and so terrifies the freebooters that they restore her to the arms of Daphnis, and the grateful lovers sing hymns of praise.

During the winter the young people are prevented from indulging freely in their love, but they manage to meet frequently, and when spring comes again they spend their days in joyous affection. Finally a marriage is arranged for the two young people, but it is postponed until the autumn, before which time the landlord and his wife arrive from Mytilene with their young son, and it is proposed to remove Daphnis to the city as a companion for the youthful heir. Realizing what this means, the old goatherd discloses the real facts concerning Daphnis, and brings out the purple mantle and the little sword. The relics are immediately recognized by the landlord and his wife, who admit that they exposed their son, and that Daphnis is undoubtedly the boy. The astonishing revelation is only a grief to the young shepherd, as he thinks it may separate him from Chloe, but her parents are discovered soon after, and the two are united, everybody is suitably rewarded and the young couple enter upon a prosperous life in the country.

The scenes which follow are taken from the translation of Rowland Smith.

The beginnings of love in Chloe:

It was the beginning of spring, the flowers were in bloom throughout the woods, the meadows, and the mountains; there were the buzzings of the bee, the warblings of the songsters, the frolics of the lambs. The young of the flock were skipping on the mountains, the bees flew humming through the meadows, and the songs of the birds resounded through the bushes. Seeing all things pervaded with such universal joy, they, young and susceptible as they were, imitated whatever they saw or heard. Hearing the carol of the birds, they sang; seeing the sportive skipping of the lambs, they danced; and in imitation of the bees they gathered flowers. Some they placed in their bosoms, and others they wove into chaplets and carried them as offerings to the Nymphs.

They tended their flocks in company, and all their occupations were in common. Daphnis frequently collected the sheep, which had strayed, and Chloe drove back from a precipice the goats which were too venturesome. Sometimes one would take the entire management both of goats and sheep, while the other was intent upon some amusement.

Their sports were of a pastoral and childish kind. Chloe sometimes neglected her flock and went in search of stalks of asphodel, with which she wove traps for locusts; while Daphnis devoted himself to playing till nightfall upon his pipe, which he had formed by cutting slender reeds, perforating the intervals between the joints, and compacting them together with soft wax. Sometimes they shared their milk and wine, and made a common meal upon the provision which they had brought from home; and sooner might you see one part of the flock divided from the other than Daphnis separate from Chloe.

While thus engaged in their amusements Love contrived an interruption of a serious nature. A she-wolf

from the neighborhood had often carried off lambs from other shepherds' flocks, as she required a plentiful supply of food for her whelps. Upon this the villagers assembled by night and dug pits in the earth, six feet wide and twenty-four feet deep. The greater part of the loose earth, dug out of these pits, they carried to a distance and scattered about, spreading the remainder over some long dry sticks laid over the mouth of the pits, so as to resemble the natural surface of the ground. The sticks were weaker than straws, so that if even a hare ran over them they would break and prove that instead of substance there was but a show of solid earth. The villagers dug many of these pits in the mountains and in the plains, but they could not succeed in capturing the wolf, which discovered the contrivance of the snare. They however caused the destruction of many of their own goats and sheep, and very nearly, as we shall see, that of Daphnis.

Two angry he-goats engaged in fight. The contest waxed more and more violent, until one of them having his horn broken ran away bellowing with pain. The victor followed in hot and close pursuit. Daphnis, vexed to see that his goat's horn was broken, and that the conqueror persevered in his vengeance, seized his club and crook, and pursued the pursuer. In consequence of the former hurrying on in wrath, and the latter flying in trepidation, neither of them observed what lay in their path, and both fell into a pit, the goat first, Daphnis afterwards. This was the means of preserving his life, the goat serving as a support in his descent. Poor Daphnis remained at the bottom lamenting his sad mishap with tears, and anxiously hoping that some one might pass by, and pull him out. Chloe, who had observed the accident, hastened to the spot, and finding that he was still alive, summoned a cowherd from an adjacent field to come to his assistance. He obeyed the call, but upon seeking for a rope long enough to draw Daphnis out, no rope was to be found: upon which Chloe undoing her head-band, gave it to the cowherd to let down; they then placed

themselves at the brink of the pit, and held one end, while Daphnis grasped the other with both hands, and so got out.

They then extricated the unhappy goat, who had both his horns broken by the fall, and thus suffered a just punishment for his revenge towards his defeated fellow-combatant. They gave him to the herdsman as a reward for his assistance, and if the family at home inquired after him, were prepared to say that he had been destroyed by a wolf. After this they returned to see whether their flocks were safe, and finding both goats and sheep feeding quietly and orderly, they sat down on the trunk of a tree and began to examine whether Daphnis had received any wound. No hurt or blood was to be seen, but his hair and all the rest of his person were covered with mud and dirt. Daphnis thought it would be best to wash himself, before Lamon and Myrtale should find out what had happened to him; proceeding with Chloe to the Grotto of the Nymphs, he gave her his tunic and scrip in charge.

He then approached the fountain and washed his hair and his whole person. His hair was long and black, and his body sun-burnt; one might have imagined that its hue was derived from the overshadowing of his locks. Chloe thought him beautiful, and because she had never done so before, attributed his beauty to the effects of the bath. As she was washing his back and shoulders his tender flesh yielded to her hand, so that, unobserved, she frequently touched her own skin, in order to ascertain which of the two was softer. The sun was now setting, so they drove home their flocks, the only wish in Chloe's mind being to see Daphnis bathe again. The following day, upon returning to the accustomed pasture, Daphnis sat as usual under an oak, playing upon his pipe and surveying his goats lying down and apparently listening to his strains. Chloe, on her part, sitting near him, looked at her sheep, but more frequently turned her eyes upon Daphnis; again he appeared to her beautiful as he was playing upon his pipe, and she attributed his beauty to

the melody, so that taking the pipe she played upon it, in order, if possible, to appear beautiful herself. She persuaded him to bathe again, she looked at him when in the bath, and while looking at him, touched his skin: after which, as she returned home, she mentally admired him, and this admiration was the beginning of love. She knew not the meaning of her feelings, young as she was, and brought up in the country, and never having heard from any one, so much as the name of love. She felt an oppression at her heart, she could not restrain her eyes from gazing upon him, nor her mouth from often pronouncing his name. She took no food, she lay awake at night, she neglected her flock, she laughed and wept by turns; now she would doze, then suddenly start up; at one moment her face became pale, in another moment it burnt with blushes. Such irritation is not felt even by the breeze-stung heifer. Upon one occasion, when alone, she thus reasoned with herself: "I am no doubt ill, but what my malady is I know not; I am in pain, and yet I have no wound; I feel grief, and yet I have lost none of my flock; I burn, and yet am sitting in the shade; how often have brambles torn my skin, without my shedding a single tear! how often have the bees stung me, yet I could still enjoy my meals! Whatever it is which now wounds my heart, must be sharper than either of these. Daphnis is beautiful, so are the flowers; his pipe breathes sweetly, so does the nightingale; yet I take no account either of birds or flowers. Would that I could become a pipe, that he might play upon me! or a goat, that I might pasture under his care! O cruel fountain, thou madest Daphnis alone beautiful; my bathing has been all in vain! Dear Nymphs, ye see me perishing, yet neither do ye endeavor to save the maiden brought up among you! Who will crown you with flowers when I am gone? Who will take care of my poor lambs? Who will attend to my chirping locust, which I caught with so much trouble, that its song might lull me to rest in the grotto; but now I am sleepless, because of Daphnis, and my locust chirps in vain!"

The awakening of Daphnis came through the attentions of Dorco, another shepherd:

One day it happened that Dorco and he (for he likewise was destined to experience the pains and penalties of love) had an argument on the subject of their respective share of beauty. Chloe was to be umpire, and the victor's reward was to be a kiss from her. Dorco thus began:

"Maiden," said he, "I am taller than Daphnis, I am also a cowherd, he, a goatherd, I therefore excel him as far as oxen are superior to goats; I am fair as milk, and my hair brown as the ripe harvest field; moreover, I had a mother to bring me up, not a goat. He, on the other hand, is short, beardless as a woman, and has a skin as tawny as a wolf; while, from tending he-goats, he has contracted a goatish smell; he is also so poor, that he cannot afford to keep even a dog; and if it be true that a nanny gave him suck, he is no better than a nanny's son."

Such was Dorco's speech; it was next the turn of Daphnis:

"It is true," said he, "that a she-goat suckled me, and so did a she-goat suckle Jove; I tend he-goats and will bring them into better condition than his oxen, but I smell of them no more than Pan does, who has in him more of a goat than anything else. I am content with cheese, coarse bread, and white wine, the food suitable for country folk. I am beardless, so is Bacchus; I am dark complexioned, so is the hyacinth; yet Bacchus is preferred before the satyr and the hyacinth before the lily. Now look at him, he is as sandy haired as a fox, bearded as a goat, and smock-faced as any city wench. If you have to bestow a kiss, it will be given to my mouth, whereas it will be thrown away upon his bristles. Remember also, maiden, that you owe *your* nurture to a sheep, and yet this has not marred your beauty."

Chloe could restrain herself no longer, but partly from pleasure at his praising her, partly from a desire

of kissing him, she sprang forward and bestowed upon him the prize; an artless and unsophisticated kiss, but one well calculated to set his heart on fire. Upon this, Dorco, in great disgust, took himself off, determined to seek some other way of wooing. Daphnis, as though he had been stung instead of kissed, became suddenly grave, felt a shivering all over, and could not control the beating of his heart. He wished to gaze upon Chloe, but at the first glance his face was suffused with blushes. For the first time he admired her hair, because it was auburn; and her eyes, because they were large and brilliant; her countenance, because it was fairer than even the milk of his own she-goats. One might have supposed that he had just received the faculty of sight, having had till then, "no speculation" in his eyes.

From this moment, he took no food beyond the merest morsel, no drink beyond what would just moisten his lips. Formerly more chattering than the locusts, he became mute; he was now dull and listless, whereas he had been more nimble than the goats. His flock was neglected, his pipe was thrown aside; his face became paler than the summer-parched herbage. Chloe alone could rouse his powers of speech; whenever he was absent from her, he would thus fondly soliloquize:—

"What will be the result of this kiss of Chloe? her lips are softer than rose-buds, and her mouth is sweeter than the honeycomb, but this kiss has left a sting sharper than the sting of a bee!—I have frequently kissed the kids, and the young puppies, and the calf which Dorco gave me, but this kiss of Chloe is something quite new and wonderful! My breath is gone, my heart pants, my spirit sinks within me and dies away; and yet I wish to kiss again! My victory has been the source of sorrow and of a new disease, which I know not how to name. Could Chloe have tasted poison before she permitted me to kiss her? If so, how is it that she survives? How sweetly the nightingales sing, while my pipe is mute! How gaily the kids skip and play, while I sit listlessly by! The flowers are in full beauty, yet I weave no garlands! The

violets and the hyacinths are blooming, while Daphnis droops and fades away. Alas! shall Dorco ever appear more beautiful in Chloe's eyes, than I do!''

Such were the sensations of the worthy Daphnis, and thus he vented his feelings. He now first felt the power, and now first uttered the language of—LOVE.

Self-consciousness came to them when, in vintage-time, Philetas told the story of Cupid:

It was now the middle of autumn:—the vintage was at hand, and every one was busy in the fields. One prepared the wine-presses, another cleansed the casks, and another twisted the osiers into baskets. Each had a separate employ—in providing short pruning hooks, to cut the grapes; or a heavy stone, to pound them; or dry vine branches, previously well bruised, to serve as torches, so that the must might be carried away at night.

Daphnis and Chloe neglected for a time their flocks and mutually assisted one another. He carried the clusters in baskets, threw them into the wine-presses, trod them, and drew off the wine into casks; she prepared their meals for the grape-gatherers, brought old wine for their drink, and plucked off the lowest bunches. Indeed, all the vines in Lesbos were of lowly growth, and instead of shooting upwards, or twining around trees, they spread their branches downwards, which trailed along, like ivy, so close to the ground, that even an infant might reach the fruit.

The women, who, according to the custom at this festival of Bacchus, and birth of the vine, were called from the neighboring villages to lend their assistance, all cast their eyes upon Daphnis, and exclaimed that he was equal in beauty to Bacchus himself. One of the most forward of these wenches gave him a kiss, which inflamed Daphnis, but sadly grieved poor Chloe.

On the other hand, the men who were treading the wine-press indulged in all manner of jests about Chloe, they danced round her as furiously as so many Bacchan-

als round a Bacchante, and exclaimed that they would gladly become sheep to be fed by her hand. These compliments delighted Chloe, but tormented poor Daphnis.

Each of them wished the vintage over, that they might return to their usual haunts, and instead of this discordant din might hear the sound of their pipe, and the bleating of their sheep. In a few days the vines were stript,—the casks were filled,—there was no longer any need of more hands, they therefore drove their flocks to the plain. In the first place, with sincere delight they went to pay their adoration to the Nymphs, and carried vine-branches with clusters of grapes on them, as first-fruit offerings from the vintage. Indeed, they never had hitherto passed by the Grotto without some token of respect, but always saluted them as they passed by with their flocks to their morning pasture, and when they returned in the evening, they paid their adoration, and presented, as an offering, either a flower, or some fruit, or a green leaf, or a libation of milk. This piety, as we shall see, had in the end its due reward. At the time we speak of, like young hounds just let loose, they leaped about, they piped, they sang, and wrestled and played with their goats and sheep.

While thus sporting and enjoying themselves, an old man, clothed in a coarse coat of skin, with shoes of undressed leather on his feet, and with a wallet (which, by the by, was a very old one) at his back, came up, seated himself near them, and addressed them as follows:—

"I who now address you, my children, am Philetas. I have often sung the praises of the Nymphs of yonder Grotto—I have often piped in honor of Pan, and have guided my numerous herd by the music of my voice. I come to acquaint you with what I have seen and heard. I have a garden which I cultivate with my own hands, and in which I have always worked, since I became too old to tend my herds. In it is every production of the different seasons; in spring it abounds with roses, lilies, hyacinths, and either kind of violets; in summer with poppies, pears, and apples of every sort; and now in

autumn, with grapes, figs, pomegranates, and green myrtles. A variety of birds fly into it every morning, some in search of food, and some to warble in the shade; for the overarching boughs afford thick shade, and three fountains water the cool retreat. Were it not inclosed with a wall, it might be taken for a natural wood. As I entered it to-day, about noon, I espied a little boy under my pomegranates and myrtles, some of which he had gathered; and was holding them in his hands. His complexion was white as milk, his hair a bright yellow, and he shone as if he had just been bathing. He was naked and alone, and amused himself with plucking the fruit with as much freedom as if it had been his own garden. Apprehensive that in his wantonness he would commit more mischief and break my plants, I sprang forward to seize him, but the urchin lightly and easily escaped from me, sometimes running under rose-trees, and sometimes hiding himself like a young partridge under the poppies.

"I have frequently been fatigued with catching my sucking kids, or my new-dropt calves; but as to this mischievous creature, in perpetual motion, it was utterly impossible to lay hold of him. Old as I am I was soon weary with the pursuit; so, leaning on my staff for support, and keeping my eyes on him lest he should escape, I asked him to what neighbor he belonged, and what he meant by gathering what grew in another person's garden.

"He made no reply, but approaching very near me, smiled sweetly in my face, and pelted me with myrtle-berries, and (I know not how) so won upon me, that my anger was appeased. I intreated him to come close to me, and assured him that he need not be afraid, swearing by the myrtles, by the apples, and by the pomegranates of my garden, that I wished only to give him one kiss, for which he should ever afterwards have liberty to gather as much fruit, and to pluck as many flowers as he pleased.

"Upon hearing me thus address him, he burst into a merry laugh, and with a voice sweeter than that of the swallow or the nightingale, or of the swan when grown

aged like myself, he replied: 'I grudge you not a kiss, Philetas, for I have more pleasure in being kissed, than you would have in growing young again; but consider whether the gift would suit your time of life; for, old as you are, one kiss would not satisfy you, nor prevent you from running after me, while if even a hawk, an eagle, or any other swifter bird, were to pursue me, it would pursue in vain. I am not the child which I appear to be; but I am older than SATURN, ay, older than TIME himself. I knew you well, Philetas, when you were in the flower of your youth, and when you tended your widely-scattered flock in yonder marsh. I was near you, when you sat beneath those beech-trees, and were wooing your Amaryllis: I was close to the maiden, but you could not discern me. I gave her to you, and some fine boys, who are now excellent husbandmen and herdsmen, are the pledges of your love. At this present time I am tending Daphnis and Chloe like a shepherd; and when I have brought them together in the morning, I retire to your garden: here I disport myself among your flowers and plants, and here I bathe in your fountain. Through me it is that your flowers and shrubs are so beauteous, for the waters, which have bathed me, refresh them. Look now, if any of your plants be broken down!—see, if any of your fruit be plucked!—examine whether the stalk of any flower be crushed—or the clearness of any one of your fountains be disturbed! and rejoice that you alone, in your old age, have had the privilege of beholding the boy who is now before you.' With these words he sprang like the youngling of a nightingale among the myrtles, and climbing from bough to bough ascended through the foliage to the summit of the tree. I observed wings upon his shoulders, and between them a tiny bow and arrows; but in a moment I could neither see him nor them. Unless I have grown gray in vain, unless I have got into my dotage in growing old, you may rely on me, when I assure you, that you are consecrate to LOVE, and that you are under his peculiar care."

Daphnis and Chloe were delighted, but they regarded

what they had heard as an amusing story rather than a sober fact; and inquired of Philetas who and what this LOVE could be? whether he were a boy or a bird? and of what powers he was possessed? "My young friends," said Philetas, "he is a god, young, beautiful, and ever on the wing. He rejoices, therefore, in the company of youth, he is ever in search of beauty, and adds wings to the souls of those he favors. He has power far beyond that of Jove himself. He commands the elements, he rules the stars, and even the gods themselves, who are otherwise his equals; your power over your flocks is nothing compared to his. All these flowers are the works of love: these plants are effects produced by him. Through him these rivers flow, and these zephyrs breathe. I have seen a bull smitten by his power, who bellowed as though breeze-stung. I have seen the goat enamored of the female, and following her everywhere. I myself was once young, I felt his influence, I loved Amaryllis. I thought not of my food, I cared not for my drink; I could take no rest, for sleep was banished from my eyelids. My soul was sad—my heart beat quick—my limbs felt a deadly chill. Now I cried aloud, as if I had been beaten; now I was as silent as if I were dead; and now I plunged into the rivers, as if to extinguish the flame which consumed me. I invoked Pan to assist me, inasmuch as he had known what it was to love his Pitys. I poured forth praises to the Nymph Echo for repeating the name of my Amaryllis: in anger I broke my pipe because it could soothe my herds, but could not prevail over Amaryllis; for there is no mighty magic against love; no medicine, whether in food or drink: nothing, in short, save kisses and embraces."

Philetas, having given them this information, bade them farewell; but before permitting him to depart, they presented him with a cheese, and a kid with newly budding horns.

Daphnis and Chloe, left to themselves, mused in silence upon the name of Love, which they had now heard for the first time. Sorrow seemed to have stupefied them,

till at night, as they returned home, they began to compare their own sensations with what they had heard from Philetas.

The winter scenes:

Winter, however, was more formidable to Daphnis and Chloe, than war had been. On a sudden heavy falls of snow blocked up the roads and shut up the cottagers within doors. Impetuous torrents rushed down from the mountains, the ice thickened, the trees seemed as though their branches were broken down beneath the weight of snow, and the whole face of the earth had disappeared except about the brinks of fountains and the borders of rivers.

No one led his flocks to pasture, or even ventured to stir from home; but lighting large fires, at cock-crowing, some employed themselves in twisting ropes, some in weaving goats' hair, and some in making snares and nets to catch birds. At the same time they took care to supply the oxen in their stalls with chaff, the goats and sheep in their cotes with leaves, and the hogs in their styes with holmberries and acorns.

As every one was of necessity confined within-doors, most of the laborers and shepherds were glad at having an interval of release from their wonted labors, and immediately after their morning-meal lay down, and enjoyed a lengthy sleep, winter appearing to them more pleasant than the summer, the autumn, or even the spring. But Daphnis and Chloe cherished in their memory the pleasures, of which they were now deprived,—their kisses, their embraces, and their happy meals together. They passed nights of sleeplessness and sorrow, and looked for the return of spring as a restoration to life after an interval of death. It was painful to them, if chance threw in their way a scrip, from which they had eaten, or a vessel from which they had drunk, or if they happened to cast their eyes on a pipe, now thrown aside with neglect, which had once been bestowed and received as a token of

love. Frequent were their prayers to the Nymphs, and to Pan, to deliver them from their troubles, and once more to let the sun shine upon them and their herds, and while thus engaged they also endeavored to devise some scheme, by which they might obtain a sight of one another. Chloe was quite at a loss, and could not contrive any plan, successfully, for her reputed mother was always sitting near her, teaching her to card wool and to turn the spindle, and touching upon the subject of marriage.

Daphnis, however, had greater quickness of invention, and more leisure than the maiden, and hit upon the following scheme for getting a sight of Chloe. Two lofty myrtle trees and an ivy grew before Dryas's cottage, and indeed under the very cottage itself. The ivy grew between the myrtle trees, throwing out on either side, its sprays like a vine, and forming an arbor by intermingling its leaves with theirs. The berries hung down in thick clusters, and were as large as grapes. Numbers of winter birds flocked thither from want of food elsewhere; such as blackbirds, thrushes, wood-pigeons, starlings, and a variety of others, which live on berries. Daphnis filled his scrip with some honeyed cakes, and quitted his home under pretense of going to catch some of these birds. To remove all suspicion of his real design he carried with him plenty of birdlime and snares. The distance was little more than a mile, but the frost and the snow, which had not yet melted, rendered the road very toilsome. To LOVE, however, all things are passable —fire, and water, and even Scythian snows. Having soon arrived at the cottage, he shook the snow from his legs and feet, set the snares, spread the birdlime, and seated himself in the arbor watching the birds, but thinking of Chloe. So many were very soon caught, that he had abundance of occupation in collecting them together, killing and plucking them. In the meantime, not a man, not a maiden, not even a domestic fowl came out of the cottage: the whole family were shut up and close around the fire. Daphnis was now utterly at a loss what to do, and thought that he had come at an unlucky time. He

determined to knock at the door if he could find any pretext, and began to consider what would appear most plausible. "What, if I say that I want a light to kindle our fire? they will reply, 'You have neighbors within a stone's throw of your cottage.' What, if I request something to eat?—'Your scrip is full of victuals.' What, if I ask for some wine?—'You have but lately got in the vintage.' What, if I exclaim that a wolf has been pursuing me?—'Where are the traces of his feet?' What, if I tell them I came to snare birds?—'Why not go home again, if you have had sport enough?' Shall I at once say that I have come to see Chloe? Ah! who will venture to make such a bold avowal to the father and mother of the maiden? My pleas will be all exhausted and I shall be reduced to silence. Since none of these excuses will pass free from suspicion, it were better to hold my tongue. It seems decreed by the Fates that I shall not see my Chloe during the winter; I must wait with patience until the spring."

After indulging in some such thoughts as these, he took up his game, and was preparing to depart, when, as if Love took pity on him, the following occurrence happened.

The family within had spread their table: the meat was portioned out; a slice of bread was placed for each, and the goblet was ready mixed. One of the sheep-dogs, who had watched his opportunity, when no person was observing him, seized a piece of meat, and made his escape. Dryas (for the stolen meat happened to be his portion) snatched up a club, and pursued the thief, following him up like a second dog. Daphnis had thrown the birds over his shoulder, and was just about hurrying away when Dryas espied him. At the sight of Daphnis he immediately forgot both meat and dog, called out after him, "Good morrow, my son!" ran to him, embraced him, took him by the hand, and led him into the house. When the lovers saw each other, they were very near sinking to the ground; however, they continued to support themselves, while they saluted and embraced: indeed

their embrace acted as a stay, and prevented them from falling.

Having thus contrary to his expectation obtained an interview with his Chloe and a kiss, Daphnis drew nearer to the fire, and sat down: then taking the wood-pigeons and thrushes from his shoulder threw them upon the table, while he related to the family the weariness which he felt from so long and tedious a confinement at home, the eagerness with which he set out in pursuit of some sport, and the manner in which he caught the birds, some with a snare, some with birdlime, when they came in search of the myrtle and ivy berries. The family praised his activity, and compared him to "Apollo the far-darting;" and urged him to partake of what the dog had fortunately left; desiring Chloe in the meantime to pour him out wherewithal to drink. She cheerfully complied and handed the goblet to all the others first, last of all to Daphnis, pretending to be affronted with him, for having come thither and intending to go away without asking to see her: nevertheless, before holding the beaker out to him, she sipped a little from it, and then presented it; upon which he, although thirsty, drank as leisurely as possible, in order to prolong his pleasure, by protracting his draught.

The table was soon cleared of the fragments of bread and meat: after which, as they were sitting by the fire, they began to inquire after Myrtale and Lamon, who were pronounced fortunate in having such an excellent provider for their old age. Daphnis was delighted at having these commendations pronounced upon him in the hearing of Chloe, and when her parents proceeded to insist upon his remaining with them till next day, when they intended to sacrifice to Bacchus, he was very nearly adoring them in lieu of the god. He immediately produced his store of honeyed cakes from his scrip, together with the birds, which he had caught, which they dressed for supper. A second goblet was mixed; and a second fire was lighted. Night soon came on, when they partook of a hearty meal; and at its conclusion, after telling

stories, and singing songs, they retired to rest. Chloe slept with her mother, and Daphnis with Dryas. Chloe's only pleasure was the thought of seeing Daphnis the next morning; Daphnis enjoyed a kind of hollow satisfaction, even from sleeping with Chloe's father, whom he hugged and kissed, dreaming all the while, that the embraces were being bestowed upon Chloe.

When the day broke the cold was intense, and the sharp north wind was parching up everything. Dryas and his family arose, sacrificed a ram of one year old to Bacchus, and lighted a large fire to boil the meat. Nape made the bread, while Dryas attended to the meat, and, while they were thus engaged, Daphnis and Chloe proceeded to the ivy-covered arbor, where they set snares and spread birdlime, and again caught no small quantity of birds. Kisses and delightful converse were continuously interchanged between them.

"I came hither entirely on your account, Chloe."

"I know it, my dear Daphnis."

"On your account it is that these poor blackbirds now perish; what place have I in your affections? Do think of me!"

"I do think of you, my Daphnis, I swear it by the Nymphs whom I once invoked in that Grotto, whither we will repair again so soon as the snow shall have melted."

"The snow lies very thick; I fear that I shall melt away, before it does."

"Do not despair, Daphnis, the sun is very warm."

"Would that it were as warm as the fire which burns my heart!"

"You are in jest: you are deceiving me, Daphnis."

"No! I am not; I swear it by the goats, whom at your bidding I invoked."

Chloe's reply was an echo to what Daphnis said. Nape now calling them, they hurried into the house with a much larger supply of game than Daphnis had taken the day before. First pouring out a libation to Bacchus, from the goblet, they sat down to their banquet with chaplets of ivy on their heads. When it was time to

part, after loudly shouting in honor of the god, Daphnis took his leave, Dryas and his wife having filled his bag with meat and bread, and insisting upon his carrying the wood-pigeons and thrushes home to Lamon and Myrtale; for, as they said, they should be able to catch as many as they pleased so long as the cold lasted and the ivy berries did not fail. At length Daphnis bade them farewell, and at his departure gave each of them a kiss, but he saluted Chloe last of all, that her kiss might remain pure and unalloyed upon his lips.

He frequently found out pretenses for paying them fresh visits; so that the winter did not pass by altogether without an interchange of love.

In the opening of spring, when the snow was melted, the face of the earth again uncovered and the grass beginning to grow, the shepherds and herdsmen led forth their flocks to the pastures, but Daphnis and Chloe were earlier than the others, inasmuch as they were under the guidance of a mightier shepherd (Love). The first place to which they hastened, was the grotto of the Nymphs; the next was the pine-tree, where stood the statue of Pan; they then proceeded to the oak, under which, sitting down, they watched their feeding flocks, and kissed and embraced each other. Wishing to crown the statues of the deities, they sought for flowers: these were but just beginning to come out under the mild influence of the zephyr, and the genial warmth of the sun; but they found the violet, the narcissus, and the pimpernel, and all the other firstlings of the year: with these they crowned the statues, and then poured out libations of new milk drawn from the ewes and the she-goats. After this ceremony they began to tune their pastoral pipes, as though challenging the nightingales to resume their song: these answered softly from the thickets, and gradually became perfect in their plaintive strains, as if recalling them slowly after so long a silence:

The story of Echo:

Upon his return he found her weaving a chaplet of

violets; so, pretending that he had delivered the goose from the talons of the eagle, he threw his arms around her and embraced her, since in this at least there could be no danger. She placed the chaplet upon his head, and kissed his hair, which, in her estimation was far preferable to the violets. Then producing from her scrip a cake of figs and bread, she gave him some, then snatching the morsels from his mouth, ate them herself, like the youngling of a bird.

While they were at their meal, which, however, consisted more of kisses than of food, a fishing boat was seen proceeding along the coast. There was no wind stirring; a perfect calm prevailed: so having taken to their oars, the crew were rowing vigorously, their object being to carry some newly caught fish to a rich man in the city. They dipped their oars, doing what sailors usually do to beguile their toil. The boatswain sang a sea-song, and the rest joined in chorus at stated intervals. When they were in the open sea, the sound was lost, their voices being dispersed into the air, but when running under a headland they came into any hollow and crescent-shaped bay, the sound became much louder, and the song of the boatswain was distinctly heard on shore. A deep valley here sloped down from the plain above, which received into it the sound, as into an instrument of music, and repeated with the most perfect imitation every note which was uttered. There could be heard the distinction between the dash of the oars, and the voices of the sailors; and a very pleasing sound it was; beginning on the sea, the duration of its echo upon shore was proportioned to its greater lateness in commencing.

Daphnis, understanding the nature of the echo, turned his attention solely to the sea, and was delighted with viewing the boat as it glided by the shore quicker than a bird could fly. At the same time he endeavored to store up some of these strains in his memory, that he might play them on his pipe. Chloe, who had never, till now, heard what is called an echo, turned first to the sea, and listened to the boatmen, as they sang, and then looked

round to the woods, in expectation of seeing those, who (as she thought) were singing in responsive chorus.

At length the rowers were out of sight, and all was silent, even in the valley; when Chloe inquired of Daphnis whether there was another sea behind the hill, and another boat, and other sailors, who all sang the same strain, and who all left off together. Daphnis sweetly smiled upon her, and gave her a still sweeter kiss, and putting the chaplet of violets on her head, proceeded to relate to her the legendary tale of Echo, upon condition of receiving ten kisses for his pains.

"There are various classes of the Nymphs, my love;—the Melians, who dwell among the ash-groves, the Dryads, who preside over the oaks, and the Eloean, who are guardians of the lakes. Echo was the daughter of one of these Nymphs: as her mother was beautiful, so was she, but as her father was a mortal, she also was the same. She was brought up by the Nymphs, and was taught by the Muses to play upon the pipe, the flute, the lyre, and the harp, in short, she was instructed in every species of music; so that when the maiden arrived at the flower of her youth, she danced with the Nymphs, and sang with the Muses. Attached to the state of maidenhood, she shunned the sight of all males, whether men or gods. This roused the indignation of Pan; jealous of her skill in music and irritated by her refusal of his advances, the god inspired the shepherds and herdsmen with such frenzy, that they rushed upon her like so many hounds or wolves, tore her in pieces, and threw in every direction her limbs, yet sending forth melodious sounds. Earth, in order to gratify the Nymphs, covered the maiden's limbs, but preserved to her the gift of song; and, by the will of the Muses, she still has the power of utterance, and, as when alive, still imitates all sounds; the voices of the gods—of men—of instruments—of animals, even of Pan himself when playing on his pipe. He, when he hears the sound, springs up, and rushes in pursuit over the mountains, not in order to bend her to his wishes, but to find out who can be this his hidden pupil."

When Daphnis had finished his tale, Chloe, instead of giving him ten kisses only, bestowed upon him a thousand; and Echo repeated every kiss, as if in testimony that Daphnis had not added anything to her history which was not true.

The heat of the weather daily increased, since spring was departing, and summer was approaching. The new delights, which this season brings, again returned to them. Daphnis swam in the rivers, and Chloe bathed in the fountains; he played upon the pipe, vying with the murmuring pine-trees; she sang, and emulated the nightingales with her melody: they chased the noisy locusts, they caught the chirping grasshoppers, they gathered posies, or shook down the fruit from the trees, and ate it.

Preparing for the visit of the overlord, who proves to be the father of Daphnis:

One of Lamon's neighbors, who was a fellow serf under the same lord, called in his way from Mitylene, and informed him that their master intended coming just before the vintage, to see whether the incursion of the Methymnaeans had done any damage to his lands. The summer was now closing, and autumn approaching very fast; Lamon, therefore, immediately began to put the house in such order as might, in every respect, please his master's eyes. He cleansed the fountains, that the water might be pure; carried the manure out of the yard, that the smell might not be offensive; and trimmed his garden, that all its beauty might be seen.

His garden was indeed a beautiful one, and laid out in a princely style. It was situated on high ground, and was five hundred feet in length, while in breadth it contained four acres, so that one might have supposed it an extensive plain. In it were all kinds of trees,—the apple, the myrtle, the pear, the pomegranate, the fig, the olive, which grew here in perfection. On one side of this garden was a lofty vine, whose branches, laden with blackening grapes, were suspended above the apple and

pear trees, as if vying with them in the show of fruit. Such were the cultivated trees. There were also cypresses, laurels, planes, and pines, over which an ivy instead of a vine stretched out her branches, with berries in size and color resembling grapes.

The fruit-trees occupied the interior space. Those which did not bear fruit were ranged on the outside, serving the purpose of an artificial fence; and the whole was inclosed by a slight hedge. All were placed in a strict and regular order, so that their trunks were perfectly distinct one from the other, but at a certain height their branches met, and intermingled their leaves with a regularity which, though the work of nature, appeared to be the effect of art. Here were also beds of various flowers, some of which were cultivated plants, and some the spontaneous production of the soil. The rose bushes, hyacinths, and lilies had been planted by the hand of man, the violets, the narcissus, and the pimpernel sprang naturally from the ground. There was shade for summer, flowers for spring, fruits for autumn, and for all seasons of the year enjoyment.

From this garden was to be had a fine view of the plains with the herds and flocks which grazed upon them; as well as of the sea, and of the ships, as they were sailing along, so that the prospect was no small portion of the beauty of the place. Exactly in the middle there was a temple and an altar, dedicated to Bacchus. An ivy encircled the altar, and a vine extended its branches round the temple; on the interior the events in the history of the god were represented. The delivery of Semele, Ariadne sleeping, Lycurgus fettered, Pentheus torn in pieces, the victories over the Indians, and the metamorphosis of the Tyrrhenian sailors. On all sides were Satyrs and Bacchantes dancing. Nor was Pan omitted; he was represented sitting upon a rock, and playing upon his pipe an air intended equally to regulate the motions of the men as they trod the grapes, and of the women as they danced.

Such was the garden, which Lamon was busy in get-

ting into order, cutting away dead wood, and raising the branches of the vines. He crowned the statue of Bacchus with flowers, he conducted water from the fountain discovered by Daphnis, for the flowers, which was used exclusively for them, and was called Daphnis's Fountain. Lamon also charged the youth to get his goats into as good condition as possible, since their master would certainly visit and examine them after his long absence from the farm. Upon this head Daphnis felt confident that he should be praised; for the herd, which he had received in charge, was increased twofold: not one of them had been seized by a wolf, and they were already fatter than sheep. Wishing to do everything which might render his master favorable to his marriage, he exerted all his care and activity, driving them to pasture very early, and returning very late, leading them to the water twice every day, and choosing for them the richest pastures. He also took care to provide fresh bowls, many new milk-pails, and larger cheese-racks. Such was his attention to his goats, that he even oiled their horns, and curried their hair, and they might have been supposed to be the sacred herd of Pan. Chloe shared in all his toil, neglecting her own flock, that she might be of greater assistance to him, which caused Daphnis to attribute the beauty of his herd entirely to her.

While occupied in this manner, a second messenger came from the city, with orders for them to get in their vintage as soon as possible; he said he should remain there until they had made some of the new wine, after which he should return to Mitylene, and bring their master, at the end of the vintage season. Lamon and his family received Eudromus, the runner (for his name was derived from his employment), with a hearty welcome, and immediately began to strip the vines, to put the grapes in the vats, and the must in the casks; reserving some of the finest clusters with their branches, in order that those also who came out of the city might form some idea of the vintage, and its pleasures.

Before Eudromus departed, Daphnis made him various presents, and in addition such as are usually given by a goatherd, such as some well-made cheeses, a young kid, a white shaggy goatskin for him to wear when running on errands in the winter, and many things besides. He was greatly pleased with Daphnis and embraced him, promising to speak favorably of him to his master: with these friendly feelings he set out. Daphnis and Chloe were in a state of great anxiety. She felt no small fear when she reflected that a youth hitherto accustomed to see only his goats, the mountains, his fellow-laborers in the fields, and herself, was for the first time soon to behold his master, whom he had but recently known even by name. She was anxious to know how he would conduct himself in the presence of his betters; her mind was also filled with agitation respecting their marriage, fearing lest all their expected happiness might prove but a dream. Frequently did she and Daphnis kiss, and frequently did they cling in embraces as close as though they grew together; yet their kisses were alloyed by fear, and their embraces partook of sadness, as if afraid of the actual presence of their master, or as if endeavoring to avoid his eyes.

The identity of Daphnis is established in this manner:

"Be pleased, master, to listen to an old man and hear the truth. I swear by Pan and the Nymphs, that I will not utter anything which is false.—I am not the father of Daphnis, nor was Myrtale so fortunate as to be his mother. The parents of this youth, whoever they were, exposed him in his infancy; perhaps, because, they had already more children than they knew how to maintain. I found him lying on the earth, and one of my she-goats nursing him. When she died, I buried her in the border of my garden, feeling a regard for her, inasmuch as she had done a mother's duty. I confess having found various tokens with the infant, which I still preserve; for they prove him to be born to a higher station than that which

he now fills with me. I am not so high-minded as to slight the offer of his being an attendant on Astylus—an excellent servant to a virtuous and excellent master: but I cannot bear the idea of his being a sport for the drunken hours of Gnatho, who would fain take him to Mitylene, that he may be abused."

Lamon at the conclusion of this speech burst into tears. Gnatho began to bluster, and threatened to strike him, but Dionysophanes sternly frowning, ordered him to be silent; and again interrogating Lamon, urged him to tell the truth, and not to invent a tale merely to keep his son at home.—When Lamon continued unshaken in his assertions, called upon the gods to be his witnesses, and professed his readiness to submit to torture, should he be uttering a falsehood; his master, in the presence of Clearista, who sat by him, began to test the probability of the tale, as follows. "What motive can Lamon have to tell a falsehood, when two goatherds are offered him in lieu of one? How could a plain rustic possibly invent such a tale?—Besides, is it not altogether unlikely that such an old man and such a plain old woman can be the parents of so handsome a son."

He determined to rest no longer upon mere conjectures, but to examine the tokens, and to see whether they bespoke an illustrious birth. Myrtale had gone to fetch them, for they were preserved in an old bag. Dionysophanes was the first to examine them, and when he beheld the purple mantle, the golden clasp, and little sword with the ivory hilt, he exclaimed, Lord Jupiter! and called to Clearista to come and look at them.—When Clearista beheld them, she uttered a loud shriek, and cried out, "Ye friendly Fates, are not these the very things, which we exposed with our little one, when we sent Sophrosyne to leave him in this part of the country! they are none other, they are the very same, my husband! the child is ours. Daphnis is your son, and he has been tending his own father's flock."

Before she had done speaking, and while Dionysophanes was kissing the tokens and shedding tears of

joy, Astylus, who now understood that Daphnis was his brother, threw off his cloak, and ran through the garden to give him the first salute. When Daphnis saw Astylus running towards him, followed by many others, and heard them calling out his own name, he thought they were coming to seize him and carry him off by violence. Accordingly he threw down his scrip, and his pipe, and ran towards the sea with the determined resolution to throw himself into it from the top of a high rock: and perhaps (strange to say!) his being found would have proved the occasion of his being lost for ever, had not Astylus perceiving the occasion of his alarm, called out, "Stop, stop, Daphnis, I am your brother: and they, who have hitherto been your masters, are now your parents. Lamon has just now given us the whole account of the she-goat, and has shown us the tokens, which were found with you! look back! see! with what cheerful and smiling faces they are coming towards you! Brother, let me have the first kiss. I swear by the Nymphs, I am not deceiving you."

Not without hesitation was Daphnis induced after this solemn assertion to pause, and wait for Astylus, whom he received with a kiss. While they were embracing, his father and mother with Lamon and Myrtale and all the men and maid servants came thronging up, threw their arms round him, and kissed him with tears of joy. Daphnis affectionately saluted his father and mother before the rest, and as though he had long known them, clasped them to his breast, and would not disengage himself from their embrace:—so soon does natural affection assert her rights.

For a time even Chloe was almost forgotten. After returning to the farm, and putting on a costly dress, he sat down by his real father, who spoke to the following effect.

"My children, I married when very young; and in a short space of time became as I considered myself a very fortunate father. First a son was born to me, next a daughter, and then you, my Astylus. I thought my

family now large enough, for which reason I exposed Daphnis, the boy who was born in addition to the others, placing with him these ornaments, not as tokens, but to serve as funeral weeds.—Fortune had different plans in view.—My eldest son and daughter died of the same disease in one day: but the providence of the gods has preserved you, Daphnis, that we might have an additional stay in our old age.—Do not bear ill will towards me, from the remembrance of my having exposed you; for I did not do so with a willing mind, nor do you, Astylus, feel grieved that you will now have a part only, instead of the whole of my estate; for to a wise man no wealth is more valuable than a brother. Love each other;—and as for wealth you shall be able to vie even with princes. I shall leave to you extensive lands, a number of dexterous servants, stores of gold and silver, and whatever else forms the possession of the prosperous. Only this particular estate I reserve for Daphnis, with Lamon and Myrtale, and the goats which he himself has tended."

Before he had finished speaking, Daphnis sprang from his seat, and said, "Father, you very seasonably remind me of these matters. I will go and lead my goats to water, they must now be thirsty, and are no doubt waiting to hear my pipe, while I am sitting here." Every one laughed at hearing the master so willing to be still the goatherd. One of the servants was sent in place of Daphnis to tend the herd; while he and the rest of the company, often sacrificing to JOVE THE PRESERVER, sat down together to a banquet.

The identification of Chloe and the union of the lovers is thus told in the story:

Upon holding a consulation, Daphnis at first resolved to marry Chloe privately, and to keep her in concealment, making no one but her own mother acquainted with the matter; Dryas would not concur in this plan, he was for communicating everything to Daphnis's father, and himself undertook the task of obtaining his consent. Accord-

ingly, taking the token with him in his scrip, he went the next day to Dionysophanes and Clearista, who were sitting in the garden, in company with Astylus and Daphnis; silence ensued upon his appearance, when he addressed them thus:—

"The same necessity, which influenced Lamon, now urges me to publish circumstances, which hitherto have remained secret. I am not Chloe's father; nor was she in the first instance brought up by me. Other persons were her parents, and when lying in the grotto of the Nymphs, a ewe became her nurse. I saw this myself, to my astonishment, and under the power of this feeling, I adopted her. Her beauty confirms what I say; for she does not resemble either me or my wife. These tokens, which I likewise found with her, prove the truth of my assertion, for they are too valuable to belong to any shepherd. Examine them, endeavor to find out the maiden's relatives, and perhaps she will prove worthy of your son."

This last expression was not thrown out undesignedly by Dryas: nor was it heard heedlessly by Dionysophanes, who turning his eyes upon Daphnis, and observing him turn pale, while a tear stole down his cheeks, easily discovered the youth's love. Moved more by regard for his own child than by any concern for the unknown maiden, he weighed the words of Dryas with great attention. After viewing the tokens produced before him, the gilt sandals, the anklets, and the head-dress, he called Chloe to him, and bid her take courage, for she had already got a husband, and most probably would soon discover her real father and mother. Clearista now took her, and dressed her as became the intended wife of her son. Dionysophanes, in the meantime, retired apart with Daphnis, and inquired whether she was still a virgin; and upon his declaring that nothing had passed between them, beyond kisses and vows: pleased with their mutual oaths of fidelity, he made them join the banquet.

Now might it be seen what beauty is when set off by the accessories of ornament. Chloe when richly dressed,

with her hair braided, and her face resplendent from the bath, appeared to all so much more beautiful than before, that Daphnis himself could hardly recognize her. Any spectator, even without knowing anything about the tokens, would have sworn that Dryas could not be the father of so fair a maiden. Nevertheless he was invited to the feast, where he and Nape, with Lamon and Myrtale for their companions, reclined on a separate couch.

On the following day victims were again sacrificed to the gods; bowls were prepared, and Chloe suspended her pastoral equipments—her pipe, her scrip, her cloak of goatskin, and her milkpails. She also mingled wine with the waters of the fountain in the grotto, because she had been suckled near it, and had so often bathed there, then she crowned with flowers the ewe's grave, which Dryas pointed out to her. She, too, piped once more to her flock, and having done so, prayed the Nymphs that her parents might prove worthy of the union of Daphnis and herself.

When the party had had enough of their rural festivities, they determined upon returning to the city, in order to try and discover Chloe's parents, and no longer to defer the marriage. By break of day the next morning they were prepared for their journey. Before their departure they made Dryas a present of another three thousand drachmas; with liberty to reap half the corn, and gather half the grapes annually for his own use; they likewise gave him the goats, goatherds, four yoke of oxen, and some winter garments; his wife also was presented with her freedom.

After this they took the road to Mitylene, traveling in grand style with horses and carriages. They arrived at the city by night, and so for the time escaped the notice of the citizens; but early the next day the doors were surrounded by multitudes of men and women. The men congratulated Dionysophanes on having found his son, the more particularly when they saw his beauty. The women gave Clearista joy at bringing with her not only her son, but likewise an intended bride. Chloe excited

the admiration even of the women, displaying as she did, charms which could not be surpassed. The whole city was in a bustle on account of the youth and the maiden, predicting already that the marriage would be a happy one, and wishing that the parents of the maiden might prove to be of a rank worthy of her beauty. Many of the richest ladies prayed the gods that they might be reputed to be the mothers of so much loveliness.

Dionysophanes, fatigued with excess of anxious thought, fell into a deep sleep, during which he saw the following vision. The Nymphs appeared to be requesting the god of love at length to grant them his consent to the celebration of the marriage. Slackening the string of his bow, and placing it by the side of his quiver, he addressed Dionysophanes, bidding him to invite those of highest rank of Mitylene to a banquet, and when he had filled the last goblet, to exhibit the tokens before each of them, and then to commence the hymeneal song. After what he had seen and heard, Dionysophanes arose in the morning, and ordered a magnificent feast to be prepared, in which all the delicacies which the sea, the earth, the lakes, and even rivers could produce, were to be collected together. All the chiefs of Mitylene were his guests. When night was come, and when the goblet was filled from which to pour out the libation to Mercury, a slave brought forward the ornaments in a silver vase, and holding them in his right hand carried them round, and displayed them to all the visitors. No one acknowledged them, till Megacles, who, on account of his age, was honored with the highest couch, recognizing them, cried out with a loud and animated voice,—"What do I see! what has been the fate of my daughter! is she indeed alive? or did some shepherd find these things, and carry them away. Tell me, I pray, Dionysophanes, where did you meet with these tokens of my child? Now that you have found your son, do not enviously begrudge me the discovery of my daughter."

Dionysophanes requested him first of all to give them an account of the exposure of his daughter; and Megacles

in the same loud and earnest tone replied: "Formerly my income was very narrow, for I had expended my fortune in equipping choruses and fitting out galleys. While my affairs were in this condition I had a daughter born. Loath to bring her up to the miseries of poverty, and knowing that there are many who are willing to become even reputed parents, I dressed her in these very tokens, and exposed her. She was laid in the grotto of the Nymphs, and committed to their protection. Since that time wealth began to pour in upon me every day, when I had no heir to enjoy it, for I was never so fortunate as to become the father even of another daughter; but, as if wishing to make a mock of me, the gods are continually sending dreams by night, signifying, forsooth, that a ewe will make me father."

Upon this Dionysophanes called out in a yet louder tone than Megacles, and springing from his couch led in Chloe sumptuously dressed, exclaiming,—"This is the child whom you exposed. This maiden, through the providence of the gods, was suckled by a sheep, and preserved for you; as Daphnis was reared by a goat, and saved for me. Take the tokens, and your daughter; take her, and bestow her as a bride on Daphnis. Both were exposed; both have been again found by us, their parents; both have been under the peculiar care of Pan, of the Nymphs, and of the God of Love."

Megacles at once assented, clasped Chloe to his bosom, and sent for his wife Rhode. They slept at the house that night, for Daphnis had sworn by the gods that he would not part with Chloe even to her own father.

The next morning they all agreed to return to the country: this was done at the entreaty of Daphnis and Chloe, who were weary of their sojourn in the city; and had formed a scheme for celebrating their nuptials in a pastoral manner.

Upon their arrival at Lamon's cottage, they introduced Dryas to Megacles, and Nape was made known to Rhode, after which the preparations were made for the festival on a splendid scale. Chloe was devoted to the guardian-

ship of the Nymphs by her father. He suspended the tokens, among various other things, as offerings to them; and increased the six thousand drachmas, which Dryas now possessed, to ten thousand.

As the day was very fine, Dionysophanes caused couches of green leaves to be spread inside the grotto, and all the villagers were invited and sumptuously regaled. There were present Lamon and Myrtale, Dryas and Nape, Dorco's kinsmen, and Philetas with his sons Chromis and Lycaenium; even Lampis, who had been forgiven, was among the guests. All the amusements were, of course, as among such merrymakers, of a rustic and pastoral kind. Reaping-songs were sung; and the jokes of the vintage-season were repeated. Philetas played on the pipe, and Lampis on the flute, while Lamon and Dryas danced. Chloe and Daphnis passed the time in kissing. The goats came and grazed near them, as if they also were partakers of the festival. This was not very agreeable to the dainty city folks; Daphnis, however, called several of them by name, gave them some leaves, which they ate out of his hand, while he held them by the horns, and kissed them.

Not only now, but during the remainder of their days, Daphnis and Chloe led a pastoral life, worshiping as their deities the Nymphs, Pan, and the God of Love. Their flocks of goats and sheep were numerous, and their favorite food consisted of the fruits of autumn, and milk. They had their first-born, a boy, suckled by a goat; their second, a girl, was brought up by a ewe; the former was named Philopoemen (a lover of the flock), the latter Agele (a lover of the herd). In this manner of life, and in this spot, they lived to a good old age. They adorned the grotto of the Nymphs; erected statues; raised an altar to Cupid the Shepherd; and instead of a pine reared a temple for the habitation of Pan, and dedicated it to Pan; however, these things were in after years.

VII. ACHILLES TATIUS. Somewhere from the second to the sixth century A. D. Achilles

Tatius, living in Alexandria, wrote in a graceful style a romance in eight books, called *The Loves of Clitopho and Leucippe.* Very little is known of his career; in fact, the only statement, namely, that he became a Christian and attained to the office of bishop, is extremely unreliable; but we have his romance in its entirety.

VIII. "CLITOPHO AND LEUCIPPE." The following is a summary of the plot of the romance: Clitopho, living at his father's in Tyre, was engaged to be married to his half-sister, when his cousin Leucippe came to the house, a refugee of the war in Byzantium, her native home. The two cousins fell in love with each other, and when their passion was discovered, fled from Tyre and were wrecked near Pelusium in Egypt. By clinging to the same plank they landed safely and engaged passage on a ship to Alexandria, but on the way were seized by pirates, who infested the banks of the Nile. Soon after, an Egyptian army appeared against the robbers. Clitopho escaped, but Leucippe was still held by the robbers, who, deeming escape doubtful, sacrificed her before the eyes of her lover, who was prevented from interfering by a deep ditch which separated the two forces. When the ditch was filled Clitopho crossed, intending to immolate himself on the grave in which he had seen Leucippe buried, but he was there met by an old servant, who told him of the stratagem by which the apparent disemboweling of the young lady did

not take place and that she was still alive, though in her coffin. Releasing the maiden, he fled to the tent of the Egyptian leader, who in his turn became enamored of Leucippe, but in administering his love-philter, he gave an overdose and produced violent madness in the girl. After a troublous period, another Egyptian, who had also fallen in love with Leucippe, discovered the secret of the poison, administered an antidote and carried Leucippe away. Clitopho and his friends followed, and when they approached the fleeing abductors they saw Leucippe placed in the stern of the boat and decapitated. Her head was retained by her captors, but her body was thrown into the sea. Clitopho recovered it, buried it, and in deep grief returned to Alexandria.

Here a rich Ephesian woman, who had fallen in love with Clitopho, persuaded him to go with her to Ephesus and to marry her after a reasonable time. Just before the marriage was to be consummated, Clitopho discovered that he had been deceived by a substitution of persons, and that Leucippe was really a slave to Melitta, his Ephesian lady. This discovery was followed almost immediately by the return of the husband of Melitta, who was supposed to have been lost at sea. Clitopho was beaten and imprisoned, but escaped by the aid of Melitta. Thersander, her husband, following the custom of every male who saw her, fell in love with Leucippe and began a series of persecutions, which were well-nigh successful. Finally both

Melitta and Leucippe, by submission to a trial of chastity, were freed from suspicion and the way was paved for a happy solution of the plot. The father of Leucippe appeared at the critical moment, forgave his daughter for running away with Clitopho, and all returned to Tyre to live happily ever after.

Clitopho, not an attractive character, is thoroughly unmoral and appears the slave of passion and prejudice, though his devotion to Leucippe is worthy of praise. The heroine, however, excites the sympathy of readers, because of her patient high-mindedness and the resignation and grace with which she endures adversity, as well as for her irreproachable purity and never-wavering constancy. The development of the love of Clitopho for Leucippe is skillfully drawn, but the story is marred by an indecency and shocking immorality that is interesting chiefly in that it shows the character of the Greeks among whom it could be popular.

Tatius is an imitator of Heliodorus in style and method of handling his plot, yet in the former respect he greatly excels his predecessor. The story runs along smoothly enough except for curious interpolations, which, while they might be interesting in themselves, delay the action of the story and lessen its interest. Such, for instance, is the description of the origin of wine:

Once upon a time, mortals had no such thing as wine, neither the black and fragrant kind, nor the Biblian, nor

the Maronaean, nor the Chian, nor the Icarian; all these they maintain came originally from Tyre, their inventor being a Tyrian. A certain hospitable neatherd (resembling the Athenian Icarius, who is the subject of a very similar story) gave occasion to the legend which I am about to relate. Bacchus happened to come to the cottage of this countryman, who set before him whatsoever the earth and the labors of his oxen had produced. Wine, as I observed, was then unknown; like the oxen, therefore, their beverage was water.

Bacchus thanked him for his friendly treatment and presented to him a "loving cup," which was filled with wine. Having taken a hearty draught, and becoming very jovial from its effects, he said:—"Whence, stranger, did you procure this purple water, this delicious blood? It is quite different from that which flows along the ground; for that descends into the vitals, and affords cold comfort at the best; whereas this, even before entering the mouth, rejoices the nostrils, and though cold to the touch, leaps down into the stomach and begets a pleasurable warmth." To this Bacchus replied, "This is the water of an autumnal fruit, this is the blood of the grape," and so saying, he conducted the neatherd to a vine, and squeezing a bunch of grapes said, "Here is the water, and this is the fountain from whence it flows." Such is the account which the Tyrians give as to the origin of wine.

Another such instance is the account of the discovery of Tyrian purple, introduced into an account of a dream by the father of Clitopho:

In the course of a few days, my father made preparations for concluding my marriage sooner than had been originally intended. He had been much alarmed by various dreams; he thought he was celebrating the nuptial rites, and after the torches had been kindled the light was suddenly extinguished. This made him more anxious to conclude the matter, and we were now within a

day of the one formally appointed for the ceremony. The wedding clothes and jewels were already purchased; there was a necklace composed of various gems, and a splendid purple robe edged with a gold border. The gems vied with each other in beauty; among them was a hyacinth, which resembled a rose, only that it was a stone, and an amethyst almost as lustrous as gold itself. In the middle of this necklace were three precious stones, arranged together and curiously blended in their hues; the lowest one was black, the middle white, but with a darkish tinge, the upper one shading off into a ruddy color. They were set in a rim of gold, and might be said to bear resemblance to an eye. The purple of the dress was of no ordinary dye, but of the kind which the Tyrians fable to have been discovered by the shepherd's dog, and with which they are wont to represent the robe of Venus to be tinged. There was a time when this purple dye was as yet unknown, but remained concealed in the hollow of a little shell fish. A shepherd meeting with one of these hoped to obtain the fish which was inside; foiled by the hardness of the shell, after bestowing a hearty curse upon his booty, he threw it into the sea as so much worthless rubbish. His dog lighted upon this windfall, and broke open the shell with his teeth, in doing which his mouth and lips became stained with the brilliant dye, or as we may call it, blood. The shepherd upon seeing this supposed it the effect of a wound; so taking the dog down to the sea he washed his mouth, upon which the imaginary blood assumed a still more brilliant hue, and upon proceeding to touch it, his hand became of a purple color. The shepherd now guessed what was the nature of the shell fish, and that it was impregnated with a dye of surpassing beauty; so taking some wool he placed it in the aperture, determined to dive into the mysteries of the shell; and it became of a color similar to that upon the dog's mouth. By this means he obtained a knowledge of what we call purple; and after breaking open its fortified receptacle with the help of a stone, he arrived at the treasure-house of dye.

The best things in *Clitopho and Leucippe* are, however, the descriptions, and we cannot forbear to quote one more, although it may be criticized as being ornate, yet the figures chosen by Tatius are often beautifully apt. We quote from the nearly-literal translation by Reverend Rowland Smith the description of the storm and of pictures seen by Clitopho at the temple of Pelusium, from Book Three:

On the third day of our voyage a sudden change took place in the weather; the sky, which had been clear, grew so black as quite to obscure the light of day, and a violent gale ploughing up the sea blew directly in our teeth. Upon this, the master ordered the yard to be brought round; the sailors speedily obeyed, furling one-half of the sail by dint of great exertions, but were compelled by the violence of the wind to leave the other unfurled. In consequence of this maneuver one side of the vessel began to heel, while the contrary side became proportionally elevated, so that we every moment expected to be capsized, as the gale continued to blow with undiminished fury. To prevent this, and to restore, if possible, the vessel's equilibrium, we all scrambled to the side highest out of water, but it was of no avail. We ourselves, indeed, were raised, but the position of the ship was in no way altered; after long and vain endeavors to right her, the wind suddenly shifted, almost submerging the side which had been elevated, and raising high out of the water that previously depressed. An universal shriek arose from those on board, and nothing remained but to hurry back to our former station. We repeated this several times, our movements keeping pace with the shifting of the vessel; indeed, we had scarcely succeeded in hurrying to one side, before we were obliged to hurry back in the contrary direction. Like those who run backwards and forwards in the course, we continued these al-

ternate movements during a great part of the day, momentarily expecting death, who, as it seemed, was not far off; for about noon the sun entirely disappeared, and we saw each other as if by moonlight; lightnings flashed from the clouds, the thunder rolled, filling the sky with its echoes, which were repeated from below by the strife of waters, while in the intermediate space was heard the shouts of the discordant winds, so that the air seemed one mighty trumpet; the ropes breaking loose rattled against the sail and against each other till at last they were rent in pieces. We now began to be in no small fear that the vessel, from the shattered condition of her sides, would open and go to pieces; the bulwarks too were flooded, being continually washed over by the waves. We however crawled under them for protection, and abandoning all hope resigned ourselves to Fortune. Tremendous billows following in quick succession tumbled one over the other, some in front, some at the sides of the ship, which as they approached was lifted high up as if upon a mountain, and when they retired was plunged down as into an abyss. The most formidable were those which broke against the sides and made their way over the bulwarks, flooding all the vessel; even while approaching from a distance these were formidable enough, almost touching, as they did, the clouds; but when they neared and broke, you would have supposed that the ship must inevitably be swallowed up. We could scarcely keep our feet, so violent was the rolling of the vessel, and a confused din of sounds was heard:—the sea roared, the wing blustered, the women shrieked, the men shouted, the sailors called to one another: all was wailing and lamentation.

At length the master ordered the cargo to be thrown overboard; no distinction was made between gold and silver, and the commonest articles,—all were pitched over the sides; many of the merchants with their own hands tumbling into the sea the goods on which all their hopes were centered. By these means the ship was lightened, but the storm did not in any degree abate. At

length the master, wearied out and in despair, let go the tiller, abandoned the ship to the waves, and standing at the gangway ordered the boats to be got ready and the sailors to embark. Upon this a fearful scene of strife arose; the sailors in the boat were beginning to cut the rope which attached it to the ship. Seeing this, the passengers endeavored to leap in, which the crew would not allow, threatening with their swords and axes any who should venture on the attempt. The others upon this, arming themselves as best they could with shattered oars and broken benches, showed a determination to retaliate, for in a storm might, not right, must settle matters. A novel kind of sea-fight now commenced; they in the boat, fearful of being swamped by the numbers who were descending from the vessel, laid about them in good earnest with their swords and axes; which the passengers as they leaped in were not backward in returning with their poles and oars, and some scarcely touched the boat before they fell into the water; others, who had succeeded in getting in, were struggling with the sailors to maintain their ground. The laws of friendship or neighborly regard were no longer heeded; each looked to his own preservation, careless of the safety of any other; for the effect of pressing danger is, that it dissolves even the tenderest ties. One of the passengers, a robust young fellow, succeeded at last in getting hold of the rope and dragging the boat towards the vessel; every one on board holding himself ready to leap in. A few succeeded in the endeavor, though not without receiving injuries; many in their attempt were plunged into the sea. The crew without further delay, cutting the rope with their axes, put off, and committed themselves to the mercy of the winds; those on board in the meantime having used every exertion to sink the boat. The vessel, after continuing for some time to pitch and roll upon the waves, was carried upon a sunken rock, when she struck and soon went to pieces, the mast falling over on one side and hastening her destruction. They who were at once swallowed up in the briny waves ex-

perienced a happier lot than their companions, in not having to remain with death before their eyes; for at sea the anticipation of drowning kills even before death actually arrives; the eye, bewildered by the expanse of waters, can set no limits to its fears: this it is which gives death so much more bitterness, and makes it regarded with dread proportioned to the vasty nature of the sea itself.

Upon the present occasion some were dashed against rocks and perished, others were pierced by pieces of broken spars, and some were seen swimming in a half-exhausted state. When the vessel was wrecked, some good genius preserved a portion of the prow, upon which I and Leucippe being seated, were carried along by the current; Menelaus, Satyrus, and some other passengers, had thrown themselves across the mast; Clinias at no great distance was swimming supported by the yard, and we could hear him calling out, "Hold on, Clitopho!" In a moment a wave washed over him; at which sad spectacle we shrieked aloud. Rolling onward in our direction, it happily passed us, and we again caught sight of the yard, and Clinias riding upon its crest. "O, mighty Neptune," exclaimed I, with a deep groan, "take pity on us, and spare the remnants of this shipwreck; our terror has caused us already to die many deaths; if it be thy will to destroy us, do not divide us in our deaths; let one wave overwhelm us; or if we are fated to become food for the monsters of the deep let one devour us;—let us have one common death, one common tomb." I had not long uttered this prayer before the violence of the wind abated and the roughness of the waves subsided, and the surface of the sea was seen covered with floating bodies. Menelaus and his companions were thrown by the waves upon a part of the coast of Egypt which was at that time the general haunt of buccaneers. Late in the evening, Leucippe and I contrived to reach Pelusium, and upon getting to land thanked the gods for our escape; nor did we omit bewailing Clinias and Satyrus, believing them to have been drowned.

In the temple of Casian Jupiter, at Pelusium, there is the statue of a youth very like Apollo; his hand is stretched out and holds a pomegranate, which has a mystic meaning. After praying to this deity, and asking tidings of Clinias and Satyrus (for the god is believed to be prophetic) we walked about the temple; in the treasury at the rear of this edifice we saw two pictures by the artist Evanthes. The subject of one was Andromeda, of the other, Prometheus. Both were represented as bound, for which reason probably the painter had associated them together. They furnished other points of resemblance also; both had a rock for their prison house, and savage beasts for their executioners, the one being a bird of prey, the other a sea monster. The champions also who came to their rescue were both Grecians, Hercules and Perseus. The former is represented standing on the ground and aiming his arrow at the bird of Jove; the latter poised in air directs his attack against the fish. The rock is hollowed out, so as to suit the size of the maiden's body, and the rugged surface given it by the painter, plainly showed that it is intended to represent a production of nature, not the work of art; the maiden is fixed in the hollow of this rock, her lovely form giving her the appearance of a wondrously-carved statue, but the chains and the sea-monster betokening a hastily-planned tomb. Beauty and fear are mingled in her countenance, yet the pallor of her cheeks is not wholly untinged with color, while the brightness of her eyes is tempered by a languor such as is seen in violets when they begin to fade; thus had the painter imparted to her the expression of comely fear. Her arms, extended on either side, are chained against the rock, the wrists and fingers hanging down like the clusters from the vine; her arms are of spotless white, but approaching to a livid hue, and her fingers appear bloodless. Bound in this fashion she is awaiting death. Her attire is bridal, of white, and reaching to the feet, of a texture so fine as to resemble a spider's web, the production not of the wool of sheep, but of the down of winged insects whose webs Indian

women gather from the trees and weave. The monster is emerging from the sea opposite the maiden; his head alone appears above the waves, but the outline of his body is distinguishable beneath the water: the junctures of his scales, the curvature of his back, the ridge of his spines, the twisting of his tail; his immense jaws are expanded as far as his shoulders, and to the very entrance of his maw. In the intermediate space is seen Perseus descending from the sky, his body naked, with the exception of a mantle about his shoulders, winged sandals upon his feet, and a cap resembling Pluto's helmet upon his head; in his left hand he grasps the Gorgon's head, holding it forth in the manner of a shield; the face is fearful to behold, and even on the painter's canvas seems to glare with its eyes, to bristle up its locks, to shake its serpents. His right hand is armed with a weapon between a straight sword and a scimitar; from the hilt to the middle it is a sword, it then partakes of both, remaining sharp so as to inflict a wound, and becoming curved in order to follow up and improve the stroke. Such was the "Andromeda."

Next to it, as I before remarked, was a painting of Prometheus bound to the rock. Hercules stands near him, armed with his bow and arrows. The vulture is feasting upon his side, in which it has inflicted a lacerating wound, and with its beak inserted in the opening, seems to be digging after the liver, of which the painter allows a portion to be visible. The talons of the bird are firmly planted upon the thigh of Prometheus, who shrinks with agony, contracts his side, and draws back his leg to his own hurt, for the movement brings the eagle nearer to his liver. The other leg is stretched out straight before him, and the tension of the muscles is visible to the extreme point of the toes; his whole appearance is that of acute suffering, his eyebrows are contracted, his lips drawn in, and his teeth appear; you could almost compassionate the painting, as though itself felt pain. In his misery, Hercules is come to his aid, and is preparing to transfix his tormentor; already the arrow is on the bow, which he

extends with his left hand, while with his right hand he draws the string to his breast; in doing which the elbow is seen shortened from behind. The stretching of the bow, the drawing back the string, the hand touching the breast, all seemed the work of a single moment. Prometheus appears divided between hope and fear; he looks partly at his wounded side, partly at Hercules; fain would he fix his eyes upon him alone; but his agony turns them back, in part, upon himself.

The curious trial of chastity is by way of the syrinx for Leucippe and by the Stygian fountain for Melitta, the married woman. The syrinx and its use in the cave of Diana are thus described:

You see the grove in the rear of the temple; in it is a cave, entrance into which is forbidden to women in general, but is permitted to maidens who have preserved their purity. A little within the doors a syrinx is suspended; perhaps you Byzantians are already acquainted with the nature of this instrument; should it be otherwise, I will give you a description of it, and will likewise relate the legend of Pan, with which it is connected.

The syrinx is composed of a certain number of reed pipes, which collectively produce the same sounds as a flute; these reeds are placed in regular order and mutually compacted, presenting the same appearance on either side; beginning from the shortest, they ascend in gradation to the longest, and the central one holds a medium proportion between the two extremities. The principle of this arrangment arises from the laws of harmony, the two extremes of sound (as well as of length) are found at either end, and the intervening pipes convey downwards a gradation of notes so as to combine the first and shrillest with the last and deepest of all. The same variety of sounds (as before observed) are produced by Minerva's flute as by the syrinx of Pan; but in the former case, the fingers direct the notes, in the latter, the mouth

supplies the place; in the one case, the performer closes every opening except the one through which the breath is intended to proceed; in the other case, he leaves open the aperture of every other reed, and places his mouth upon that one only which he wishes to emit a sound; his lips leap (as we may say) from reed to reed and dance along the syrinx; as the laws of harmony require. Now, this syrinx was originally neither pipe nor reed, but a damsel whose charms made her most desirable. Smitten by love, Pan pursued her, and she fled for refuge to a thicket; the god still closely following her, stretched forth his hand to seize as he supposed her hair, but lo! instead of hair, he grasped a bunch of reeds, which, so the legend says, sprang from the earth as she descended into it. Enraged at his disappointment, Pan cut them down, imagining that they had stolen from him the object of his love; but when his search after her still proved unavailing, he supposed the maiden to have been changed into these reeds, and wept at his hasty act, thinking that in so doing he had caused the death of his beloved. He then proceeded to collect and place together what he imagined to be her limbs, and holding them in his hands, continued to kiss what fancy pictured to be the mangled remains of the maiden's body. Deeply sighing as he imprinted kisses on the reeds, his sighs found a passage through these hollow pipes, forming sounds of music, and thus the syrinx came to have a voice. This instrument Pan suspended within the cave, and he is said often to resort hither in order to play upon it. At a period subsequent to the event of which I am speaking, he conveyed the place as a gift to Diana, upon the condition that none save a spotless maiden should be allowed to enter it. Whenever therefore the virginity of any female comes into suspicion, she is conducted to the entrance of this cavern, and it is left to the syrinx to pronounce judgment upon her. She enters in her usual dress, and immediately the doors are closed. If she proves to be a virgin, a sweetly clear and divinely ravishing sound is heard, caused either by the air which is there stored up, finding its way

into the syrinx, or by the lips of the god himself. After a short space, the doors open of their own accord, and the maiden makes her appearance, wearing a crown of pine leaves. If, on the other hand, the female has falsely asserted her claim to virginity, the syrinx is silent, and instead of music, the cave sends forth a doleful sound, upon which those who attended her to the entrance depart and leave her to her fate. Three days after, the priestess of the temple enters, and finds the syrinx fallen to the ground, but the female is nowhere to be seen.

The following is the legend of the Stygian fountain:

There was once a beauteous maiden, named Rhodopis, whose supreme delight was in the chase. She was swift of foot, unerring in her aim; she wore a head-band, had her robe girt up to the knee, and her hair short, after the fashion of men. Diana met her, bestowed many commendations on her, and made her her companion in the chase. The maiden bound herself by oath to observe perpetual virginity, to avoid the company of men, and never to humiliate herself by submitting to amorous indulgence. Venus overheard the oath, and was incensed at it, and determined to punish the damsel for her presumption. There happened to be a youth of Ephesus, named Euthynicus, as much distinguished among men for beauty as Rhodopis was among those of her own sex. He was as ardently devoted to the chase as the maiden, and like her was averse to the delights of love. One day when Diana was absent, Venus contrived to make the game which they were following run in the same direction; then addressing her archer son, she said, "Do you see yon frigid and unloving pair, enemies to us and to our mysteries? The maiden has even gone the length of registering an oath against me! Do you see them both following a hind? Join the chase, and begin by making an example of the maiden;—your arrows never miss." Both at the same moment bend their bows,—she against the hind, but Cu-

pid against her,—and both hit the mark, but the successful huntress herself becomes a victim; her arrow pierces the shoulder of the deer, but Cupid's shaft penetrates her heart, and the result of the wound was love for Euthynicus. Cupid then aims a shaft at him, and with the same effect. For a time they stand and gaze upon each other; their eyes are fascinated; they cannot turn away; gradually their inward wounds become inflamed; the fire kindles, and love urges their steps to the cavern where now the fountain flows, and there they violate their oath. Diana soon after saw Venus laughing, and readily comprehended what had taken place, and as a punishment changed the maiden into a fountain, upon the spot where her chastity was lost. For this reason, when any female is suspected of impurity, she is made to step into the fountain, which is shallow, reaching only to midleg, and then it is that the ordeal takes place. The oath declarative of chastity is written on a tablet, and suspended from her neck; if truly sworn, the fountain remains unmoved; if falsely taken, it swells and rages, rises to her neck, and flows over the tablet.

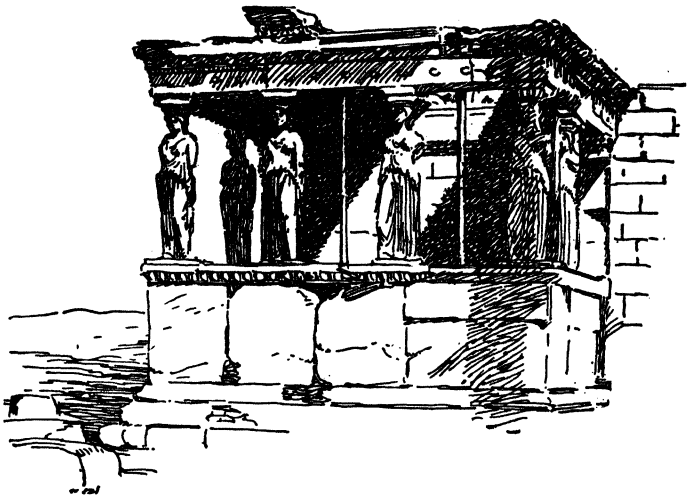
The ordeal of the two women follows:

Next morning a great concourse assembled, and at the head came Thersander, with a confident expression of countenance, and looking at us with a contemptuous smile. Leucippe was attired in a sacred robe of fine white linen, reaching to the feet and girded about her waist; round her head she had a purple fillet, and her feet were bare. She entered the cavern with an air of becoming modesty. Upon seeing her disappear within, I was overcome by agitation, and said mentally, "I doubt not your chastity, dearest Leucippe, but I am afraid of Pan; he is a virgin-loving god, and for aught I know, you may become a second syrinx. His former mistress easily escaped him, for her course lay over an open plain; whereas you are shut up within doors, and so blockaded that flight is out of the question, however much you may wish to fly. O Pan! be thou propitious; do not violate the statutes of

the place, which we have religiously observed; grant that Leucippe may again return to us a virgin; remember thy compact with Diana, and do no injury to the maiden." While talking to myself in this manner, sounds of music proceeded from the cavern, more ravishingly sweet, I was assured, than had been heard on any former occasion: the doors were immediately opened, and when Leucippe sprang forth, the multitude shouted with delight, and vented execrations upon Thersander. What my own feelings were, I cannot pretend to describe. After gaining this first signal triumph, we left the spot, and proceeded to the place which was to be the scene of the remaining ordeal, the people following again to behold the spectacle. Everything was in readiness, the tablet was suspended to Melitta's neck, and she descended into the shallow fountain with a smiling countenance. No change was perceptible in the water, which remained perfectly still, and did not in the slightest degree exceed its usual depth, and at the expiration of the allotted time the president came forward, and taking Melitta by the hand, conducted her out of the fountain. Thersander, already twice defeated, and surely anticipating a third defeat, took to his heels and fled to his own house, fearing that the people would, in their fury, stone him.



ON THE HILLSIDE NEAR "ÉLEUSIS"



CHAPTER XXIX

CHRONOLOGY

IN interpreting the following chronology it must be remembered that all dates before the seventh century are little better than guesswork, and that later there is so much uncertainty that until long after the battle of Marathon many are only approximate. When the word "flourished" is used after the name of a man, it signifies the time of his greatest activity, which may be assumed to be near his fortieth year. Dates of general interest are included to help fix the literary characters in their proper historical position:

2000 B. C. (or before)—Pelasgians (the Cyclops of mythology) inhabited Greece.

1400 B. C.—Hellen and his two sons lived. Beginning of Heroic Period. Isthmian Games said to have been established.
1100 B. C. (about)—Dorian migration.
885 B. C.—Lycurgus lived. Beginning of Formative Period in Sparta.
850 (possibly 900 or 1100) B. C.—HOMER flourished.
800 B. C. (possibly)—HESIOD flourished.
776 B. C.—Beginning of First Olympiad.
770 B. C.—Callinus of Ephesus, elegiac poet.
650 B. C.—Archilochus of Paros, poet.
640 B. C. (about) — THALES, philosopher, born.
630 B. C. (about)—Alcman, lyric poet.
611 B. C. (about)—Anaximander, philosopher, born.
600 B. C. (about)—Arion, lyric poet; Tyrtaeus, elegiac poet; Alcaeus, lyric poet; SAPPHO, lyric poet; Stesichorus, choric poet; Cimon of Cleonae, said to have invented perspective drawing; end of Age of Epic Poetry.
575 B. C.—Date frequently given for AESOP.
556–468 B. C.—Simonides, lyric poet.
540 B. C.—Theognis, elegiac poet.
535–475 B. C.—Heraclitus, philosopher.
530 B. C.—PYTHAGORAS flourished; ANACREON, lyric poet, born.
525–456 B. C.—AESCHYLUS, tragic poet.
522–442 B. C.—Pindar, lyric poet.
511 B. C.—Phrynicus, tragic poet.

500 B. C.—End of Formative Period; beginning of Period of Glory.
500–479 B. C.—Persian Wars.
496–406 B. C.—SOPHOCLES, tragic dramatist.
490 B. C.—Battle of Marathon; Empedocles, philosopher, born.
489 B. C.—Zeno born.
484 B. C. (about)—HERODOTUS, historian, born; end of First Period of Greek Literature.
480 B. C.—Battles of Thermopylae and Salamis; Polygnotus born (probably).
480–406 B. C.—EURIPIDES, tragic dramatist.
479 B. C.—Battles of Plataea and Mycale.
479–431 B. C.—Age of Pericles.
460 B. C.—Anaxagoras, philosopher, flourished.
455–400 B. C.—THUCYDIDES, historian.
450–385 B. C.—ARISTOPHANES, writer of comedies.
440 B. C.—Myron flourished.
438 B. C.—Parthenon dedicated.
434–355 B. C.—XENOPHON, historian.
432 B. C.—Death of Phidias.
431–404 B. C.—Peloponnesian War.
431–146 B. C.—Period of Decline.
430 B. C.—SOCRATES flourished.
427–347 B. C. (about)—PLATO, philosopher.
425 B. C.—Diogenes, philosopher, flourished.
409 B. C.—Erechtheum completed.
404–378 B. C.—Spartan supremacy.
403 B. C.—Lysias, orator, flourished.

400 B. C.—Isocrates, orator, flourished.
384–322 B. C.—DEMOSTHENES, orator.
384–322 B. C.—ARISTOTLE, philosopher.
371–362 B. C.—Theban supremacy.
359 B. C.—Philip made King of Macedon.
350 B. C. (about)—Praxitiles flourished.
338 B. C.—Battle of Chaeronea.
323 B. C.—Death of Alexander the Great; end of the Golden Age of Greek Literature.
310–245 B. C.—THEOCRITUS, pastoral poet.
310–240 B. C.—Callimachus.
295–255 B. C. (about)—Apollonius Rhodius.
280 B. C. (about)—Formation of the Achaean League.
224 B. C.—Colossus of Rhodes demolished.
204–122 B. C.—Polybius, historian.
197 B. C.—Battle of Cynocephalae.
146 B. C.—Greece made a Roman Province under the name of Achaea.
86 B. C.—Athens sacked by Sulla.
63–25 B. C.—Strabo, geographer.
46–120 A. D.—PLUTARCH, biographer.
77—JOSEPHUS flourished.
90—EPICTETUS flourished.
120 (about)—LUCIAN born.
160—Pausanias flourished.
220—Claudius Ptolemaeus (PTOLEMY), scientist, flourished.
Third Century—Goths overran Greece; Heliodorus of Emesa flourished.
Fourth Century—Longus flourished.
394—End of last Olympiad.

370—Hypatia born.

476—End of the Roman Empire in the West; Byzantine or Greek Empire founded.

529—Beginning of "Byzantine Period" of Greek Literature.

Sixth Century—Achilles Tatius flourished.

1204–1261—Latin Empire of the East; Duchy of Greece most prominent.

1385–1456—Athens under the Acciajuoli, a Florentine family.

1453—End of the Byzantine Empire.

1453—End of the Period of Decline in Greek Literature.

1460—Turkish conquest of Greece completed.

1571—Battle of Lepanto.

1687—Parthenon ruined by Venetian bombardment.

1718—Ottoman Empire in full control of Greece.

1812—Lord Elgin carried sculptures of the Acropolis to England.

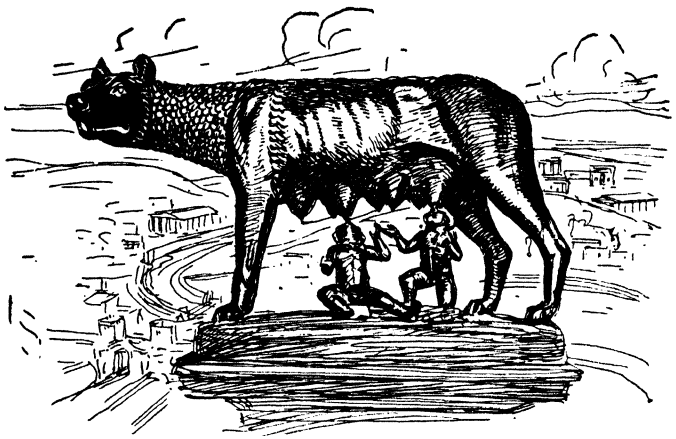
1822—First National Assembly in modern Greece.

1832—Otho of Bavaria made King of Greece by allied powers.

1862—George of Denmark became King.

1917—King Constantine deposed, and his second son, Alexander, made King by the Allies.

LATIN LITERATURE



LATIN LITERATURE

CHAPTER I

THE HISTORY OF ROME

ITALY. Italy is the central one of the three peninsulas extending southward from the mainland of Europe. Its longer axis extends from northwest to southeast over about eight degrees of latitude, that is, from 38° to 46° N. The northern part of the peninsula begins at about 8° E. from Greenwich, while the southern point is about 18° E. Thus, as its maximum length is about seven hundred miles and as its width varies from one hundred to over three hundred miles, its total area is about one hundred thousand square miles.

Throughout Central Italy runs the great Apennine chain of mountains, which constitutes the backbone of the peninsula and gives a great diversity of scenery and climate to the entire region. At the extreme north is a great plain, continued southward with more or less interruption as a coastal plain, extremely fertile and of much natural beauty. North lie the Alps, which make a barrier between Italy and the rest of Europe.

The climate is temperate in the north, more genial and sunny through the central portions, while in the south it attains almost a tropical character. Beautiful lakes, rocky chasms, luxuriant vegetation, all seen through a beautifully-transparent atmosphere, make Italy one of the scenic lands of the world, while active volcanoes, thermal and mineral springs and other common features of volcanic origin have also tended to make the country famous. Its rivers are small and navigable only for a short distance by small craft, but they have innumerable classical and historical associations, a quality, however, that is not peculiar to them, as the history of Italy is to a large extent the history of Europe.

For many centuries that part of Italy lying north of the Rubicon has been known as Northern Italy, while the remainder of the peninsula is about equally divided between Central and Southern Italy. The student of history and literature will find that the distinction is, however, more than geographic.



A ROMAN BANQUET

IN THE TRICLINIUM OF THE MANSION.

The center of interest in Italy is Rome, the city on the Tiber River, a short distance from the Mediterranean Sea and about the middle of Central Italy. It lies in about the same latitude as Boston, and is about twelve degrees east of London. It is difficult, perhaps, to gain a clear conception of what is meant by the word *Rome.* Seven hundred fifty years before Christ it meant a few hovels and rude fortifications on a little tract of ground that covered less than a quarter-section; five hundred years later Rome meant the whole of Italy; and by the second century after Christ it meant practically all of Europe, all of Africa north of the great desert and Asia as far east as the Caspian and Arabian seas. Now Rome is the capital of Italy. We must distinguish, then, between Rome, the *city,* and Rome, the *government* that was kingdom, republic or empire, as the case might be.

II. THE PEOPLE. Three distinct races inhabited Italy in early times: the Greeks, the Etruscans and the Italians.

1. *The Greeks.* Ruins and other remains found through the country indicate that the earliest inhabitants were probably a Pelasgic race similar to that which inhabited Greece, but of them we know little except what we can gain from the remains, and they indicate that the race was pushed westward by the encroaching Greeks until it was lost and disappeared from history. The Greeks themselves made many settlements in Southern Italy and Sicily,

and no doubt contributed materially to the education and refinement of the ruder tribes which they found in possession. Most important of the early Greek settlements were those at Tarentum, Sybaris and Thurii.

2. *The Etruscans.* Our knowledge of the Etruscan race is gained almost exclusively from the splendid remains which have been excavated from the soil, especially in Central Italy, where, before the Romans attained great importance, the Etruscans must have had an advanced civilization, possessed great wealth and indulged in magnificent display. Etruria proper lay to the north of the Tiber, whence in different epochs the Etruscans extended their domain in almost every direction. They were a short, thick-set people, much given to ease and gaiety, fond of dancing, music, theatrical shows and elaborate festivals. While inferior to the Greeks in architecture and sculpture, yet they excelled in such arts as the decoration of vases, the manufacture of jewelry, the designing and building of chariots, the decoration of armor and the rich ornamentation of tombs. Their customs, art and thought unquestionably exerted great influence over the Romans, although they were completely extinguished by the latter.

3. *The Italians.* The other inhabitants of Italy were united in a number of tribes, such as the Latins, Umbrians, Sabines and Samnites, who are included under the general name *Italians.* Latium, lying west of the Apennines

and south of the Tiber, was the home of the Latins, who in time obtained supremacy over the other tribes. Their chief city before the founding of Rome was Alba Longa (the Long White City, so called because its buildings extended along a white ridge), which was situated about five miles southeast of the place where Rome was afterward built.

III. History of Ancient Rome. The early history of every race is made up of legends, which, although undoubtedly originating in facts, have ceased to have any real value except on account of the profound influence they have exerted upon the people who believed them. In fact, it is only within the last hundred years that serious and sustained efforts have been made to separate fact from myth and to place before us a reliable and accurate account of early times. Niebuhr and other critical scholars assure us that prior to 390 B. C. there is very little that can be relied upon as truth in the myths which cluster around Rome. However, those same myths have become so incorporated in Roman life that the literature of that people will always be thrown upon that background, and some knowledge of it is necessary to a proper appreciation of what has been written.

IV. The Legendary Period. 1. *The Founding of Rome.* Alba Longa had been for centuries ruled by a line of kings who claimed to have descended from the Trojan prince, Aeneas. One of the latest of these kings was

Numitor, whose younger brother, Amulius, rebelled, seized the kingdom, murdered the only son of Numitor and compelled his daughter, Rhea Silvia, to become a priestess of the goddess Vesta, hoping thereby to extinguish the succession. However, the gods interfered, and Rhea Silvia became the mother of twins by Mars. Amulius, wishing to destroy both children, constructed a cradle and set the twins adrift in the Anio, then at its flood. Carried thence to the Tiber, whose banks were flooded, the cradle was stranded at the foot of the Palatine, where a she-wolf discovered the infants, carried them to her cave and nursed them faithfully, aided by a woodpecker, who brought additional food. A shepherd, Fastulus, having discovered this miraculous thing, took the twins home and brought them up among his own children.

When they had grown to maturity, a quarrel sprang up one day between them and the herdsmen of Numitor, who succeeded in taking Remus, one of the twins, prisoner and in carrying him before the master, who was startled by the appearance of the young man and upon inquiry discovered his identity. Romulus, the other brother, was brought in, and the two slew Amulius and placed their grandfather on the throne.

Romulus and Remus, however, loved the sides of the Palatine more than Alba Longa, and, aided by an augury, chose the former as the site of a new town. Romulus yoked a heifer



THE RAPE OF THE SABINES

ACCORDING TO THE LEGEND, THE SEIZURE OF THE SABINE WOMEN LED TO A SERIES OF WARS, WHICH ENDED ONLY WHEN BOTH SIDES BECAME EXHAUSTED.

and a bullock to a plowshare, marked out the boundaries and began to build the wall. Remus laughed at its inadequacy, and to show his contempt scornfully leapt over it, only to be immediately slain by his angry brother. So great was the remorse of Romulus for the deed he had committed that he established at once the national festival Lemuria for the souls of the departed.

This is the legendary tale of the founding of Rome, whose date is usually fixed at 753 B. C. The new town grew apace; Romulus built on the Capitoline Hill a sanctuary for runaway slaves and homicides, and this measure rapidly increased the number of his followers. Wives, however, were much wanted, and Romulus made efforts to secure them from the neighboring states, who, however, looked askance at runaway slaves as desirable matches for their daughters. In order to obtain by stratagem what he could not get by fair means, Romulus appointed a festival in honor of Neptune and invited his neighbors, the Sabines, to attend with their families. When the festival was at its height, each Roman seized a Sabine woman and carried her off to become his wife. Such a wholesale abduction brought on a series of wars, in which Romulus was successful, though at last Titus Tatius, at the head of a large army of Sabines, drove Romulus and his followers out of the fields and into the city on the Palatine. They laid immediate siege to the citadel and captured it by the treachery of Tarpeia,

the daughter of the Roman commandant. Dazzled by the gold ornaments worn by the Sabines, she secretly proposed to them to open the gates of the citadel if they gave her what they wore on their left arms. To this they consented and Tarpeia opened the gate, but the Sabine warriors, disgusted at her weakness and treachery, threw their shields upon her and not their bracelets. The place of her death was thereafter called the Tarpeian Rock, from which it was the custom of the Romans to throw traitors condemned to death.

In the long and fearful conflict which followed, both sides became exhausted, when the Sabine women, taking matters into their own hands, rushed between the contending forces and urged them to become reconciled. Finally an agreement was reached between them, and the Sabines came to live on the Capitoline and Quirinal hills, while the followers of Romulus dwelt on the Palatine. Titus Tatius was murdered subsequently, and Rome became united under the rule of Romulus.

After a reign of thirty-seven years, as Romulus was standing in the Campus Martius near the Goat's Pool, reviewing his militia, an eclipse of the sun occurred, and as the shadows drew away Romulus was found to have disappeared. His father Mars had taken him to heaven in a golden chariot, telling the Romans that in the future Romulus should watch over them as their guardian god, under the name of Quirinus.

Such is the legendary history of the founding of Rome. As a matter of fact, it is probable that Rome came gradually into existence as a defense against the Etruscans and as a commercial port. The uncertainty extends also to the date given with such precision above, but we may be certain that the city grew rapidly and at a rate not equaled by any of the surrounding localities.

2. *Patricians and Plebeians.* Naturally the leading farmers and land-owners gravitated toward the new city, where they could indulge in the pleasures of urban life and secure a greater measure of protection, as well as find opportunities to engage in commerce. This class formed the "citizens," while the other, who remained outside, continued to be called "rustics." It was the former class who constituted "the Roman People" (*Populus Romanus*), the class for whom the government was established and who alone enjoyed its rights and privileges. The "rights" were six in number; namely: to vote, to hold office, to appeal from decisions of magistrates affecting life and person, to enter fully into legal marriage, to hold property in a Roman community, and to share in worship.

The patricians were divided into three tribes: the Ramnes, Tities, and Luceres. The plebeians were regarded as distinctly inferior, and they were continually subjected to the tyranny of the ruling class, though they were regarded as having some rights: for instance,

if compelled to serve in war, they were admitted to the privilege of voting. In addition to the orders just described, there was a class of slaves who had no political rights whatever.

3. *The King.* From among the ranks of the patricians was elected a king, who held that office during life, and though he may have been an ordinary husbandman, tradesman or warrior, he was given great authority as soon as he assumed the reins of government. Through him the national gods were consulted; his was the right to appoint the priests and priestesses; in the field he led the army in person; his decision was final. Before him on all official occasions went the twelve "lictors," bearing the "fasces" (axes and rods tied in a bundle), which were symbols of his power and right to punish. He was supported by large tracts of government land, which were cultivated at public expense, and when victorious in war he disposed of all the land and property captured.

4. *"Comitia Curiata."* As we have said, the citizens were divided into three tribes, each of which was in turn divided into thirty *curiae,* the assembly of which was known as the *comitia curiata.* In deciding public questions each *curia* voted by itself, and then the question was finally decided among the thirty *curiae,* each having one vote. The three original powers exerted by this assembly were the election of the king, the conferring upon him of full royal power and the final declaration of war. The king selected senators from among

the patricians, a number of leading men of ripe age, whose function it was to advise him and under some instances to pass upon the propriety of his acts.

5. *"Comitia Centuriata."* According to the legends, King Servius Tullius gave to the Romans their first constitution, and under it was formed that arrangement which is known in Roman history as the *comitia centuriata.* This constitution, if it may be so called, conferred no rights, but merely imposed duties, especially upon the plebeians. Every Roman free-holder, whether patrician or plebeian, was made liable to serve in the army, but his rank in the infantry was dependent upon the amount of his property, and all were subject to taxation to raise funds for the prosecution of war. The people were divided into five classes, each of which was made up of companies called centuries, or hundreds.

6. *The Seven Kings.* The chief legends of the Roman kingdom, in all of which there are doubtless some grains of truth, may be briefly summarized under the names of the seven kings. No great reliance can be placed on the accuracy of the dates.

a. Romulus (753–716 B. C.). We have already given some account of the first king, to whom is accredited the establishment of the first political and military institutions.

b. Numa Pompilius (716–672 B. C.). The Sabines who had joined with the Romans called themselves "Quirites," and from among

their number was selected Numa Pompilius to be the second king of Rome. After dividing the lands which Romulus had conquered, this wise and pious ruler, with the assistance of the sacred nymph Egeria, drew up religious instructions for his people and thus infused the Sabine element into Roman worship. He appointed pontiffs to superintend public worship, augurs to foretell events, and special priests. He also founded the temple to Janus, the two-headed god.

c. Tullius Hostilius (672–640 B. C.). Following the gentle and religious Numa came Tullius Hostilius, a strong warrior king, grandson of one who had fought under Romulus against the Sabines. The question of supremacy between Alba Longa and Rome had never been decided. The King brought about a settlement through the famous personal combat between the Horatii and Curiatii. The Horatii were three Roman brothers born at a single birth, and were cousins to the three Curiatii of Alba Longa, who were themselves born at a birth. The mothers of these six boys were twins, had been married on the same day, and gave birth to their sons at the same time. In the combat, two of the Horatii were slain, and the third, feigning flight, was pursued at unequal distances by the three Curiatii, each of whom had been wounded. Turning, the fugitive slew his pursuers one after another, and so established the supremacy of Rome. A sister of the Horatii had been betrothed to one of the

Curiatii and had presented him with a beautiful cloak. When the victor returned to Rome, bearing this cloak, his sister, overcome with grief at the loss of her lover, was slain by her brother because she placed her affection above patriotism. After this victory, Tullius brought the inhabitants of Alba Longa to Rome and settled them upon the Caelian Hill. He then waged a successful war against the Sabines, but, neglecting to give due credit to the gods for his victory, Jupiter slew him with one of his thunderbolts.

d. Ancus Martius (640–616 B. C.). Ancus extended the territory of Rome to the mouth of the Tiber, founded the port of Ostia, and caused the laws of Numa to be written on a white board and hung in the Roman Forum. He was the grandson of Numa, and emulated him in endeavoring to perpetuate the worship of the gods and cultivate the arts of peace. To him is attributed the first Roman prison for the confinement of offenders, who had previously been punished only by means of private revenge.

e. Lucius Tarquinius Priscus (616–578 B. C.). A wealthy Etruscan, who had been admitted to the ranks of the Roman patricians, Lucius so captivated the people by his courage and wisdom that they elected him king upon the death of Ancus, and he entered upon a reign distinguished by successful wars and numerous public works. He made the center of public life the Forum (*Forum Romanorum*), a

public square or plaza, where the people assembled to listen to addresses, a place then famous for numerous conflicts and other historic events, and still probably the most celebrated spot in the world. The King built great sewers, of which the Cloaca Maxima (great sewer) is still in existence; its mouth may be seen even now opening into the Tiber just below the Capitoline Hill. The Circus Maximus was another great enterprise credited to Lucius.

f. Servius Tullius (578–534 B. C.). Certain citizens of inferior rank had attached themselves to the patricians, who granted in return for military and other services the protection of the wealthy and powerful. These citizens were known as the "clients," and from among their ranks came Servius Tullius, the greatest of the Roman kings. Although he excelled as a military leader, his title to remembrance is rather his great political sagacity and the reforms which he instituted and which were in a large measure the cause of the future glory of the Roman Republic.

He enlarged Rome so as to include within its boundaries the Esquiline, Viminal and Quirinal hills, formed a constitution which gave some independence to the common people and secured for the inhabitants of Rome an absolute title to the lands they held and thereby made them more reliable as soldiers. He divided the Romans into four tribes, each of which was headed by a tribune, a name which traces its origin back to the time when there

were but three tribes in Rome. Each tribe was required to pay its portion of war taxes, and in time of war to contribute its share of troops. He established the plan of taking a census of the people, and continued the reforms which have been previously noticed in this chapter. The patricians were incensed at what they considered the invasion of their rights, and formed a successful conspiracy for the King's assassination. It is said that when his body had been thrown into the street, his daughter Tullia, whose sentiments were in harmony with the patrician party, heartlessly drove over it with her chariot.

g. Tarquinius Superbus (534–509 B. C.). Tarquin the Proud was the husband of Tullia and chief among the conspirators who had slain Servius. His first act was to nullify the constitutional privileges given by his predecessor and to assume supreme power himself, ruthlessly putting to death all who opposed him. A son of the King aroused the indignation and horror of the Romans by a gross insult to Lucretia, a beautiful Roman woman, and the entire city rose in revolt, expelled the Tarquins, and brought the kingdom to an end. Tarquin secured the aid of other cities, and made several attempts to regain his throne. Among them was one made by Lars Porsena, King of Clusium, whose unsuccessful attempt has been made the subject of Lord Macaulay's immortal ballad *Horatius*. You will remember how it begins:

Lars Porsena of Clusium
By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

East and west and south and north
The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium
Is on the march for Rome.

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men;
The foot are fourscore thousand,
The horse are thousands ten.
Before the gates of Sutrium
Is met the great array.
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting day.

For all the Etruscan armies
Were ranged beneath his eye,
And many a banished Roman,
And many a stout ally;
And with a mighty following
To join the muster came
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name.

The final fight at the bridge by Horatius, Spurius Lartius and Herminius is thus described:



HORATIUS

"AT PICUS BRAVE HORATIUS
DARTED ONE FIERY THRUST;
AND THE PROUD UMBRIAN'S GILDED ARMS
CLASHED IN THE BLOODY DUST."

And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great:
Then lands were fairly portioned;
Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

Now Roman is to Roman
More hateful than a foe,
And the Tribunes beard the high,
And the Fathers grind the low.
As we wax hot in faction,
In battle we wax cold:
Wherefore men fight not as they fought
In the brave days of old.

Now while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe:
And Fathers mixed with Commons
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.

Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose:
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
Into the stream beneath:
Herminius struck at Seius,
And clove him to the teeth:
At Picus brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust;
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
Clashed in the bloody dust.

But now no sound of laughter
Was heard among the foes.
A wild and wrathful clamor
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' lengths from the entrance
Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.

"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all.
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"
Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back:
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream:
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus nought spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

"Oh, Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain:
And fast his blood was flowing;
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows:
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

The last attempt made by the Tarquins re-

sulted in the unsuccessful battle of Lake Regillus, which is the subject of another of Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome.*

V. THE RISE OF THE REPUBLIC. 1. *The Consuls.* When the Tarquins were expelled from Rome an aristocratic form of government was established, and power was placed in the hands of two consuls chosen by the *comitia centuriata,* which had gradually absorbed the power of the older *comitia.* The consuls, chosen from among the patricians, held office for one year and preserved most of the kingly functions, although when the lictors preceded them in the streets they carried fasces from which the axes had been removed, to indicate that the consuls had no power over the life of a Roman citizen. Neither were they empowered with the priestly functions.

2. *Steps Toward Popular Freedom.* The plebeians had been compelled to give military services to the patricians during the struggles with the Tarquins, and as no provisions were made for paying them, their condition after the war was pitiable indeed. In fact, they seem to have had no right which a patrician was bound to respect, and many of the plebeians had become slaves of the latter.

In 494 B. C. the plebeians actually seceded from Rome and made their way to Mons Sacer (Sacred Mount), where they began to build a city of their own. Alarmed by this defection, the patricians yielded to their demands, and after canceling their debts and releasing those

who were in prison for debt, granted them the privilege of electing from their number each year two men to be called tribunes of the commons, whose principal duty it was to see that the plebeians were secure in their legal rights. In time the number of tribunes was changed to five and still later to ten, and though not infrequently they were hoodwinked and rendered powerless by the patricians, yet a great democratic principle had been established by the secession to the Sacred Mount.

Later, by Spurius Cassius, the people succeeded in passing an agrarian law, which secured the distribution of public lands in such a way that they might be enjoyed by needy citizens and from their produce revenues might be derived by the state.

In the year 471 B. C. a third legislative body, the *comitia tributa,* an assembly of the plebeians, was established and given power to elect lesser magistrates, try cases against the plebeians and pass resolutions which were in effect laws.

3. *Cincinnatus.* In times of danger the consuls, under the recommendation of the Senate, might appoint for a period of six months a dictator with arbitrary and unlimited powers. About 458 B. C. an emergency of this sort arose, and the choice fell upon Cincinnatus, a patrician who had retired to his country estate after having served his country with great distinction. The messenger sent to inform Cincinnatus of his election found him plowing. Without

demurring to the sudden change, he gathered a force, relieved the Roman army, which had been surrounded by its enemies, defeated the latter everywhere with great slaughter, and then, having dictated terms of surrender to them, returned in triumph to Rome, only to lay aside his dictatorship and return to his plow.

4. *The Decemvirs.* The year 461 B. C. marked the beginning of a ten-years' struggle to reform the constitution of Rome in such a way that the laws already passed should be codified, that the powers of the consuls should be exactly defined and a written constitution drawn up, giving equal justice to both patricians and plebeians. The plebeians might not have been successful in this struggle had not the enemies of Rome again become threatening; but at last, after a committee of three had been sent to Greece to study their laws, the first decemvirs (ten men) were elected and given absolute powers for one year, at the end of which time they had prepared ten tables of laws, which were subsequently accepted by the people. At the end of the year the second decemvirate came into power and completed the celebrated Twelve Tables of the Law, or first systematic Roman code. Unlike the first decemvirate, the second, under the leadership of the infamous Appius Claudius, refused to vacate their office at the end of the year, and a protracted struggle ensued, which, however, resulted in a victory for the people.

Macaulay, in his poem *Virginia* in the *Lays of Ancient Rome,* tells the following story: Appius Claudius fell deeply in love with Virginia, the daughter of Virginius, a Roman centurion, and claimed her as his slave. Her father, unable to release his daughter, did succeed, however, in obtaining an interview with her, at which time he thrust a knife into her bosom, saying, "There is no other way to keep thee free." When the decemvirs were overthrown, Virginius was elected tribune, and Appius was sentenced to prison, where he committed suicide.

5. *The Twelve Tables.* More than four centuries after the decemvirs compiled the Twelve Tables, they were said by Livy still to be "the foundation of all law, both public and private." The Twelve Tables, however, contained little that was new, and really gave no constitutional rights, but contained principally the laws concerning the family, property, crimes and civil procedure. These laws, complete as they were, were inscribed upon twelve plates, or tables, of brass and suspended in the Forum, where the public might read them. Some of these laws read strangely to us; for instance: If a father had sold his son three times, he could no longer have control over him; a father was permitted to bequeath his property to strangers and exclude his own children; if a wife absented herself from her husband three days in each year, he lost the absolute control he had held over her; thieves were required to return twice the

value of the stolen property, and a nocturnal thief might be killed; an attack upon private character was punishable by death, while the penalties for such crimes as murder, false witness and witchcraft were hanging, beheading, burning, or hurling the criminal from the Tarpeian Rock.

6. *Constitutional Changes.* We have not space to relate in detail the struggles between the plebeians and patricians, and can only allude in passing to those most important changes which were finally accomplished and which gave to the Roman state a firm and just government.

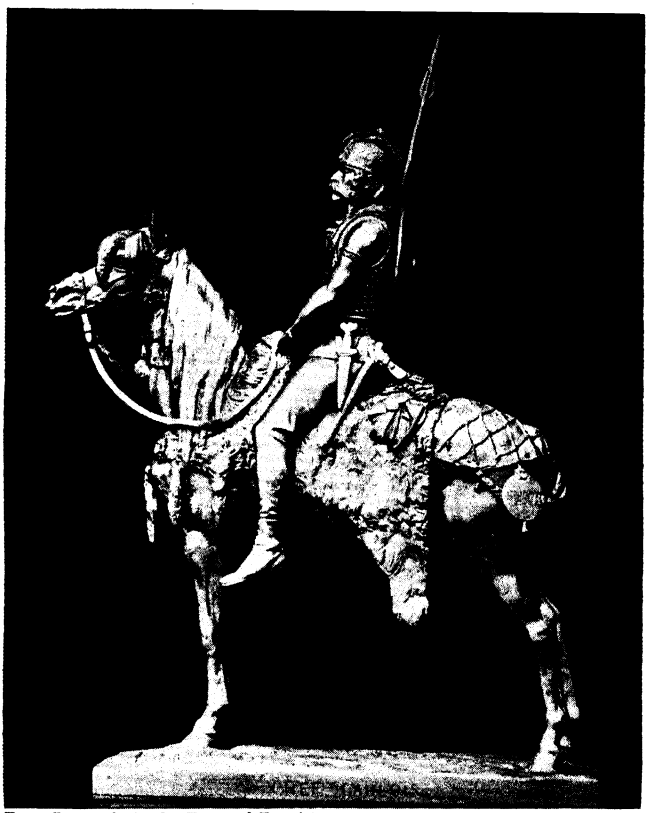
In 445 B. C. the office of military tribune with consular power was created and thrown open to patricians and plebeians alike. The tribunes were chosen by the *comitia centuriata,* although it was left to the Senate to decide when this should be done, but the plebeians continued to gain in power, after 400 B. C., though their successes were not equal to their expectations.

In 443 B. C. the patricians, alarmed at the power which the plebeians were acquiring, shrewdly induced the latter to agree to the election of censors, whose duty it should be not only to supervise the moral character of the citizens and the leasing of public lands, but also every five years to take a census of all citizens and determine the proper rank of each. As the censors were to be taken from the ranks of the patricians, it is evident that the plebeians

suffered, and we are not surprised to learn that trouble arose which was only partially offset, in 421 B. C., by the appointment of two questors from among the plebeians, and that in 351 B. C. the plebeians succeeded in having representation among the censors.

7. *The Capture of Veii.* In 405 B. C. the Roman army laid siege to the strong Etruscan city of Veii, and after a ten-years' siege carried it by assault, and thereby added to their domains a considerable portion of Etruria. The significance of this event lies principally, however, in the fact that during this time Rome was compelled to keep a standing army, and to pay her troops that they might support their families at home. In the establishment of a standing army Rome began the building of that great engine which in after years became an instrument of tyranny in the hands of its ambitious generals.

8. *The Sack of Rome.* While the Romans were gradually gaining ground in Etruria from the south, the Gauls, fair-haired people from beyond the Alps, had entered Etruria from the north and were rapidly approaching the young Republic, whose utmost endeavors were fruitless in stopping the invasion. In 390 B. C. the Gauls defeated a Roman army of forty thousand, and for seven months besieged the city. Here they met with so stubborn a resistance that their leader, Brennus, consented to retire on receipt of a ransom of one thousand pounds of gold. As the metal was poured into the



From Bronze Statue by Emanuel Fremiet

A GALLIC CHIEFTAIN

scales, a Roman tribune complained that the Gallic weights were unfair, but Brennus stopped the discussion by throwing his broadsword among the weights and exclaiming, "*Vae victis*" (So much the worse for the vanquished). The city was largely destroyed, only the citadel was held. It was at this time that the records were destroyed.

Tradition says that once during this siege, in the dead of night, the Gauls climbed the Tarpeian Rock which had been left unguarded because it was considered inaccessible, and would have captured the city, but that a Roman living near by was awakened by the cackling of some geese sacred to the goddess Juno. The citizen thus awakened was Manlius, who, rushing out to ascertain the cause of the clatter, discovered the Gauls and dashed madly upon them, throwing the first of the besiegers back upon those that followed and so alarming the invaders that they were easily overpowered.

The period which followed the retreat of the Gauls was one of extreme difficulty for the Roman Republic, and during the struggle to restore the city the patricians regained most of the power they had lost, and the plebeians sank into poverty under an intolerable burden of debt.

9. *M. Manlius.* The man who saved Rome from utter destruction by the Gauls became a great popular favorite, and yet ultimately lost the confidence of the people, was accused of traitorous conspiracy, and hurled to death

from the Tarpeian Rock. If the Romans had had such a custom as that of ostracism among the Greeks, not only Manlius, but also Spurius Cassius, of whom we have spoken, and S. Maelius, who sought to aid the poor by buying corn and distributing it among them, might have been preserved to aid the Republic, for in all three cases, public sentiment turned in favor of the men after their deaths.

10. *The Licinian Laws.* For many years the history of Rome continued to be a history of the struggles between patricians and plebeians, and until about 367 B. C. the odds were always in favor of the patricians; but about that date the plebeians, led by the tribune G. Licinius Stolo, succeeded in forcing the enactment of the so-called *Licinian Rogations,* which were four laws, or decrees, namely:

a. That one of the two consuls should always be a plebeian;

b. That interest money paid on debts should be allowed to reduce the principal, and that all debtors should have three years for paying what they owed;

c. That no one should be allowed to occupy more than about three hundred thirty acres of government land;

d. That no more than one hundred cattle or five hundred sheep belonging to a single owner should be pastured on public lands.

VI. The Subjugation of Italy. 1. *The Samnite Wars.* Between 343 and 290 B. C. Rome passed through three fierce wars with

the Samnites, a people who inhabitated the mountainous regions east of Latium, and it was not until their country had been made a desert that they acknowledged the supremacy of Rome; and, even then, the spirit of independence was not wholly broken.

2. *The Latin War.* In the meantime, the cities of Latium revolted and broke up the Latin league, which had existed since the earliest days of Rome. For two years war raged. At the end of that time the Romans were successful, but only after a personal sacrifice that is remembered to this day.

The opposing armies were drawn up at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, when, on the night before the battle, both Manlius and Decius, the Roman consuls, dreamed that in the morrow's strife one army should lose its leader and the other should be overwhelmingly defeated. Already had Manlius beheaded his own son for a breach of discipline, and Decius felt that upon himself lay the burden of saving Rome. Accordingly, he called the Pontifex Maximus, or high priest of the Roman religion, and offered himself as a sacrifice. His proffer was accepted, and when the armies were drawn up in battle order he wrapped his toga about his face and, armorless, dashed into the center of his foes. The Latin people, recognizing the nature of the holy sacrifice, were struck with terror and fled in confusion.

3. *Pyrrhus.* Very soon after the close of the Samnite Wars, and owing to the incursions of

the Greeks, the Romans became embroiled among the tribes of Southern Italy, and subdued all but Tarentum. In 281 B. C. Rome declared war against that state, who invited Pyrrhus, King of Epirus and cousin of Alexander the Great, to come to her assistance. This was the first meeting between the Greeks and the Romans, and in it the former were successful, largely owing to their use of elephants, whose unwieldy bodies struck terror into the hearts of the Romans. Nevertheless, they fought with such fury and vigor that, after several conflicts, Pyrrhus is said to have remarked, "If I win another battle like this, I must return to Epirus alone." In the end the Romans were successful, and in 272 B. C. Tarentum surrendered; a few years later the other Greek cities ceased to resist, and the Romans were supreme.

4. *Consolidating Italy.* The Roman Domain, as it was commonly known, was a strip of land about eighty miles long, lying on the western coast of Italy. The inhabitants of this strip had privileges as Roman citizens that were not granted to those of the remainder of Italy, which was part of the subject territories. So the thirty-five tribes who inhabited the Roman Domain were, strictly speaking, the Roman citizens, and they governed the rest of Italy. The unification of Italy was accomplished by establishing colonies in the conquered territory, enforcing a definite land policy, instituting a comprehensive military system, building military roads and creating a navy.



THE TARPEIIAN ROCK

A PORTION OF THE CAPITOLINE HILL, ROME. TARPEIA, WHO BETRAYED ROME TO THE SABINES, IS BURIED HERE.

a. Colonies. Allegiance on the part of the conquered nations was preserved by planting among them colonies, each of which had its own constitution and mode of government, but all were under the supervision of Rome. The inland colonies were composed of people taken from the allies of Rome, and were known as Latin Colonies, while those along the seacoast were made up of Roman citizens, and were known as Roman Colonies. Not every conquered country was colonized in this way, however, for a large number, known as the Latin allies, were left partially independent, though under agreement they were to render assistance in time of war and always to remain loyal to Rome. The distinction between the three types of colonies was sharply drawn until near the time of the fall of the Republic.

b. Public Lands. The public lands which came into the possession of Rome by conquest were parceled out to those colonists who would make permanent settlements, so that each man received fields varying in area of from about two to five acres. Mountainous tracts suitable only for pasturage were not parceled out in this manner, but gradually fell into the hands of the wealthy, and were held in large estates worked by slaves, a procedure which came to be one of the important factors in the overthrow of the Republic.

c. The Military System. The Roman army was composed of legions, each of which contained from forty-five hundred to six thousand

infantry, accompanied by light army skirmishers and cavalry. The infantrymen were armed with short swords and shields and were clothed in strong defensive armor. The military standard, which supplied the place of the modern flag, was a pole surmounted by an eagle, beneath which was the inscription, "S.P.Q.R.," for *Senatus Populusque Romanus* (the Senate and the Roman people), and round plates bearing representations of the gods or of generals. In order of battle the legion was arranged in three lines, the first and second of which were armed with swords, while the third line, which constituted the reserve, carried short, heavy spears or darts.

Every day the soldiers were drilled as if engaging with an army, and were kept in condition by running, jumping, wrestling with or without armor and by marches of about four miles a day, in which each soldier carried a load of about fifty pounds. The ordinary equipment which each soldier must carry in time of war consisted, besides his weapons and armor, of intrenching tools and seventeen days' rations. The food was wheat bread or porridge, sometimes varied with meat and vegetables. Vinegar was served as a drink. In the enemy's country, of course, the soldiers added plenteously to the diet by foraging. In the time of Pyrrhus the wages of a common soldier amounted to seven cents a day, out of which he must pay for his clothing. In the time of Caesar the compensation was raised to about

forty-five dollars a year. A centurion received about twice the pay of a private.

The highest reward of a common soldier was a crown of laurel. A general who had saved a city was given a crown of woven grass, while the leader of highest rank who had conducted a successful campaign was granted a "triumph," or grand procession, in which, preceded by his captives and spoils, he was followed by his own soldiers. When honorably discharged, a private soldier received a small homestead or a sum of money.

d. Military Roads. The Romans were the greatest road builders of ancient times, and even to this day there are vestiges of the highways which extended in straight lines across swamps and rivers by means of huge stone viaducts, through mountains by way of tunnels and grades, connecting Rome with her provinces. The famous Appian Way ran from Rome to Capua, a total length of nearly three hundred miles. Four layers of rubble or flat stone were used as a foundation, and over this was laid a thick pavement of hard stones and lava. Not all of these roads, however, were built during the days of the Republic. Seven similar roads branched from the Appian Way, while others starting from Rome led to the important strategic points throughout Italy.

e. The Roman Navy. The city of Antium, which surrendered to Rome in 338 B. C., gave up her fleet, which became the nucleus of the Roman navy. Gradually other maritime cities

of Italy contributed vessels, and in time a substantial and powerful navy was created, sufficient to control the scattered seacoast colonies. It became the custom to take the beak (*rostrum*), or figure head, from the prow of a captured ship, carry it to Rome and use it as a decoration for the platform in the Forum, from which Roman speakers addressed the people. To this day platforms for public speaking are known as rostrums.

5. *Continued Territorial Growth.* With Italy unified, Rome began to look about for further conquests. On the Mediterranean, on what is now the bay of Tunis, the finest harbor of Northern Africa, was the great commercial city of Carthage, with about a million inhabitants, the controlling power of the West. Her ships were to be found in every quarter of the known world, and her colonies dotted the shores of the whole Mediterranean. She controlled Sardinia, the mines of Elba, Malta and many groups of smaller islands; in fact, the Mediterranean was often called a "Carthaginian lake." Founded in all probability by the Phoenicians, about 850 B. C., Carthage was purely a commercial city, not given to conquest, though able to fight for the preservation of her rights. The covetous eyes of Rome, however, were turned toward the wealth of Carthage; an occasion for war was not long in being found, and the nations engaged upon the first of a series of three wars which resulted in the destruction of the wonderful metropolis.

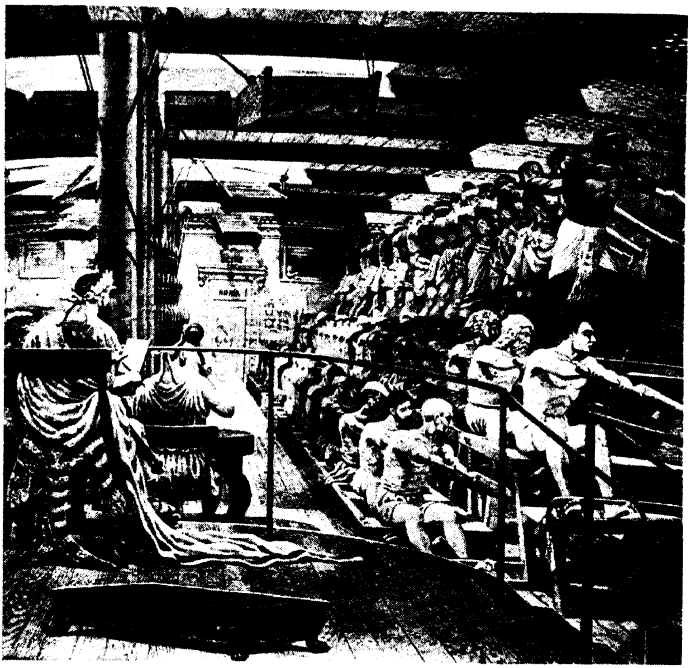
a. The First Punic War (264–241 B. C.). Sicily had long been a bone of contention between the Greeks and the Carthaginians, with the latter the more successful. Syracuse had employed mercenary soldiers from Italy, who, upon their release, banded themselves together under the name of Mammertines, or Children of Mars, and plundered the city of Messana, after having been hospitably entertained by her. Syracusans and Carthaginians united against the new foes, who called upon Rome to aid them. Seeing an opportunity for obtaining a foothold in Sicily, Roman leaders gathered a force, invaded the island, and were so successful that Hiero, the tyrant of Syracuse, abandoned his Carthaginian allies and joined with the conquerors. In revenge for this, the Carthaginian fleets ravaged the coasts of Italy and compelled the Romans to begin in earnest upon the creation of a navy. Taking a captive Carthaginian *quinquereme* (a ship with five banks of oars) for a model, they built within sixty days a fleet of one hundred *quinqueremes,* and thirty *triremes* on their own models. While the ships were being built, sailors were trained on land, so that the new fleet was soon ready for the sea. Moreover, the Romans had invented a powerful device in the shape of a drawbridge armed with a strong heavy spike, which could be dropped forcibly whenever necessary. The spike bore such a resemblance to the bill of a crow that the whole structure was called the *corbus* (crow).

At first sight the clumsy ships of the Romans were objects of ridicule and scorn to the Carthaginians, but as the vessels crashed together and the drawbridges fell, perforating the Carthaginian boats, the Romans ran over the bridges to the decks of the enemy and in a hand-to-hand fight soon overpowered them, and Rome was victor in her first great naval engagement. Duilius, the Roman admiral, was granted a magnificent triumph, and a memorial pillar, called the *Columna Rostrata,* was erected to his honor in the Forum.

On land the Romans were not so successful. Regulus, one of the consuls, was defeated and taken prisoner. Two fleets sent to his rescue were lost in storms and wrecks, but on the northern coast of Sicily at Palermo, the consul Metellus gained a decisive victory over Hasdrubal. With varying fortunes the war continued, but finally Carthage became exhausted and sued for peace, which was obtained only in return for the island of Sicily and a tribute equal to four million dollars. Moreover, the Carthaginians agreed to release their Roman prisoners and to refrain from joining forces with any of the enemies of Rome.

Sicily and other islands raised a new problem in government for the Romans, which was settled by the establishment of two provinces, each governed by a praetor sent from Rome.

Roman armies also were successful about this time in extending the northern boundary of Italy to the foot of the Alps and in freeing



A ROMAN GALLEY

INTERIOR VIEW.

the Greek coasts of the incursions of the pirates.

b. The Second Punic War (218–201 B. C.). Having been shorn of power in the eastern islands, the Carthaginians invaded Spain, determined to extend their power in that direction. Here they founded the city of New Carthage, and Hannibal, the young Carthaginian general, captured the Greek city of Saguntum. This Rome considered sufficient justification for war, which Hannibal was only too glad to enter.

Before the Romans could gather a sufficient force, that extraordinary leader had crossed the Pyrenees, traversed Gaul, scaled the Alps, and before the Romans could realize it Hannibal was almost at the gates of the sacred city. Q. Fabius Maximus was hastily appointed dictator, and his policy of fighting and fleeing, delaying in every possible way the advance of the enemy without coming to a decisive battle, was successful in keeping the Carthaginians away until Rome was in a better condition for defense. In 216 B. C., Fabius retired, and Paulus and Varro were elected consuls in his place. The new consuls proceeded to engage Hannibal where he had stationed himself in a strong position in the bend of a river near the town of Cannae. By masterly strategy Hannibal obtained a complete victory, slaying, it is said, no fewer than seventy thousand Romans with a loss of less than six thousand of his own men. The consul Paulus was among the slain.

This, however, was the height of Hannibal's career, for a succession of reverses in other localities, particularly the conquering of Spain by Publius Cornelius Scipio, forced the Carthaginian general to return to Africa, where at Zama, about seventy miles southwest of Carthage, he met with so overwhelming a defeat at the hands of Scipio that his army was destroyed, and Carthage lay at the mercy of her foes. For this great exploit the surname of Africanus was given to Scipio. Carthage was now compelled to surrender her elephants and her ships, to pay an enormous indemnity and to promise never again to engage in war without the permission of Rome.

c. The Third Punic War (149–146 B. C.). Trouble arose between the King of Numidia and the Carthaginians, and the latter, remembering their treaty, appealed to Rome for help, but the latter decided every question against the Carthaginians, and at last in despair they declared war on Numidia. This appears to have been what Rome wished, for she immediately declared war against Carthage and did not cease until that beautiful city was destroyed by fire and sword, so that for centuries it was impossible to locate the site upon which it had stood. The wanton destruction of this wonderful city of antiquity is chiefly chargeable to M. Portius Cato, the censor, who had been sent to Carthage at the head of a commission to settle the disputes with Numidia. He became so impressed with the power and re-

sourcefulness of the Carthaginians that after his return to Rome he closed every speech he made before the Senate with the statement, "I also believe that Carthage must be destroyed." So severe was Cato in his censorship that *censorious* is even now a word of reproach.

Hannibal and Scipio, the two great figures of these wars, died in the same year. The former, a fugitive from the vengeance of Rome, died by his own hand in Bithynia, while the latter died in exile on his country estate in Campania, where by his own direction the following epitaph was placed upon his tomb: "Ungrateful Rome, thou shalt not possess even mine ashes."

d. Other Conquests. By 133 B. C. the Romans had completely subjugated Spain, had reduced Macedonia, had destroyed the city of Corinth by fire, had obtained a foothold in Greece and had acquired large parts of Asia Minor.

VII. THE GRACCHI. So sketchy a history of Rome as this must of necessity be is liable to leave in the mind of the reader no adequate conception of the passage of time, so that a recurrence to dates now and then is almost essential. The years that we have last been considering have marked the growth in Rome of wealth and power. As always happens, wealth tended to concentrate in the hands of a few, and the distinction between capitalists and the poor was no less strongly marked than it is in our own day. By the close of the last Punic

War, the equality of the Roman citizens was little more than a theory, and they found themselves divided into three classes: the senatorial order, who controlled the highest offices, and were, in fact, the ruling power in the state; the equestrian order, or knights who originally were aristocratic mounted soldiers, but who now were merely a class wealthy enough to support the dignity of office; and thirdly, the poor workmen, who were venial to the last degree and spent their energy in shouting their approval of the one who most liberally bribed them. While in theory any Roman citizen might aspire to office, the wealthy had been shrewd enough so to influence votes that it was next to impossible to break into the office-holding class without great means.

The vast territories obtained through the Punic Wars and other military conquests of Rome necessitated the appointment of officers who were supported by taxes in the provinces, which also paid a heavy tax to Rome herself. The collection of taxes in these localities was placed in the hands of Roman officers who guaranteed to Rome her share of the money and were left to collect as much more as they were able to extract. The abuses which came with this method were extremely grave.

Cornelia, the daughter of Scipio Africanus, was left a widow with two young sons, Tiberius and Gaius Gracchus. To the proper education and upbringing of these sons she devoted her life, and the proudest title she asked was to be



CORNELIA AND HER JEWELS

known as the mother of the Gracchi. Well did these youths repay the care of their fond mother. Tiberius Gracchus, becoming acquainted with the abuses which we have described, offered himself as a candidate, and in 133 B. C. was elected tribune. Under his care much reformatory legislation was passed, and provision was made that the sons of persons who held public lands might take up and cultivate each for himself about a quarter section, as we now measure it, and that the government land left after these demands had been satisfied should be divided among needy people, giving to each about twenty acres. The result justified the action, and within a few years the condition of the poor citizens in Italy was very much ameliorated, and the number of persons fit for military service had been increased more than seventy-five thousand. The capitalists, however, were not idle, and when Tiberius came up for election the second time they spread the report that he was seeking to be king, and the Roman people, gullible as ever on that antiquated charge, raised a mob and slew the friendly tribune.

The wealthy Romans succeeded for a time in nullifying the measures of Tiberius Gracchus and in separating the Romans into two classes: the *optimates* (literally, *the best*), consisting of the nobles and the capitalists, and the *populares,* who defended the agrarian laws. Gaius Gracchus became the leader of the latter class, and undismayed by the tragic death of his

brother, succeeded in passing, among others, two important laws, one providing exile for any magistrate who deprived a citizen of life or citizenship, and the second granting to every citizen a monthly allowance of grain at less than half the market price, providing he would come to Rome for it. A third law was for the establishment of Roman colonies at Tarentum, Capua and on the site of Carthage. The second law naturally proved ruinous to agriculture and served to encourage the pauper class. Once more the patricians worked upon the people, and another disinterested patriot came to a violent death. It was not long, however, before the *populares* realized how fatal to themselves was their treachery to the Gracchi.

VIII. SERVILE WARS. Successful military campaigns brought large numbers of slaves into Rome and the surrounding cities. These were frequently men of intelligence who were able to estimate their conquerors at their proper value and to make themselves extremely troublesome; in fact, they frequently rose in rebellion, only to be again brought into a worse condition of bondage. Two of these servile wars were of considerable importance, and a third, known as the Rebellion of the Gladiators, was distinguished by the remarkable leadership of Spartacus, who, however, in 71 B. C. fell in battle, after two years of fruitless struggle.

IX. JUGURTHA. In 118 B. C. the King of Numidia died and left his kingdom to his two

sons and his nephew, Jugurtha. The latter was an unprincipled man who by bribery and force secured the kingdom, but only after murdering one of his cousins and by bribery obtaining the assistance of Rome against the other. When his brutality, however, extended to the murder of the second cousin and his army, the Romans moved against Jugurtha, who was shrewd enough after being captured to bribe the Roman generals to release him. There were those in Rome, however, who learned of the fact, and Jugurtha was summoned to that city to answer for his crimes and to testify against the bribe-takers. Intrigues, plots and monstrous dealings followed, until Jugurtha escaped to Africa and again took up arms. The war which followed brought into public notice two men destined to exert a great influence upon Rome. The first was Gaius Marius, a soldier of low birth who had risen to a high rank in the army because of his energy and skill; the second was Sulla, an aristocrat, who was next to Marius in command. The former defeated Jugurtha, and Sulla took the captive to Rome, where he was thrown into prison and starved. The military career of Marius after this time was highly successful, but the crafty Sulla managed to secure most of the credit for his acts.

X. The Mithridatic War. Mithridates, King of Pontus, invaded some of the kingdoms that were allied to Rome, and it was deemed necessary to send an army into Syria to punish him. The command of this army was given to

Marius by the public assembly, but Sulla marched his army into Rome and by a show of force, for the first time in history, compelled the Roman Senate to reconsider its opinions and to appoint him to the command of the expedition. Marius was banished, and he retired to Africa. It was in 87 B. C. that Sulla departed for Syria, and no sooner had he gone than Cinna, a friend of Marius and the people, secured the recall of Marius, who was received everywhere with great enthusiasm by the *populares*. For five days the blood of the *optimates* flowed through Rome, and Marius reigned practically supreme. For the seventh time he was elected to the consulship, but in 86 B. C. he died of old age and drunkenness.

In the meantime, Sulla was carrying on a successful campaign against Mithridates, at the end of which he made peace with his antagonist, pillaged Athens and returned to take his revenge upon Marius and his followers. By the aid of his army he seized Rome and began upon a much more sanguinary proscription than that of his predecessor, during which, it is said, as many as five thousand of the *populares* were killed in Rome itself, and the slaughter extended all over Italy. For about four years Sulla retained his power, continually finding means for reducing the influence of the *populares* and increasing the tyranny of the nobles.

XI. The First Triumvirate. From 70 B. C. to 31 B. C. the history of Rome is the history of

individuals struggling for mastery, using not only the common people but even the nobles and Senate of Rome as pawns in the great game. We cannot here give a lengthened account of the struggles, interesting as it would be. In our study of Roman literature we will meet again many of these leading individuals, and with a few of them we will find ourselves intimately concerned. The most we can expect to do now is to give a brief account of the manner in which the Roman Republic became the Roman Empire.

In the year 70 B. C. Crassus and Pompey were made consuls, whereby they gratified their ambition and gained popularity, the former by gratuitous distribution of food and wealth; the latter, by wonderful success in military campaigns in Asia.

In the meantime, Marcus Tullius Cicero, the greatest orator of the Republic, succeeded in driving from Rome the treacherous Catiline, who had hoped to overthrow the government, and for this service the Senate bestowed upon Cicero the title of "Father of His Country."

Among those who had escaped the proscriptions of Sulla was Gaius Julius Caesar, a nephew of Marius, who, after the death of Sulla, rapidly achieved distinction and by 60 B. C. was in such a position that he joined with Crassus and Pompey to form what is known in history as the First Triumvirate, for the purpose of controlling Roman affairs. Crassus and Pompey were elected consuls, the former in 55 B. C.

and the latter in 59 B. C. Crassus went to Syria, and Caesar undertook the conquest of Gaul. In eight years, or by 51 B. C., Caesar's conquests had extended over the whole of Northwestern Europe to the German Ocean (North Sea), and the successful general had twice invaded Britain and subdued the native tribes of Southern England.

Crassus was killed in an expedition against the Parthians, and the breaking up of the triumvirate was followed by quarrels between Caesar and Pompey. The latter had been married to Julia, the daughter of Caesar, but after her death there seemed nothing in common between the two men, and Pompey found in his presence in Italy an opportunity to satisfy his jealousy of his former associate. Caesar had demanded that he should be allowed to hold his constitutional office of proconsul while in Gaul, and he was opposed by Pompey. Scheming and plotting on both sides finally resulted in the flight from Rome of Mark Antony, the friend of Caesar, and the assumption by Pompey of supreme military power in Rome.

It was Caesar's custom to strike before his enemy was ready for him, and following this plan, he crossed the Rubicon with his army and by so doing began an open war upon Rome—a successful war, indeed, for Pompey soon fled to Greece, and Caesar became dictator of Rome for eleven days. The struggle between Pompey and Caesar, however, was not at once determined; in fact, it was only after Pompey's

army had been routed at Pharsalus, in 48 B. C., and he had fled to Alexandria that his power was manifestly lost, and his followers treacherously murdered him.

XII. JULIUS CAESAR. Caesar the conqueror knew no rest. Ptolemy was King of Egypt jointly with his sister and wife, the beautiful Cleopatra, but instigated by his courtiers Ptolemy deposed Cleopatra and expelled her from the city. Caesar espoused the cause of Cleopatra, overthrew Ptolemy and burned his fleet; in so doing, by an accidental spreading of the flames, he destroyed a large portion of the famous Alexandrian Library, to which we so frequently make reference.

The conquests of Caesar extended in every direction and were carried out with inconceivable rapidity, until by 46 B. C. he was the absolute ruler of all the Roman possessions and emperor in everything except the title. His use of power, however, was strikingly in contrast with that of Marius and Sulla under similar conditions, and his title to renown is no less dependent upon his great ability as a statesman than upon his career as a conqueror.

Once more, however, the Romans became impassioned, and a conspiracy was formed, including not only those who wished for the return of the old days of misrule, when plunder was plenty, but also some of the real friends of the people who were deceived by Caesar's attitude. Among these was Brutus, the personal friend of Caesar. The conspiracy was

successful, and on the fifteenth of March, 44 B. C., in the Senate house, Caesar was assassinated.

XIII. THE SECOND TRIUMVIRATE. Mark Antony, posing as the friend of Caesar, took the opportunity to gain control of the Senate and to associate with himself Lepidus, a powerful military leader. About this time Octavius, a boy of nineteen, grandson of Julia, the sister of Julius Caesar, was studying in the schools of Illyricum. As soon as he heard of the death of his grand-uncle, he started for Italy, assumed the name of Gaius Julius Caesar Octavianus, and proclaimed himself the heir of Caesar. Cicero, who had favored the assassination of Caesar, returned to Rome, and soon, by his scathing speeches, drove Antony from the capital into Cis-Alpine Gaul, where he was defeated by the forces of Octavius, and the latter, returning to Rome, declared himself consul and assumed supreme power by the aid of the Senate.

Octavius could not feel secure with all the warring forces in Italy and the provinces, and accordingly he arranged a meeting with Antony and Lepidus and formed the Second Triumvirate, which was to continue for five years, Lepidus taking as his portion Spain and part of Gaul, Antony holding the remainder of Gaul, Octavius taking Sicily, Sardinia and Africa. Lepidus was for the present to hold the title of consul and remain in Rome, while Antony and Octavius were to carry on the war

against Brutus and Cassius, then in Macedonia, where they had collected a large army. The new triumvirate raised the funds for carrying out their plans by a terrible proscription, which resulted in the death of many wealthy citizens whose worldly goods were wholly confiscated. There seems to have been no accusation necessary except the charge of having money. One of the first to suffer death in this proscription was Cicero.

Antony and Octavius were successful in their expedition against Brutus and Cassius in the battle of Philippi, after which both of the rebellious generals ended their lives.

A second distribution of the Roman world was made among the triumvirs, in which Octavius took Italy and Spain, Antony acquired the Eastern provinces, while Lepidus was relegated to rule over Africa. Almost immediately the triumvirs fell into disagreement, and insurrections followed. In the end, Antony was placated for loss of territory by receiving Octavia, sister of Octavius, as a wife, while Lepidus, having attacked the island of Sicily, was beaten by the policy of Octavius and found himself utterly deprived of any share in the government. Antony, however, established himself at Tarsus and maintained a brilliant court, to which came Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt. Antony fell before her wiles, neglected his wife and entered upon a career of dissipation which lasted until Octavius accused Antony of treason and moved against his fleet,

which was collected at Actium, on the western coast of Greece, in 31 B. C. Here Octavius pursued his customary plan of disintegrating the forces of his enemies before he fought them; he succeeded in winning from Antony many of his leaders and in utterly defeating him. After the battle of Actium, Octavius found himself the absolute master of the entire Roman world.

XIV. THE JULIAN EMPERORS. The family of the Caesars gave five emperors to Rome, three in the direct line and two, Nero and Claudius, from the maternal side of the house.

1. *Augustus.* The servile Roman Senate, in 27 B. C., conferred upon Octavius Caesar the title of Augustus, by which he is usually known in history. His reign, in striking contrast to his early career, was one of wisdom and benignity, during which, although the Romans lost their republican spirit, they regained a large measure of comfort and security. Augustus recognized his indebtedness to the army for his elevation and reorganized it, using every means to attach the soldiers to himself. He quartered twelve cohorts in Rome and its immediate vicinity, nine of which were known as the Praetorian Guards and were intended to protect the person of the Emperor. These household troops became a leading factor in many of the political changes that followed in the next three hundred years.

Augustus succeeded in establishing peace in all parts of the Empire and was able to close the gates of the temple of Janus for a consid-

erable period, a ceremony which indicated that the great two-faced god was no longer in the field fighting for the Romans, but was able to return to his temple to rest. About this time Jesus Christ was born in Judea.

About A. D. 9, Arminius (Hermann), a young German prince, rebelled, inveigled the legions of Varus into the forests, almost completely destroyed them, and thus perfected the greatest reverse that the Roman army had suffered since the defeat of Crassus. The defeat of Varus was regarded by Augustus as an unbearable calamity and probably hastened his end, for he was taken sick while at Naples and soon after died, A. D. 14. It has been charged that the Empress Livia administered poison in order to hasten the succession of Tiberius, her son by a former marriage.

2. *Tiberius.* When Tiberius became Emperor, he pretended to emulate the character of Augustus, but he did nothing to prevent the murder of Agrippa, grandson of the late Emperor, and in a few years embarked upon a course of cruelty and extravagant debauchery which brought him to his end. The Roman Senate made no effort to protect the people or even to remonstrate against the bloody deeds of the Emperor, but no dissatisfaction was felt when Macro, commander of the Praetorian Guards, smothered the failing Tiberius under a heavy weight of bedding thrown over him on the pretense of keeping the invalid warm.

The reign of Tiberius marked the extinction of everything but the forms of the constitution, and the Emperor became a perfect despot, with a Senate whose only function was to register his decrees. It was during this time that Jesus Christ was crucified under the praetorship of Pontius Pilate.

3. *Caligula.* When Tiberius found his health failing, he bequeathed the Empire to Gaius Caligula, the only son of his nephew Germanicus, thinking, perhaps, that by elevating so depraved a prince he might make his own ugly rule appear less atrocious. However, the new Emperor was a popular favorite, and he began his reign in a manner which promised great things. He liberated the state prisoners, dismissed the spies and informers whom Tiberius had encouraged, and finally, when he was attacked by sickness, the whole nation mourned, and prayers were offered in all the temples for his recovery. Those prayers were answered, but when Caligula regained his health he was a changed man and ruled more like an insane person than as one merely wicked. He threw the prisoners in Rome to the wild beasts without even a form of trial and watched with glee their sufferings, and committed other enormities so terrible that the blood runs cold, in reading of them. Other acts made him utterly ridiculous, and the Romans became so disgusted with him that they formed a conspiracy which resulted in his death at the hands of the Praetorian Guards.



NERO

AT THE BURNING OF ROME.

NAWAB SALAR JUNG BAHADUR.

4. *Claudius.* The conspirators raised Claudius, brother of Germanicus, and uncle of the late Emperor, to the throne, where the weakness of his character made him but a puppet in the hands of scheming favorites. He married his niece Agrippina, a widow who had one son named Domitius, who became infamous afterward under the name of Nero. Taking advantage of the weakness of Claudius, Agrippina indulged to the utmost her cupidity and thirst for power. She even went so far as to secure from Claudius the succession of the Empire to her son Domitius rather than to the Emperor's own son Brittanicus, and then, lest the Emperor should change his mind, she poisoned him.

5. *Nero.* Nero was but seventeen years old when he became Emperor, but he had been nurtured and educated in the midst of crime, and proved a worthy son of his abandoned mother. He became so violent that Agrippina threatened to restore the crown to Brittanicus, a fatal thing for that young prince, for Nero at once sent an emissary to poison him. Urged on by the infamous Poppaea Sabina, he procured the assassination of his mother, banished Seneca from the court, divorced and afterward murdered his wife Octavia, and finally publicly married the widow Poppaea.

It was in the tenth year of Nero's reign that a terrible conflagration destroyed the greater part of Rome, and it was openly charged that the Emperor himself had started the conflagra-

tion in order that he might clear the land on which to erect his marvelous golden palace, so called because of the richness of the materials with which it was built and decorated. In order to regain some of the confidence of his people, the Emperor charged the new sect of Christians with having started the fire, and began a terrible persecution in which all who acknowledged connection with the sect were arrested and tortured, and from their confessions was falsely extracted the material for convicting them on the ground of hatred and enmity to mankind. Thousands were seized and condemned under this charge. Driven to madness by his cruelty and injustice, the greater part of the nobility entered into a conspiracy for his destruction, but the plan was discovered before it was fully matured, and Nero gave free rein to his bloody passions in destroying the conspirators. Among the victims were the philosopher Seneca, the poet Lucan, Piso and a large number of leading nobles.

Strange as it may appear, Nero was rather popular with the common people, who were not seriously affected by his cruelties, who profited by his generous distribution of corn, wine and meat and who enjoyed the gorgeous spectacles he gave in the amphitheater.

Insurrections were of common occurrence, and finally, when Galba, the leader of the Roman forces in Spain, was by them proclaimed Emperor, the Praetorian Guards in Rome deserted Nero and publicly declared for Galba.

Immediately the Emperor's ministers and friends deserted him and passed sentence of death upon him. Dismayed by such a fate, he desired to commit suicide, but his courage failed him, and it was only after considerable persuasion that his secretary gave him the mortal wound.

This was in A. D. 68, and three military officers, Galba, Otho and Vitellius, by violent means successively obtained the throne, only to lose it almost immediately by equally violent deaths. The three reigns combined lasted only a year.

XV. THE FLAVIAN EMPERORS. Vespasian, Titus and Domitian are known as the Flavian Emperors. The first of these was proclaimed Emperor by his soldiers while he was commander of the Roman troops in Syria and Egypt. During his reign Jerusalem was captured by his son Titus, A. D. 70, a line of forts was built across Northern Britain, and the Colosseum, the famous amphitheater in Rome, was begun, though it was not completed until the brief reign of Titus, which lasted from A. D. 79 to 81. During the reign of the latter, the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum were destroyed and buried by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius. Both father and son were kindly and benevolent, and their rule partook of the nature of the men. On the other hand, Domitian, brother of Titus, who reigned until A. D. 96, was extravagant and tyrannous. Murders and confiscations were common, and for a sec-

ond time the Christians were severely persecuted. However, under his great general, Agricola, much progress was made on the northern frontier lines, and by a series of fortresses Britain was protected from the incursions of the Caledonians, the ancestors of the Scotch Highlanders.

XVI. THE FIVE GOOD EMPERORS. The five emperors who followed Domitian, namely, Nerva, Trajan, Hadrian, Antoninus Pius and Marcus Aurelius, are known as the "Five Good Emperors of Rome."

1. *Nerva.* Nerva was a Roman senator and was elected Emperor by his own compeers. His rule was beneficent, though it lasted but two years. He discontinued prosecutions for trifling offenses, forbade the employment of spies, recalled many who had been sent into exile and in times of want provided for the poor by a free distribution of food. He nominated his own successor.

2. *Trajan.* One of the best Roman emperors was Trajan, a successful general and an accomplished statesman, who reigned for nineteen years, or until A. D. 117. His administration was eminently fair to both rich and poor, and although he did not increase taxation, he managed affairs in such a business-like way that his treasury was always full. It was a period of great public works, organized and carried out under the supervision of the Emperor. Public libraries were established; a system of schools was inaugurated; roads,

bridges and harbors were built; and a new Forum, still called the Forum of Trajan, was laid out. Although living in great simplicity himself, he spent large sums of money in giving magnificent entertainments to the people.

Under Trajan the Roman Empire reached its greatest extent, at which time it included what are now known as England, Belgium, Italy, Switzerland, the greater part of Austria, all of Greece, the Balkan States, Turkey in Europe and Asia, Persia, Syria including all of Palestine, part of Arabia, Egypt, all of Africa north of the Sahara Desert, Spain, Portugal and all the islands of the Mediterranean. This, it will be observed, included all of the then civilized European world and much of the domains of the barbarians.

3. *Hadrian.* Rome was at the height of her prosperity when Hadrian, the adopted son of Trajan, was proclaimed Emperor by the Praetorian Guard, and afterward elected by the Senate. He was a great traveler and spent more than two-thirds of his reign in the provinces. He was a patron of literature and the fine arts, and erected temples, theaters and monuments in many parts of the Empire. Hoping to perpetuate the memory of his reign, he built a magnificent tomb which has withstood the ravages of war and time and still remains one of the most conspicuous buildings in Rome, though it has lost the ashes of its builder, its name has been changed, and its function is now that of a fortress. This struc-

ture, now known as the Castle of San Angelo, stands on the right bank of the Tiber about a mile northwest of the Capitoline Hill.

4. *Antoninus Pius.* When Hadrian died in A. D. 138, he was succeeded by Antoninus, a man not of royal birth, but one whom Hadrian had adopted because of his worthiness. As a tribute to his character, the Roman Senate gave him the surname Pius. His reign justified the selection, for the people were peaceful and happy, literature was encouraged, the Christians were protected, and many charitable works were supported from the private means of the Emperor.

5. *Marcus Aurelius.* Antoninus associated with him in the government of Rome his son Marcus Aurelius, a man naturally of attractive manners, sweet disposition and a philosophical turn of mind. We shall meet him again as the great exponent of Stoic philosophy. Although during his reign, which extended from A. D. 161 to A. D. 180, he persecuted the Christians, yet it is felt that this was owing to a misapprehension of their doctrines, for his own writings breathed much of the Christian spirit.

XVII. The Period of Decline. With the death of Trajan, Rome, as we have said, had reached its widest territorial expansion, and with Marcus Aurelius it reached the summit of its prosperity. The decline which followed was relatively rapid.

1. *Commodus.* The son of Marcus Aurelius in no respect resembled his father, and the

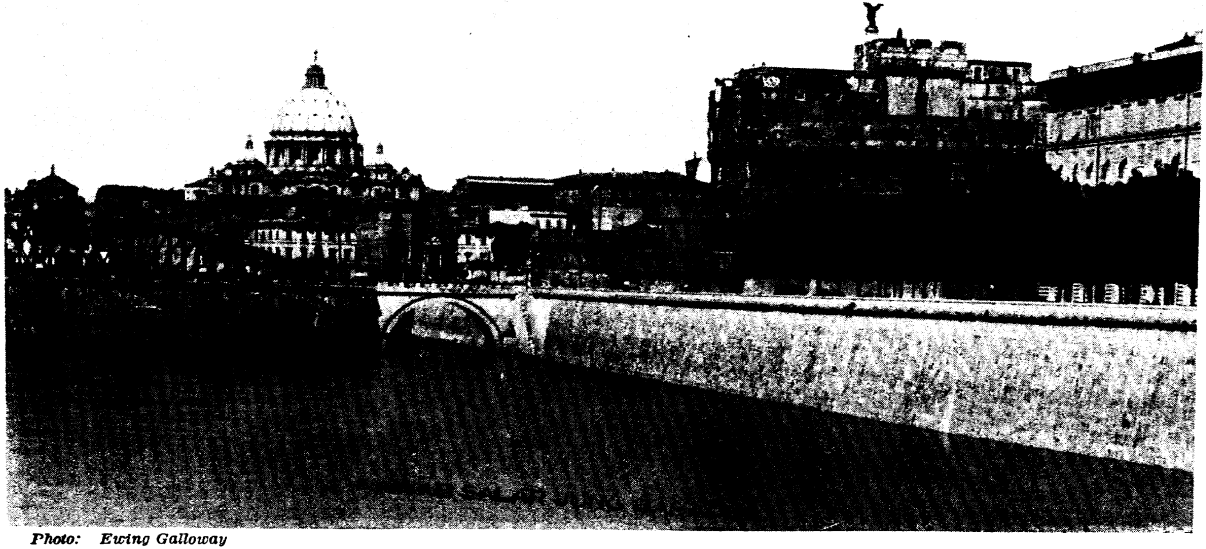


Photo: Ewing Galloway

DOME OF ST. PETER'S AND CASTLE OF SAN ANGELO, ROME

reign of Commodus, which lasted for twelve years, was marked by awful crimes and terrible debaucheries, which reached their culmination when Commodus planned the death of his own household, but the latter, learning of the fact, assassinated him.

2. *The Barracks Emperors.* The next twenty-nine emperors, who ruled Rome for ninety-two years, or until A. D. 284, were known as the Barracks Emperors, because most of them owed their elevation to the purchase of favors from the soldiers. A few of these men were of unblemished character, but most of them encouraged the progress of corruption and aided in the downfall of Rome. Pertinax (A. D. 192), a well-meaning senator, was murdered by the Praetorians; Julianus, a wealthy senator, bought his election; Caracalla (A. D. 211–217) conferred the right to vote upon all the free inhabitants of the Empire, hoping thereby to increase the revenues; Alexander Severus (A. D. 222–235), a pure, high-minded man, heroically but unsuccessfully attempted to stop the tide of corruption. Between A. D. 251 and 268 adventurers known as the Thirty Tyrants appeared in various parts of the Empire, claiming the throne. The barbarians attacked the Empire from all sides, but the last five of the Barracks Emperors were vigorous leaders who for a time saved Rome. One incident that occurred during the reign of Aurelian (A. D. 270–275) we must record. The Roman city of Palmyra was situated in an oasis of a Syrian

desert, about two hundred miles northeast of Jerusalem. Zenobia of Palmyra, assuming the title "Queen of the East," bade defiance to the Romans, but Aurelian marched against her, destroyed Palmyra, took Zenobia captive and led her through Rome bound in golden chains. Then the Emperor presented her with a villa on the Tiber, where she passed the remainder of her life in peace.

3. *Diocletian and Maximian.* Until the death of the last of the Barracks Emperors, although Rome had been an absolute monarchy, she still retained some of the forms of the early Republic; but Diocletian abrogated all these and made a strong government which successfully checked the barbarians for some time. His principal residence was at Nicomedia, in Asia Minor, where he gave his personal attention to the East and committed to Maximian the rule of the West. Each assumed the title of Augustus, and each was assisted by a ruler who was given the title Caesar. In A. D. 305 Diocletian and Maximian both voluntarily abdicated, and the former lived in retirement until his death in A. D. 313. Constantius, who as Caesar governed Spain, Gaul and Britain, died in 306 and the Roman army in his province proclaimed his son Constantine Emperor.

4. *Constantine the Great.* Constantine had distinguished himself by his military exploits in the East, but, having experienced the jealousy and animosity of Galerius, who was Caesar to Diocletian, had fled to his father in

Britain. When Constantine was proclaimed Emperor by his troops, Galerius declined to recognize him as any more than Caesar, refusing to give him the title Augustus. No fewer than six rival candidates for emperor appeared, but after a long struggle Constantine overcame all in the West. It is said that in his last campaign, while on the march, he saw in the sky a blazing cross bearing the inscription, "*In hoc signo vinces*" (By this sign you will conquer). The cross with this motto he adopted as his standard and carried it successfully everywhere. As Emperor of the West, he inaugurated many new customs, all of which tended to the betterment of the condition of the people and allayed opposition to himself. In the meantime, Licinius had become Emperor of the East, but about A. D. 323, after a protracted struggle, Constantine defeated his rival and became sole governor of the Roman world.

After his conversion Constantine made Christianity the state religion, and founded the temporal power of the Church by generously providing it with land and money. The first general Council of the Church, held at Nicaea, Asia Minor, in A. D. 325, formulated the tenets of the Christian religion into what is known as the Nicene Creed.

The center of culture and of commerce moved eastward; in A. D. 330 Constantine chose Byzantium as his capital. He wished to call it "New Rome," but the people determined it

should be named for its founder. Most of the leading citizens of ancient Rome flocked to the new metropolis, and it became at once a powerful city. Constantine organized his Empire in a manner similar to that followed by Diocletian. He made four great divisions called praefectures: Illyricum, the East, Italy and Gaul. The praefectures were divided into thirteen dioceses, and each diocese was divided into provinces. By thus making the units of power smaller, he rendered revolt more difficult but at the same time increased the expense of government to such an extent that taxes became exceedingly burdensome. However, his form of government has been the model for most of the sovereigns of Europe, even to modern times.

At the death of Constantine, the Empire was divided among his three sons, the last of whom died in A. D. 361.

XVIII. THE FALL OF THE EMPIRE. 1. *Julian the Apostate.* The last of the sons of Constantine was followed as emperor by Julian the Apostate, a nephew of Constantine; although a man of ability and high character, he abolished Christianity as the state religion and replaced it with the old paganism. Julian was killed after a reign of two years, and his successor, Jovian, who reigned but a few months, restored Christian worship.

2. *Invasions.* During the reign of Valentinian and Valens (A. D. 364–378), brothers who had divided the Empire between them, the Ger-

mans on the Rhine, the Saxon pirates on the sea and the Picts in Britain all made successful inroads upon the frontiers of the Empire. In 376 the Visigoths (Western Goths), who had been defeated by the fierce and warlike Huns, were allowed to cross the Danube into Roman territory under the condition of surrendering their arms. When, soon after, the Ostrogoths (Eastern Goths) asked for the same privilege, Valens refused it, whereupon the Ostrogoths crossed with their arms, utterly defeated the legions of Valens and killed the Emperor.

3. *Theodosius the Great* (379–395). For five years Theodosius contended with the Visigoths, and finally subjugated them so completely that they became his allies and assisted in uniting once more the divided Roman Empire. No military ruler was ever better deserving of the title "The Great," but after having firmly united the Eastern and Western empires and having reigned as the sole monarch, he deliberately chose as his successors his two sons and divided the Empire between them, giving the West to Honorius and the East to Arcadius. This was the final division of the Roman Empire, for never again were the two parts under the same rule. The history of the Eastern Empire belongs to medieval times, and does not concern us at present.

4. *Rome Sacked by the Goths.* In A. D. 402, Alaric, chief of the Visigoths, invaded Italy and spread terror throughout the country, but having failed to capture Verona he led his

armies back across the Alps. Yet, in A. D. 410 he appeared again in Italy, and this time carried out his fell purpose. For six days and nights the city of Rome was plundered of its costly fabrics, its furniture, its jewels and its general wealth, which were carried away in huge wagons. However, Alaric spared the lives of the citizens, and respected the treasures in the Christian churches. This event occurred eight hundred years after the first sack of Rome by the Gauls. Soon after this Alaric died, and his followers, to conceal the place of his burial, are said to have turned from its course the river Busento, in Southern Italy, to have buried his body secretly in the bed of the river and then to have turned the waters back to their course. To Alaric's successor, Honorius gave his sister in marriage, and the former led the Visigoths into Southern Gaul and Spain, where they established a kingdom.

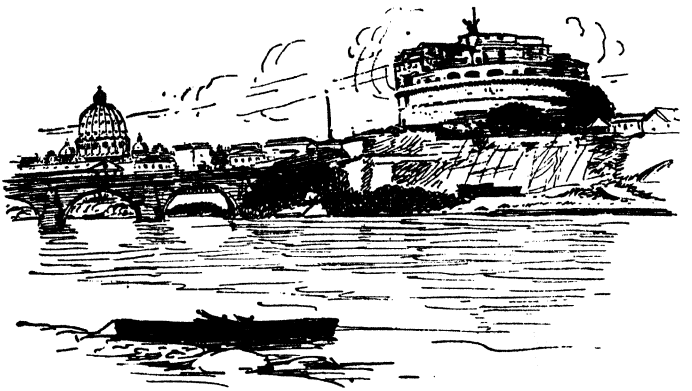
5. *Chalons.* By A. D. 451 the Huns had driven the Goths across the Danube and had begun, under their chief Attila, named the "Scourge of God," to overrun large portions of Gaul. However, the Roman army, joined by the Visigoths, met and defeated the Huns at Chalons; Europe was saved from Tartar rule.

6. *Rome Pillaged by the Vandals.* The Goths and Vandals were Teutonic races who had made themselves masters of the Western Mediterranean region and Northern Africa, including Carthage. In A. D. 455 Genseric, their leader, wantonly pillaged Rome, and for

fourteen days joyed in the destruction of its fine buildings and its marvelous works of art.

7. *The Saxons in Britain.* In her conflicts with the Goths, the Huns and the Vandals, Rome had been compelled to withdraw her soldiers from Britain, and thus that country was left open to the inroads of the Picts, who had been confined to Northern Scotland. The Britons invited the Saxon pirates to assist them, and thereby found themselves in the hands of a more powerful enemy, so that by the fifth and sixth centuries the original inhabitants, who had been protected by the Romans, were few in number.

8. *Extinction of the Western Empire.* The Roman Empire of the West was now confined to Italy. Its armies were barbarians whose commanders were Vandals and Goths. In A. D. 475 Orestes, a chieftain from what is now known as Hungary, placed his six-year-old son upon the throne and gave him the name of Romulus Augustus, but Augustulus (Little Augustus), as he was called in derision, reigned but a year, when Odoacer, a Teuton, took upon himself the government of Italy, and Zeno, the Eastern Emperor, granted him permission to rule under the title of Patrician. This occurred in 476, the date which usually is said to mark the extinction of the Roman Empire of the West. However, the title of Roman Emperor continued to be claimed by various houses until it was finally laid down in 1806 by Francis, Emperor of Austria.



CHAPTER II

THE ROMAN CIVILIZATION

FUNDAMENTAL TRAITS OF CHARACTER. Greeks and Romans both belonged to the same division of the human race, but, though their origin was the same, they had, when they appeared first in history, diverged widely in both manner of thinking and ways of living. Smooth of speech, polished in manner and sly in his dealings with others, the Greek looked upon the Roman as an ignorant boor, while the sturdy Roman with his manly ways and high ideals of government looked with disdain upon what he considered the effeminacy of the Greek. The reason for such a marked difference in two peoples of common origin is to be found in the influences which surrounded them: climate, food, the topography of the country, and other various warring factors.

As intimated, the origin of Rome was commercial, and the city was located in a favorable position for a trading post, on elevated ground, where it could be defended from the warlike tribes surrounding it. The jealousy which existed from the beginning between the Romans on the Palatine and the Sabines of the Quirinal was submerged in the union which followed the rape of the Sabine women, and the two tribes joined to make the people known in their political and military life as Romans, but in their civil capacity as Quirites. The full name assumed by this mixed race was *Populi Romani Quirites.*

We shall understand Roman character better if we recognize as its fundamental principle obedience to constituted authority. In the family the father was absolute, and from infancy children were taught unquestioning obedience to his commands. As they grew older, they recognized that the state bore the same relation to the general body of citizens that the father bore to his family. The word of the magistrate was law, and during his continuance in office it was rarely if ever questioned, nor was he called to account for his actions or decisions. To refuse to obey the orders of a Roman official was to court instant death. To this readiness in following orders and cheerful submission to discipline were added a remarkable energy, surprising courage, headlong bravery and an ardent patriotism—qualities, it is apparent, that were sufficient to

make the Romans so mighty a power in the history of the world.

The recognition of authority and loyalty to government, wherever it may have originated, was the largest factor in the differentiation of the Romans from the Greeks, for its natural development led to a strong central government, the Roman state, to which every citizen was intensely loyal. The Greeks, we will remember, were never united perfectly in any form of government, and during the greater part of their history were independent warring tribes. Rome had a written law, exact, minute, and always respected; but it was accompanied always by an unwritten code of manners and customs which in minutest detail received almost an equal respect and obedience. Custom and law regulated all that was Roman, and individuality was always subservient to public custom and general good. In this respect we notice a great contrast in Grecian habit and tradition.

It must not be inferred, however, that the authority of the magistrates was unrestricted, or that they were not held accountable for their action. The very quality of respect and submission, carried to its natural conclusion, exercised a strong restraining influence upon every one in authority, binding the rulers as firmly as the subjects. Moreover, after a magistrate's term of office had expired, he was subject to trial and punishment for any infraction of law that had occurred during his term

of office. The knowledge that he would be held accountable for all his acts tended strongly to keep him within the law, a force which was strengthened by the fact that terms of office were always short, and an unsatisfactory ruler was rarely returned to office. A third restraining influence may be found in the fact that most of the magistrates were in pairs, so that each had the advice of the other and was conscious of the fact that he had at his elbow, as it were, a rival with powers equal to his own, who could protest and check any action he might undertake.

II. GOVERNMENT. In the preceding chapter we have given from time to time some account of the various forms of government through which Rome passed, but a more extended account may be of assistance to the student of literature. Until 509 B. C. the king was chief ruler, and as such he was commander in chief of the army, chief justice and high priest. As his immediate advisers, there stood the Roman Senate, composed of three hundred members whom he had appointed; these were old men, heads of families. It was their duty, too, to elect the king when a vacancy occurred and to examine, approve and disapprove laws passed by the popular assembly, or *comitia curiata.* This latter body included all Roman citizens, that is, members of patrician families, and to them was delegated the authority to pass laws proposed by the king, to declare war, to approve the king's nomination of his own succes-

sor, and to pass laws, which, however, were not valid till approved by the Senate.

It should be remembered that changes in the Roman government were not sudden and violent, like those of Greece, but that they came about gradually, almost imperceptibly, in fact, so that the Republic seemed to be a natural development of ideas held by citizens of the kingdom. In 509 B. C. the king gave way to two consuls, elected annually, who held all his powers excepting that of high priest. The weakness of a double executive made necessary in times of danger the appointment of a strong leader, or dictator, whose authority could not be questioned and who could not, after the expiration of his term of office, be called to account for his acts, as might the two consuls. The term of this extraordinary official was limited to six months. The first appointment occurred in 501 B. C. and the last in 202 B. C.; after Caesar's assassination the office of dictator was abolished.

When the plebeians seceded, the patricians were compelled to make some recognition of their position in the state, and accordingly appointed from their number tribunes, whose duty it was to protect the poor from the encroachments of the patricians. Their powers and privileges were numerous and important: their persons were sacred and inviolable; they had seats, but not votes, in the Senate; they could prevent a consul from convoking the Senate; they had power to make certain laws;

they might veto acts of the popular assembly. The simplicity of this form of government made it wholly inadequate to rule Rome when it had extended its power into far distant lands, or to control different races of people. Many modifications of the early Roman form of government were made in an attempt to control and properly administer the laws in this vast territory, but none was satisfactory. In Rome proper the consuls felt themselves under the restraint of the citizens, but when those officers were removed into the provinces and established there, they found themselves subject to no law but that which they made themselves; in fact, every consul in the provinces appeared to controvert the laws of his predecessor and establish new ones that would add to his wealth and power. The collection of taxes was always a source of trouble, and under the Republic it grew into an exasperating system of oppression, which became a terrible menace to the integrity of Roman rule. The natural attitude of the Roman toward a conquered people was that of an arbitrary despot. He could drive his subjects, but he knew not how to lead them, and his own respect for custom made him intolerant of the habits of strange peoples.

The condition of the people in the provinces was grievous indeed. They were not Roman citizens; they had no representation in the legislative power in Rome; they had no power to curb the magistrates sent among them; they had no right to assemble and petition for

redress, and they found it impossible to right the wrongs that oppressed them. Using a form of government which was adapted only to a small city, the Romans saw that to allow any liberties to the people of the provinces meant the complete upheaval and overthrow of their own government, and they seemed to have lacked the ingenuity to supply anything different. For a long time the overthrow of the Republic was considered as a possibility, which none, however, dared to carry into effect till Caesar made the attempt which Augustus finally accomplished, when the Roman Republic lost itself in a strongly centralized Empire.

Now Rome was extended over all of the different states and principalities which had come under her rule, and each of these became an integral part of the one great Empire. This put all citizens upon an equal footing, but it was not until the reign of Caracalla that a universal enfranchisement was granted, in A. D. 212. Imperfect as the early imperial government was, it may yet be regarded safely as the greatest political achievement ever wrought by man, for the first great emperor so firmly welded the warring elements that Rome held closely together for five hundred years thereafter. We can no more than glance at the changes which took place during that long period of time, nor hope to achieve more than a partial conception of what constituted the Roman imperial government.

To the time of Octavius, in 31 B. C., all the forms of the Republic were preserved, though the rule was frankly monarchical. Octavius did not even assume the title of dictator, but contented himself with that of *imperator,* or emperor, as granted by the Senate, a title whose original meaning was little more than commander in chief, though in time, by the quiet absorption of powers and prerogatives, it came to mean absolute sovereign, with the powers of consul, censor, tribune and high priest. The republican forms, however, continued for more than three hundred years, but under Diocletian they gave way to other forms more in accordance with the real facts, and the government appeared in its true character as an absolute monarchy.

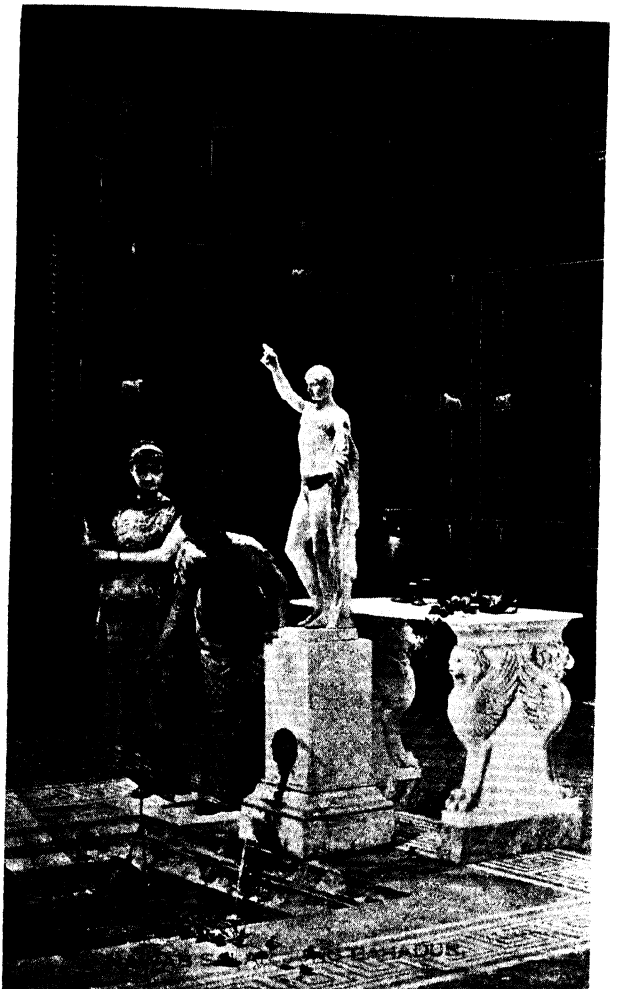
Constantine, about A. D. 328, separated the Empire into prefectures and dioceses and established a double government, civil and military, each responsible directly to the emperor and independent of each other. The officials of these two governments, acting, as of necessity they must, somewhat in opposition, served to produce loyalty and prevent treachery and revolt, but at the same time the enormous expense entailed upon an already overburdened people proved to be a serious fault and a strong factor in the ultimate destruction of the Empire. Of Constantine's scheme of government we shall hear more.

III. SOCIAL CUSTOMS. The customs and habits of the Romans varied more or less from

time to time, but certain facts stand out boldly on all occasions. Any general discussion can deal only with these elementary facts, and they must be understood as modified in different ages. More will be learned indirectly from Latin literature than from any description we can give, but to understand the former it is necessary to have some notions of the elementary facts of life. Accordingly, under different subheads we render in this paragraph such assistance as will be needed in subsequent reading.

1. *The Roman House.* Roman houses were nearly uniform in plan, although they varied in size, cost and decorations. To excavations made from among the ruins of Pompeii we are indebted for our quite accurate knowledge of these things. In general, the houses were built of concrete, of brick or of square stones, while monolithic blocks were often used as corners, posts and pillars.

The typical house of early Romans was rectangular in shape, with its entrance in front. The doors opened outward, and so close were they to the street that it was customary for those within to knock on the door before opening it, in order that passers-by might not be incommoded. Within were two or more open courts, surrounded by rooms opening directly upon these courts, which were the source of light and air to all the rooms. Entering from the front, a person traversed the vestibule, a covered passage, and entered the *ostium,* or



From a Modern Painting by L. Bazzant

HOUSE OF DIOMEDES, POMPEII

entrance hall, at the side of which were rooms for the doorkeeper. From the *ostium* one passed into the *atrium,* or first of the inner courts, in the center of which was a reservoir for the rain water which ran in from the slanting roofs of the building and often surrounded a beautiful fountain in the center. The *atrium,* which was like a covered colonnade, held the altar, the household gods and the family statues, and served as a reception room for the guests. Around it were the *cubicula,* or bedrooms of the family.

Progressing inward, the visitor would then enter the *tablinum,* or room in which were kept the family archives, and where the master of the house transacted his business. On each side of the *tablinum* were passageways leading back to the second, or inner, open court, called the *peristylium,* which held in its center an aquarium, around the margin of which were flowers, shrubs and trees. The roof which covered the rooms surrounding the *peristylium* was continued for a narrow space over the court and was supported by beautiful columns, forming a kind of cloister which made a shady and delightful walk during the heated part of the day. The rooms surrounding the *peristylium* were the kitchen, the library, cellar, bathrooms and a number of bedrooms. Slaves and domestics occupied the upper floor. All of the rooms seem small to us, but it was the custom of the Roman family to spend most of its time in the open air.

In the center of the dining-room was a low table, around which upon three sides were placed couches where master and guests reclined during meals, at which the slaves administered skillfully. A sideboard, upon which were placed the richest dishes and ornaments of gold and silver, faced the table. "The House of the Tragic Poet" is still in a state of remarkable preservation among the excavated ruins of Pompeii. It is richly decorated with wall paintings, and the floor is a beautiful mosaic. In the floor of the vestibule is a mosaic, showing a snarling dog in leash, and under it the inscription, *"Cave canem"* (beware of the dog). The rooms were in some instances heated by fixed stoves, in others by hot air introduced through pipes from a furnace below the ground, but in general portable charcoal braziers were in use and were carried from room to room. There were few chimneys, and in most cases the smoke escaped only through doors, windows, and openings in the roofs. A plentiful supply of good water was led into the Roman houses through lead or tile pipes which came from large water mains in the street. Sometimes these pipes were carried to a tank upon the roof, so that each room and fountain could be supplied with flowing water.

2. *Food and Meals.* The food of the Romans was varied, nutritious, and prepared with skill and judgment. The tables of the wealthy groaned with richly-prepared dishes, and the quantity of food consumed at a single meal

would shock the sensibilities of modern guests. They had the principal grains and fruits with which we are acquainted, meat in abundance and of great variety, fish of many kinds, vegetables, wine and condiments. Wheat, barley, rye, peas, beans, lentils and oats were common. Beef, pork, lamb, kid, pigeons, geese and other fowls were the principal meats; oysters, clams, snails and fish constituted the sea-foods; while vinegar, honey, butter and cheese were in general use. Among the vegetables were lettuce, cucumbers, turnips, asparagus, water cress and cabbage, and for fruits they had apples, figs and grapes, from the last of which were manufactured the numerous local wines.

The breakfast of the Romans was a simple meal of bread dipped in wine or flavored with salt, together with grapes, olives, cheese, milk and eggs. About noon a heavier luncheon was eaten, and about three o'clock was served the still more elaborate dinner, at which meats, fish and pastry abounded. The food of the poorer classes was more restricted, and consisted principally of porridge and vegetables, with an occasional indulgence in meat.

The difference between rich and poor was as apparent among the Romans as it is at the present time, and there was constant grumbling and complaint, especially among the middle and poorer classes, against the high cost of living. The Emperor Diocletian published an edict in which he included long lists of commodities and established for each a fixed

maximum price, above which no dealer could charge, under penalty of death. Many of these lists are still in existence, and the retail prices affixed are particularly interesting. After reducing the money values to terms of our own currency and reducing the measures to our own denominations, we find, for instance, that beans could not be sold for more than 45 cents a bushel, that lentils could not exceed 74.5 cents; rye, 45 cents, and oats, 22.5 cents; that the best of honey must sell under 30.3 cents per quart; pork could not command more than 7.3 cents per pound; beef, 4.9 cents; lamb, 7.3 cents; while butter must be sold for not over 9.8 cents. For oysters the dealer was allowed to charge 43.5 cents a hundred; for sardines, 9.7 cents; for eggs, 5.1 cents per dozen, and for figs, 6.8 cents per hundred. The law did not prove successful, for the dealers were so universally extortionate that it was impossible to punish them all in the way the law intended. A comparison of the figures we have given with those of the present time shows how difficult it must have been for the workman in the cities of the fourth century to live even tolerably, for owing to the wages paid most of the nutritious articles of food were entirely beyond his means. On the other hand, the wealthy were able to command the choicest delicacies, and they expended enormous sums of money for their tables. Skilled cooks were employed, who were constantly inventing new dishes and rich sauces, and finding effective ways of stimulat-

ing the appetites and gratifying the tastes of their rich employers.

3. *Dress.* The *toga* was the distinctive garment of free male citizens, and was always worn on the street or elsewhere in public. It consisted of a strip of cloth having a length about three times the height of the person and a width twice his height. One end was thrown forward over the left shoulder and hung in front nearly to the feet; the remainder, drawn across the back, was brought under the right arm and left hanging in folds down the back, thence drawn across the chest, and finally the end thrown backward over the left shoulder. Great care was taken in draping the garment gracefully, and leaden weights were employed to hold it in position. The portion thrown across the chest was known as the *sinus,* and consisted of folds deep enough to form a receptacle for small articles. Ordinarily the toga was made of white woolen cloth, or of brown and black, if worn by plebeians or by patricians when in mourning or accused of a crime. Such was the *toga virilis* worn by mature males. Curule magistrates, priests and emperors had a purple stripe woven into the garment, which was then known as the *toga praetexta.* This garment was also worn by boys.

Next to the body a large woolen shirt, with short sleeves, reaching to the knees and gathered in by a girdle at the waist, was worn. It was called the *tunic,* and corresponded to the *chiton* of the Greeks. An undertunic of wool

was frequently worn; this constituted the clothing of the Romans when at work or in their homes and the sole garments of slaves and persons not citizens.

The outer garment of the women was longer than the body, slit at the top on each side and fastened by clasps. Below, a border was woven on it, and the garment was drawn up in loose folds below the breast. This, the *stola,* had no sleeves or had half-sleeves to correspond with the nature of the tunic worn beneath.

The Roman generally went with head uncovered, and in case of emergency, such as the need for protection and shelter, he drew the toga over the back part of his head, but the poorer working people, who were constantly exposed to the elements, wore a round, conical felt cap or a low felt hat with a narrow brim. Sometimes the patricians, when on journeys or at public games, wore the same head covering. Women wore no head covering excepting a veil fastened to the hair and thrown gracefully over the neck and back, or a kind of turban formed by twisting a handkerchief above the brows. Until the third century B. C. the Romans wore their hair long and had long flowing beards; shaving seems not to have appeared in Rome until about 300 B. C. Naturally, as the Romans usually left the head uncovered, they were particularly careful of the manner in which their hair was dressed, and styles in this varied as do styles in hats and bonnets at the present time. Well-to-do women arranged their front

hair in wavy lines and tied the long back hair in a knot, coiled it about the top of the head like a crown, or fastened it low down on the neck with ribbons and clasps. Curls and thick plaits were sometimes worn, and fine nets of gold thread held in the rebellious locks.

Roman ladies were fond of cosmetics, facial preparations and miscellaneous toilet articles. Often they wore at night masks of various preparations to preserve their complexions, banish wrinkles and keep the skin smooth and bright. They used both white and red paints, stained and dyed the brows and eyelashes, and marked the veins upon the temples with fine blue lines. Glass mirrors were unknown to them, but they had polished metal mirrors, composed of tin or copper, or at a later age of silver, that answered the purpose.

4. *Marriage.* The Roman idea of marriage was as practical and utilitarian as of other things. Parents selected husbands for their daughters, and the latter were compelled to acquiesce in the choice. Girls could not marry before their twelfth year and at nineteen they were looked upon as having passed the marriageable age. The commonest age of marriage was fourteen. Parents of rank sought to supply their daughters with husbands from the nobility, men of good moral character, large fortune and pleasing address. If a girl possessed beauty, high social and intellectual qualities and a large dowry, she was considered desirable. Among the poor these qualities were

less rigidly scrutinized, we may assume, but we have little knowledge of their ideas.

A formal betrothal was made after the parents had come to an agreement, and in the presence of friends of both the parties the young man with great ceremony placed an iron ring on that finger of the bride's left hand from which finger a nerve was supposed to run directly to the heart. A trousseau for the bride was provided by her father, who also selected servants for the new household. When the young lady had formally laid upon the altar of her Lares her dolls and other toys and had thus put away childish things, she was ready to be married.

The following quotation from *Roman Life in Pliny's Time,* by Flood and Vincent, describes the wedding:

Early in the morning the houses of the betrothed were decorated. The throng of friends and relations filled the *atrium* of the bride's house. This room was brilliantly lighted and trimmed with green branches. The recesses in the wall were thrown open to display the images of the family ancestors. Soon the bride appeared. On her head she wore a flame-colored veil, flowing at the back and at the sides, so that only her face showed. A girdle with a jasper buckle encircled her waist. Precious stones sparkled in her hair, and she wore a necklace of gold and earrings of pearl. When the ten required witnesses had placed their signatures below the contract, a matron chosen for the purpose led the bride up to the bridegroom and joined their right hands. The couple then offered a sacrifice upon the family altar, after which, conducted in festal procession, they set out for their new home. They had to pass through a crowd who mingled

cheers with the music of flutes and with gay songs, and who did not disperse until they had seen the bridegroom lift the bride over the threshold of her new dwelling. It was thus that the husband signalized his right of possession. Finally, the festivities were ended by a feast given in the husband's house, when husband and wife sat side by side. . . . When a couple wished to avoid this showy entertainment, they went to get married in some country house. Here we find the origin of the wedding tour.

In early days the husband ruled absolutely in his own family, but later the wife gained a considerable control over her own person and property and attained an independence which was not reached until many centuries later in other parts of Europe or even in America.

5. *Sickness and Death.* In early days the Romans were a sturdy race, capable of continuous exertion, able to endure hardships, and healthy even in old age, but as wealth increased and indulgence in excessive eating and drinking and various forms of vice became more common, the health of the nation deteriorated, and all the ills of an advanced civilization made their way among the people.

In the early days, physicians were unnecessary and unknown, and in cases of sickness the patient depended upon simple family remedies and good nursing. In case of serious wounds and a really threatening illness, augurs were consulted and religious vows and sacrifices were made. Temples were erected and offerings made in a public manner to propitiate the gods who sent the diseases.

In the second century B. C., however, the conquest of Greece brought the physicians of that nation into the Roman dominions, and although many of them were rank impostors, not a few accomplished remarkable cures by a sane regulation of diet and the prescription of simple remedies. However, the nostrums in use were many of them extremely repulsive in their origin and powerless in action. Nevertheless, the incomes of some of the physicians in the later days of Rome would be considered high by their brethren of to-day.

The bodies of the dead were anointed with perfumes, clothed in the toga and adorned with ornaments and the insignia of the highest offices held by the deceased. A plaster cast was taken of the face, and from this a waxen replica was made to be placed among the images in the *atrium* of the house. In very early and very late times in the mouth of each of the dead was placed a small coin to pay the passage of the soul across the Styx, a custom which we have seen among the Greeks. Mourning relatives sat about the body crying violently and frequently shouting the word *"Vale"* (farewell).

Children and poor people were buried at night by the family, but the wealthy held their funerals in the day-time, and public characters were granted ceremonious pageants at public expense. Musicians led the procession, women followed, singing songs in praise of the deceased, and not infrequently jesters or mimics,

one wearing a mask representing the dead, made fun at his expense. Sometimes chariots carrying persons dressed to represent distinguished ancestors of the corpse and wearing the waxen masks from his home *atrium* were driven next. Behind these was borne the bier, upon which the uncovered body lay, sometimes carried by slaves who had been liberated by the deceased. After the bier came the relatives, dressed in mourning, the sons with their heads veiled, the daughters uncovered, with dishevelled hair.

The processions marched from the house to the Forum, where a eulogy was pronounced, and thence to a place outside the city, where the burial or cremation took place. In later years cremation was very common. Bodies were burned to ashes on huge funeral pyres, and the ashes were gathered in ornate urns; these were placed in little niches in the walls of buildings erected to shelter them.

6. *Slavery.* Among the ancients the custom of war decreed that captives were subject to death at the hands of the captors, who might, however, retain them as slaves. As death is the severest penalty possible, the holding of slaves came to be regarded as an indication of generosity rather than of cruelty, and in a measure slavery was a mitigation of the horrors of war. Thus in her conquests Rome obtained an incredible number of captives, who made up a considerable portion of her population; particularly, as in an earlier day debtors

might also be reduced to slavery by their creditors, and at a later time markets were opened, which supplied the wealthy with other slaves acquired in various ways from many parts of the world.

The price of slaves varied at different times and always with the qualifications of the one sold. Considering the sources from which they were obtained, it may be seen that many of them possessed all the culture and refinement of their captors, and not uncommonly were their superiors. The literature of Rome is full of accounts of the remarkable acquirements of the captives, and in the Latin plays, for instance, the intelligent slave is frequently one of the chief characters, the adviser of the wealthy, the one who manages all the affairs of the household, and whose scheming fixes the course of the plot. We are informed that in the first century before Christ day-laborers sold for ninety dollars or more; an accomplished grammarian brought twenty-eight thousand dollars; beautiful girls commanded a thousand dollars; boys sold from four to eight thousand dollars; and deformed buffoons, who were able to entertain their masters, brought about eight hundred dollars. It is interesting to know that negro slaves were always in demand and brought high prices.

The homes of the wealthy Romans were full of accomplished slaves, each having his peculiar duties and executing them frequently with unswerving loyalty. The stewards, the cooks,

the barbers, torch-bearers, grooms, secretaries, physicians, readers, writers, musicians, librarians, all were slaves, and many Roman sportsmen kept corps of trained gladiators, who fought in the arena for the honor of their masters.

We are told that frequently slaves obtained a considerable influence in the community, were allowed to acquire and hold property of their own, filled independent posts of responsibility, such as the administration of an estate, the command of a ship or the management of a bank, from which occupation they received a salary and even a percentage of the profits. By such means as these they frequently purchased their freedom and then occupied an established position in society. On the other hand, they were mere chattels, and the control of the master extended even to life. For misdeeds of any sort the master could impose the most servile and degrading punishments, which must have been exceedingly trying to men of such birth and education as those of the captives. Torture and execution were of frequent occurrence.

The influence of slavery upon the Romans was demoralizing in the extreme. So much power over mankind was in itself an influence for the bad, but it was not so great an influence for evil as were the activities of the slaves themselves, many of whom, as we have said, were the superiors in intellect and culture of their masters. Many of these foreign inmates of

the household were Orientals or wily, treacherous Greeks, who brought with them all the vicious principles of the East. With corrupt and immoral slaves of both sexes in the household, it is not strange that the Romans themselves acquired the vices of the Orient, and under their influence rapidly became debased. Not only did the masters cease to labor and to think, but the health of the Romans was undermined, and they lost that hearty virtue which had characterized them in early days. The disintegrating influence of slavery is nowhere more forcibly shown than in the history of the Romans. When Rome made her conquest of the Orient, Greece was in the most decadent stage of her pagan civilization, and the Greek slaves were the strongest demoralizing influence which came upon their captors.

7. *Commerce.* While the literature of a country is not very closely related to its commercial affairs, yet something must be said of it, and it may as well be done in this connection. Rome was originally a commercial city, and the conquest of Caesar and Pompey circumscribed the Mediterranean Sea and made it what some one has called "a Roman lake." Practically all the commercial cities of antiquity were within twenty or twenty-five miles of the coast of the Mediterranean, and all teemed with the produce of the times. By means of her wonderful system of roads under close police surveillance and her commercial ships traversing the Mediterranean under the protection of

her powerful navy, Rome brought into Italy all the produce of the then known world and made it the center of luxury and opulence. The cereals were brought by large fleets of galleys to fill the granaries and furnish sustenance to the teeming cities, and these cereals, under the general name of "corn," were the most important article of commerce, though there were others of quite as great value, but which should be regarded as luxuries.

From India and the East came gums, spices, pearls, diamonds, ivory and tortoise shell, with rare and costly fabrics of cotton and silk, all of which were paid for in gold and silver, because the products of the West were not sought in barter by the Orientals. Although the Romans used parchment after the fourth century A. D., there was an incessant demand for paper, which was brought from Egypt; while native wines commanded a good price, yet there was a great demand for the vintages of Greece and Asia; and minor articles and luxuries from every direction found a ready sale. Taken as a whole, the Romans themselves, that is, the inhabitants of Rome and Italy, were the greatest purchasers of antiquity, for at no time did they produce more than a small portion of the necessaries and luxuries which were consumed by them.

IV. EDUCATION. The eminently practical nature of the Roman, his respect for authority, his rugged strength and his reverence for the useful made his ideals in education directly in

contrast with those of the Greek, whose emotional nature found its highest ideal in the worship of the beautiful. The aim of the early Roman was to educate the young so that they should become good soldiers and practical, useful citizens. In later years, when Greek culture made its way among the Romans, they sought a better balanced training of mind and body, and in time sacrificed the strength and purity of the early years for an aesthetic and more effeminate education.

In the Roman family the mother occupied a high position, and was considered the companion of the husband and not the servant, as was the Greek idea. This profound respect for motherhood made the Roman youth obedient and susceptible to that high maternal training to which so many Latin writers bear evidence. In fact, until the age of seven children were trained in their homes by their mothers, where, as we have intimated before, they learned the first great lesson of obedience.

As early as the middle of the fifth century B. C., private primary schools were established in Rome, which both boys and girls attended, received instruction in reading, writing and the elements of arithmetic and learned the useful and moral maxims which were considered so large a part of education. In these schools they sang with great enthusiasm songs which told of the heroic accomplishments of the early Romans, and as they grew older committed to memory the laws of the *Twelve Tables*.

Outside of school hours the boy was subject to the oversight of a tutor, known as the *paedagogus,* who was usually a Greek slave. While one of the chief duties of the pedagogue was to conduct his charge to and from school, frequently he was an instructor as well and directed the training of the boy in gymnastics, boxing, swimming, horseback riding and the use of weapons.

The conquest of Greece brought to Rome large numbers of accomplished scholars who transferred the culture of Athens to the Roman world and made an intellectual conquest of the Roman people. No longer were the primary schools sufficient, but higher establishments were created, in which the philosophers, rhetoricians and teachers of Greece gave instruction to the Roman youth in language, grammar, composition, philosophy and the higher arts and sciences. These schools became immensely popular, and were successful in creating among their students so profound an interest in study that it became customary for them to finish their education in Athens, Rhodes, Alexandria, or wherever great teachers had made themselves famous. The first college, called the Athenaeum, was established during the reign of Vespasian, and included in its curriculum instruction in grammar, rhetoric, logic, arithmetic, music, drawing and astronomy. With the growth of interest in education, the social position of teachers improved until Julius Caesar conferred upon them the rights of citizen-

ship, and Octavius followed him by making them exempt from taxation and freeing them from public duties.

Among the great Roman teachers are several whose work we shall study more closely, for they were among the greatest of Rome's literary geniuses. Quintilian insisted that the nurses of children should be virtuous and prudent, and laid great stress upon early education, for, he said, "Wool once colored never regains its primitive whiteness." Seneca, the tutor of Nero, is to-day regarded as a teacher of highest merit, and many of his maxims are still common in pedagogical literature, such, for instance, as the following:

We should learn, not for the sake of the school, but for the purposes of life.

Study one book profoundly rather than read many superficially.

The best way to make your ideas clear is to communicate them to others.

The best way of being taught is to teach.

The end is attained sooner by example than by precept.

To Juvenal we are indebted for that ideal of education to which we still so firmly cling, namely, that the purpose of education is to provide a sound mind in a sound body.

V. Art. There is little in Roman art that can be called characteristically original, for the Romans were great borrowers, and they utilized whatever they found in the countries with which they communicated or which subsequently came under their rule. The practical

quality of the Roman mind manifested itself everywhere and compelled it to seek utility rather than beauty in everything. Nevertheless, the Romans indulged freely in ornament, but it was usually of a vulgar and ostentatious type. While in studying the Greeks we are continually impressed by their originality, we find among the Romans in place of originality only a striking power of adaptability. Leaving out of consideration in this chapter any reference to literature as an art, architecture, sculpture and painting remain as the three important arts which were cultivated from the earliest times.

VI. ARCHITECTURE. The two fundamental principles of architecture are the beam and the arch, and among the Greeks the former was carried to the highest type of excellence. The Romans were the first successfully to use the arch, and its substitution in place of the flat lintel was the greatest revolution in the history of universal architecture. However, the Romans did not invent the arch, but borrowed it from the Etruscans, who until the conquest of Greece exerted the most important influence upon Roman building. As the early Etruscan work was made principally of sun-dried bricks, little of it remains, but the Romans built more enduringly, for they discovered and utilized concrete in a manner which was the foreshadowing of the almost universal employment of that agency in building now to be seen throughout the world.

With the arrival of the Greek influence, however, the Romans began to build permanently and elaborately. They utilized the three Greek orders, but neglected the Doric, and when they used the Ionic order they did it after the manner of the Greeks. In the Corinthian capital, however, the Romans found a means of gratifying their ornate tastes, and they cultivated it with vigor and ostentation, eventually evolving a composite order from the Corinthian and the Ionic which they carried to all parts of the world. The fact that the Romans carried their building operations everywhere they went accounts for the general distribution of the original Greek and Etruscan styles.

To characteristic buildings, particularly as they appeared in Rome, we must give some little attention. (See, also, the map opposite page 2527.)

1. *The Forums.* Originally the forums were designed as market-places and were surrounded by shops, but after they became the center of urban life the principal temples and other public buildings were grouped around them. Every town had its forum, and in the larger places there were more than one. In Rome, for instance, there was not only the Forum Romanorum, but also forums named for Trajan, Julius Caesar, Vespasian, Nerva and others. Statues, columns and triumphal arches were used in the decoration of these gathering places, which in time became ornate in the extreme.

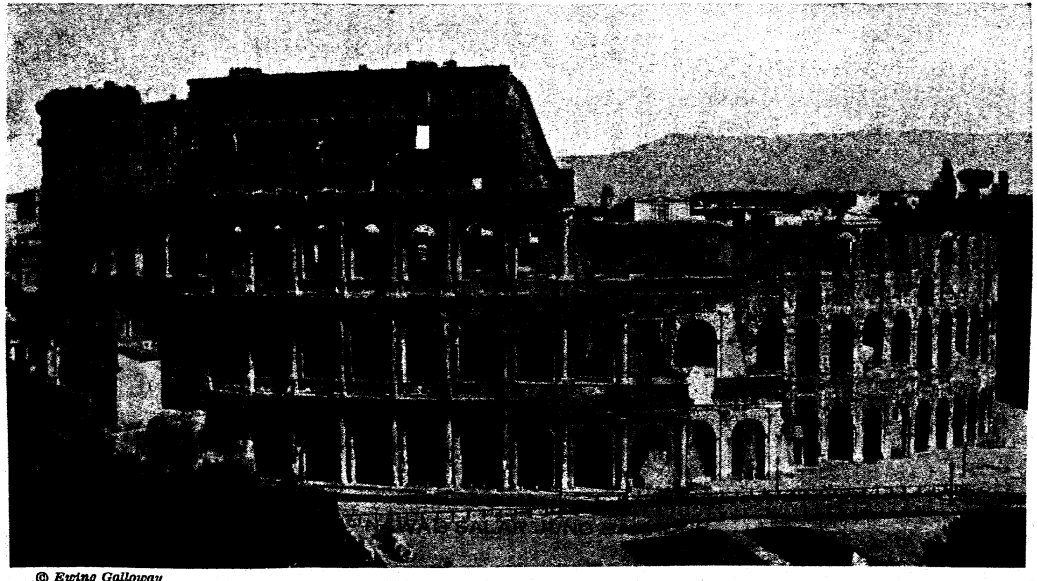
2. *Temples.* Temples were of two types—rectangular, from Greek models, and circular, probably from Etruscan sources. The temples of a city were frequently set upon a continuous level pedestal, to which access was given by a flight of steps. In Rome remains still exist of beautiful rectangular temples dedicated to Fortuna Virilis, Mars Ultor, Castor and Pollux, Vespasian, Antoninus and Faustina, and Saturn. The chief circular temple in Rome is the Pantheon, though there is a beautiful little temple to Vesta and another to Mater Matuta. The Pantheon, Corinthian throughout, consists of a huge domed rotunda 142 feet in diameter, in front of which is a portico of sixteen columns. An opening of about thirty feet in diameter in the center of the roof is the source of light. The white dome is more than 140 feet high, and its portico over 100 feet long. As it is still in a state of almost perfect preservation, it gives us an excellent idea of the massiveness and sublimity of Roman architecture at its best. There is some question as to its origin; the present structure was entirely the work of Hadrian. In A. D. 609 it was made a Christian church and dedicated to all the martyrs. Throughout the provinces as far west as Spain there are still to be found many ruins of beautiful temples of both styles.

3. *Basilicas.* The basilicas were originally courts of justice, but they soon came to be used more generally as places for the transaction of

business. The buildings were rectangular in shape, and the usually wooden roof was supported by rows of columns, which were sometimes in several ranks within. To the architect they are interesting because they form the transition between the classic and Christian architecture. The Basilica Julia in the Forum in Rome and the Basilica of Maxentius and Constantine are among the chief ones.

4. *Baths.* Characteristic factors in Roman civilization were the great public baths, many of which in later times were built as bribes to the people. They consisted of a large central block containing the baths proper, surrounded by open spaces where the athletes could congregate for their exercises, and these courts in turn were surrounded by buildings which contained lecture halls, theaters, etc. The baths of Caracalla, accommodating at least 1,600 bathers, and of Diocletian, built for the accommodation of about 3,200 bathers, were the largest. Water was brought into them by means of the aqueducts, of which we have made mention in another place. Politicians sometimes hired these baths for a limited time and turned them over to the public for free use, in order to obtain votes.

5. *The Capitol.* The national sanctuary was built by Tarquinius Superbus, according to tradition, on Capitoline Hill, the most famous of Rome's seven hills. Eighty years later (565 B. C.) the structure was completed, and it covered a ground area of eight acres. Its nave



© *Ewing Galloway*

COLOSSEUM, OR FLAVIAN AMPHITHEATER

and two wings were dedicated respectively to Jupiter, Juno and Minerva. The marble interior was decorated with gilded chariots, shields, etc., and its huge gates were of brass, plated with gold. Within were decorations in relief and statues of burned clay.

The Capitol was in reality the great temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, and as such it remained standing for about five hundred years, when it was burned. Sulla rebuilt it in 83 B. C., but twice again it was destroyed by fire, and then finally reconstructed by Domitian. The Capitol contained the Sibylline books, and formed the central point of the religious life of Rome. When generals returned from triumphant campaigns, they visited the Capitol to make their thank-offering; to it also went the consuls to record their vows, and here the Senate often met. The Capitoline Hill was very steep and inaccessible, making the Capitol itself difficult to capture. During the Middle Ages the buildings fell into ruins, and the structures now occupying their place were commenced in 1534 under plans submitted by Michelangelo.

6. *The Circus.* The Roman Circus was in the form of an ellipse cut in half at its vertical axis. The seats rose in tiers around the sides and in a crescent around one end. The front was reserved for the main entrance and for the stalls and rooms where horses and chariots were kept. The lower seats, reserved for the upper classes, were of stone, while the higher were of wood. At the circus the two sexes sat

together, and in this respect it was peculiar. Perhaps the most celebrated building of this character is the Circus Maximus in Rome, erected on the spot which from the time of Romulus was used for public games. The oblong was about 1,800 feet in length, 650 feet in width, and contained seats for 250,000 spectators. Little of it can be seen now except the subterranean foundation and the remains of the seats on the hillsides.

7. *The Colosseum.* One of the most important monuments of Roman architecture is the magnificent ruin which is now known as the Colosseum. It was begun in the reign of Vespasian and was finished by Titus, A. D. 80, when it was known as the Flavian Amphitheater. The name *Colosseum* was not in use before the eighth century, and was given merely because of its enormous size. It would seat 87,000 spectators, and in the arena several hundred could fight at the same time. When Titus celebrated its completion, it is said he sacrificed five thousand animals within its walls.

The description given by Gibbon is particularly interesting:

> It was a building of an elliptical figure, founded on eighty arches, and rising, with four successive orders of architecture, to the height of one hundred fifty-seven feet. The outside of the edifice was incrusted with marble and decorated with statues. The slopes of the vast concave which formed the inside were filled and surrounded with sixty or eighty rows of seats, likewise of marble, covered with cushions. Sixty-four *vomitories* (exits) poured forth the immense multitude; and the

entrances, passages and staircases were contrived with such exquisite skill that each person, whether of the senatorial, the equestrian or the plebeian order, arrived at his destined place without trouble or confusion. Nothing was omitted which, in any respect, could be subservient to the convenience and pleasure of the spectators. The subterranean pipes conveyed an inexhaustible supply of water, and the arena might be suddenly converted into a wide lake, covered with armed vessels and replenished with the monsters of the deep.

Dickens speaks of the Colosseum as follows:

To see it crumbling there, an inch a year; to climb into its upper halls, and look down on ruin, ruin, ruin, all about it—the triumphal arches of Constantine, Septimius Severus and Titus, the Roman Forum, the Palace of the Caesars—is to see the ghost of old Rome, wicked, wonderful old city, haunting the very ground on which its people trod. It is the most impressive, the most stately, the most solemn, grand, majestic, mournful sight conceivable. Never, in its bloodiest prime, can the sight of the gigantic Colosseum, full and running over with the lustiest life, have moved one heart as it must move all who look upon it now, a ruin.

8. *Palaces and Villas.* We have already spoken of the Roman house, which, beautiful as it may have been, was not especially magnificent. However, the emperors beautified Rome with noble palaces erected in the vicinity of the Palatine Hill. The Golden House of Nero, nearly a mile in length, with large gardens and parks for animals, all surrounded by a triple colonnade of marble, covered parts of the Palatine and Esquiline hills and all the great valley beneath. Country palaces were called villas, and some of these were magnifi-

cent indeed. Hadrian's villa, near Tivoli, of which beautiful ruins still exist, was about seven miles around its perimeter, and included theaters, gymnasia, baths, etc.

9. *Tombs.* The dead of Rome were buried outside the city along the highways, especially along the Appian Way, which was lined for miles with beautiful sepulchral monuments. Many of these have been excavated and restored, so that to-day the drive along the road is fraught with great interest. Here among others one may see the noble mausoleum erected to Caecilia Metella, the wife of Crassus. It is a circular tower nearly seventy feet in diameter, coated with marble and ornamented by a beautiful frieze and cornice. The most remarkable tomb, however, is the one to which we have heretofore alluded, the Mausoleum of Hadrian, across the Tiber.

10. *Aqueducts.* Rome was supplied with water on a large scale, and the aqueducts which brought it in are among the most remarkable relics of antiquity. By means of masonry conduits, water was collected from springs and carried sometimes under ground and in other cases above valleys and over low plains by great walls supported by immense arches. The first of these huge structures, begun about 313 B. C., was forty-five miles long, thirty-five of which were subterranean canals. Another aqueduct sixty-two miles in length joined this about six miles from the city, whence the water was brought into Rome through an aqueduct in

places over one hundred feet high. In many other places in the provinces similar improvements were undertaken and carried to completion, and their remains are still visible, parallel in many instances to the wonderful military roads, of which we have elsewhere spoken.

So profuse was the supply of water, especially in Rome, that fountains were among the commonest of ornamental structures. It is said that the consul Agrippa alone contracted for twelve hundred public fountains, and today in Rome one is continually meeting with those from which still gushes forth an unlimited supply of pure sparkling water.

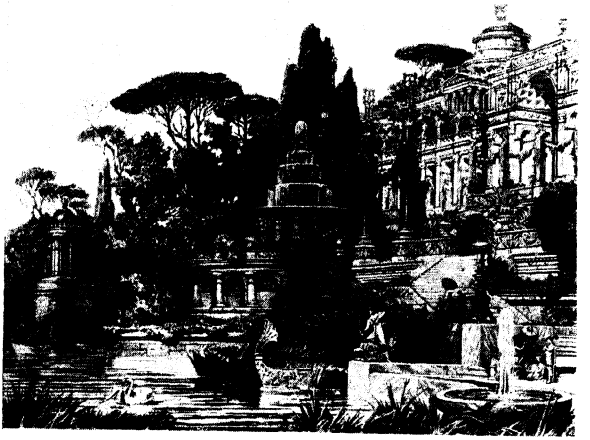
11. *Columns and Arches.* The Romans were among the first, if not the first, people to use the memorial arch to commemorate great events and successful campaigns. The early arches were of stone without much carving and surmounted by groups of memorial statues, but those of later times were built of marble, elaborately carved and beautifully decorated in the highest style of Roman art. Some were single arches spanning a highway; others contained a central arch across the road and a lesser one at each side for pedestrians. Inscriptions upon them showed the purpose for which they were erected. About one hundred fifty such arches in different parts of the Roman Empire still remain in whole or in part to testify to the skill with which they were built. Of the forty arches built by the emperors, three remain standing in Rome in a remarkable state of

preservation. They were built respectively by Domitian in honor of Titus, A. D. 82; Septimius Severus, A. D. 203, and Constantine, A. D. 337.

To commemorate important events and as a mark of honor to noted Romans, it was the custom to erect single columns of stone or marble, varying in height and beauty according to the importance of the occasion or the prominence of the man. The finest one now in existence is the Column of Trajan, which stands in the Forum of Trajan in Rome. It is built of white marble in the Tuscan manner of architecture and is one hundred thirty feet high. Its ornaments in relief tell the story of the victories of Trajan.

VII. SCULPTURE AND PAINTING. The finest statuary produced by the Romans is credited to those artists who were most under the influence of Grecian models, and little of it appeared before the end of the third century after Christ. Prior to that time the Romans had followed the Etruscans, with little show of originality. In the marble of Luna, now known as Carrara marble, the sculptors found a medium for expressing their art.

The utilitarian nature of the Romans was manifested in their sculpture, for instead of creating ideal forms of great beauty they devoted themselves quite largely to portrait statues and busts. To the existence of these in large numbers we are indebted for our knowledge of the appearance of many of the statesmen and heroes of those olden times. In the



A ROMAN VILLA

COUNTRY PALACES OF WEALTHY ROMANS WERE MAGNIFICENTLY DESIGNED AND SURROUNDED WITH ELABORATE LANDSCAPE EFFECTS, AND SOMETIMES INCLUDED THEATERS, GYMNASIA, BATHS, FOUNTAINS AND STATUARY.

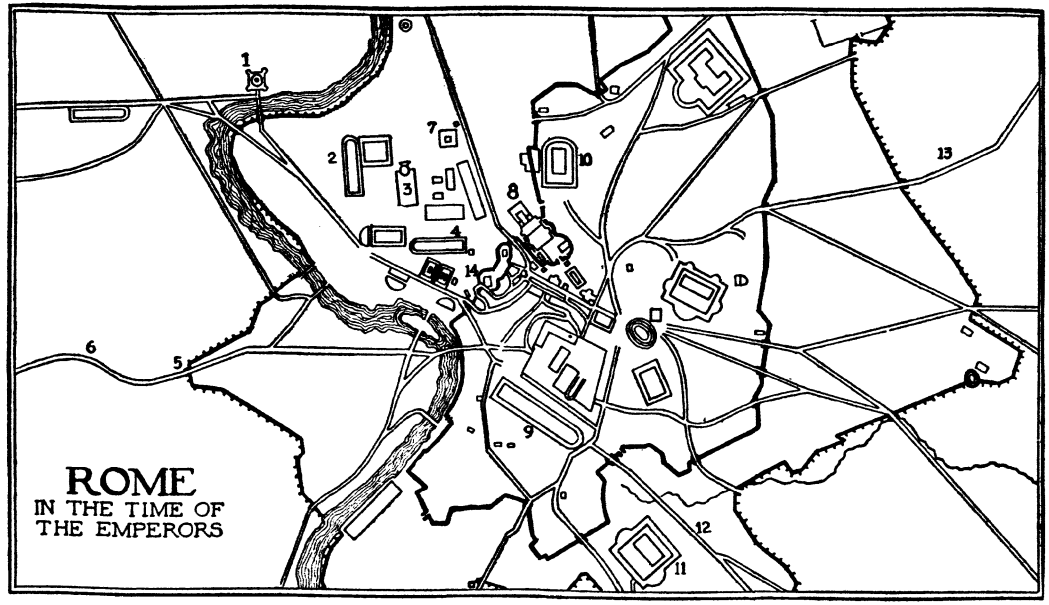
Vatican at Rome is a beautiful statue of Augustus, and in other museums are still to be found many exquisite heads of Antinous, the favorite of Hadrian, at whose order these portraits were executed by the artists. The equestrian statue of Balbus and his son at Naples, and the equestrian statue in bronze of Marcus Aurelius in the square of the Capitol at Rome are particularly meritorious. Besides portrait busts the sculptors excelled in realistic historical reliefs of triumphal processions, battles and sieges.

The Etruscans, even in early prehistoric time, brought painting to a high degree of perfection, although the tendency of their art is gloomy and peculiar. The Romans adapted the methods of the Etruscans, but changed the subject, and again showed their practical natures. No paintings remain in existence except mural decorations in dwellings and temples. Most of these show Greek influence, but are still distinctively Roman. Some of the most charming of these frescoes are from the walls of houses excavated at Pompeii, while others have come from the villas of the wealthy round about Rome. Many examples of early Christian paintings, dating back to the decline of the Empire, were found in the catacombs, and some of the best have been removed to museums of the Lateran and the Vatican.

The Romans understood the art of carving gems, and were especially skillful in the laying of mosaics. One famous piece is called Pliny's

Doves, a copy of which was found in Hadrian's villa, near Tivoli. It represents a large, round, shallow bowl partially filled with water. Around it are grouped four doves, two in an attitude of attention, one drinking and the fourth preening his feathers. They are very lifelike, and the colors are still vivid. In Naples is a wonderful mosaic containing twenty-two human figures and sixteen horses, in the construction of which over a million pieces are used. The floors and pavements of baths, villas, palaces and the better class of dwellings were frequently laid in mosaic of colored marbles arranged in decorative forms and often depicting men and animals in action. We have already mentioned the *Cave Canem.*

VIII. ROME, THE ETERNAL CITY. 1. *The Map of Rome.* We have already spoken repeatedly of Rome and have mentioned many of its points of interest, yet at the risk of repetition it seems worth while to try to obtain a more comprehensive view of this most wonderful city of antiquity. A glance at the map of ancient Rome shows us the Tiber flowing from north to south on the west side of the city and making four great bends within the walls built by Marcus Aurelius, which marked the city's greatest extent. To the west of the river and opposite the central part of the city lies the Janiculum, highest of the hills of Rome. North of it on the same side of the river are the Vatican and Hadrian's tomb. In the center of the city and near the river is the Capitoline



1—Tomb of Hadrian; 2—Stadium; 3—Pantheon; 4—Circus Flaminius; 5—Aurelian Gate; 6—Old Aurelian Way; 7—Temple of Neptune; 8—Forum of Trajan; 9—Circus Maximus; 10—Baths of Constantine; 11—Baths of Caracalla; 12—Appian Way; 13—Tiber Way; 14—Capitol.

Hill, north of which, extending to the river and to the Aurelian walls, is the *Campus Martius* (Field of Mars), upon which now stands the Pantheon and most of the modern city of Rome, but in ancient times was the exercise grounds of the populace. East of the Capitoline Hill is the Forum, which may be considered the center of the old city. It occupies the low land between the Capitoline Hill on the west, the Quirinal on the north, the Viminal on the northeast, the Esquiline on the east, and the Palatine on the south.

The *Via Sacra* (Sacred Way) led from the Forum southeastward in the valley between the Esquiline and Palatine hills. About a thousand paces along this way is the Colosseum, beyond which to the southward and east of the Palatine is the detached Caelian Hill. The Aventine is another detached hill south of the Palatine, and between the two is the Circus Maximus. The *Via Triumphalis* runs southward from the Colosseum to the east of the Palatine and joins the Appian Way, which runs out of Rome to the southeast.

The Palatine Hill, upon which Romulus began building his city, was regarded by the Romans with especial reverence, and it was the site successively of palaces built by kings and emperors. In fact, the parts of Rome surrounding the Forum have been built upon so many times that it is often difficult and frequently impossible to trace even the outlines of the earlier structures.

2. *Mamertine Prison.* On the Capitoline Hill were several buildings besides the Capitol, one of which at least still holds a strong interest for Christian students. This is the celebrated *carcer* (prison), which is now known as the Mamertine Prison, a name which originated in medieval times. This was excavated out of solid rock in the side of the Capitoline Hill at its base near the arch of Septimius Severus. The prison proper is a small oblong cell, in the floor of which an opening gave entrance to a lower and darker dungeon. A general to whom was granted a triumph appeared in procession moving along the Appian Way, the Triumphal Way and the Sacred Way to the Forum, and when in his progress around it he reached the *carcer* he paused until he was informed that some of his captives had been put to death in the dungeon. In this place it is said the accomplices of Catiline were strangled, Jugurtha and Vercingetorix died of hunger and cold or by the sword, and St. Peter and St. Paul were both imprisoned. Sallust speaks of the *carcer* as being "repulsive and fearful because of its chillness, dampness and darkness."

3. *Quirinal, Esquiline and Caelian Hills.* The baths of Diocletian, Constantine, Trajan and Titus were built upon the Quirinal; Nero's Golden House covered the Caelian and large parts of the Palatine and Esquiline hills; on the eastern end of the Caelian Hill now stands the famous Church of St. John Lateran.

4. *The Aventine.* The Aventine was the hill occupied by the plebeians and was the scene of their elections. Upon it stood many temples and to one of them, the temple of Diana, Gaius Gracchus fled a few hours before his death. Upon this same hill lived the poet Ennius, the dramatist Livius Andronicus, and Servilia, the mother of Brutus. In the gardens of her home Shakespeare lays the scene of the plotting of Brutus with the conspirators and the interview between Brutus and Portia, his wife, in the tragedy, *Julius Caesar.*

5. *The Forum.* It is surprising to most visitors to find that the great Forum is a rectangular space of only two hundred thirty yards long by eighty yards wide. Originally it was a boggy place, frequently inundated by the Tiber. According to a legend of the early days, the soothsayers said that Rome could not endure unless she cast into this quagmire or gulf the thing that was regarded as her greatest strength. Marcus Curtius, declaring that arms and men constituted the true strength of Rome, leaped upon his horse and drove it headlong into the bog, which closed over him and completed the sacrifice.

So frequently has the ground of the Forum and that surrounding it been built over that it is impossible to locate all of the buildings or to give a description which would not be confusing and inadequate. However, there are remains of surrounding buildings and monuments which enable us to reconstruct in our

imagination some part of the glories of the Forum at its best. About the middle of the western end of it stood the Golden Milestone, from which distances to all parts of the Empire were reckoned. To the left as one looks toward the Capitol, was the New Rostrum, and to the right the noble arch of Septimius Severus, through which ran the street leading up the Capitoline Hill. On the north side were the spaces used for the meetings of the *comitia* and of the Senate. In the southeast corner of one of these stood the rostrum where were placed the brazen tablets on which were engraved the *Twelve Tables of the Law*. On the southern border of the Forum was the beautiful temple of Castor and Pollux, of which three exquisite columns still remain standing. These old Greek heroes came to be of prominence in Roman history when, the legend tells us, they appeared at the battle of Regillus and fought for the Romans. In commemoration of this the temple was erected about 484 B. C. An annual military procession and frequent costly sacrifices were made in the temple to keep alive in the hearts of the people the memory of their indebtedness to the gods.

The Basilica of Julia, to which we have already alluded, occupied the western portion of the south side of the Forum from the time of the reign of Augustus, during which it was completed. It is said that Caligula used to throw coins from the top of the Basilica into the Forum below for the pleasure of seeing the

people scramble for them. In the southwest corner of the Forum there was erected about 500 B. C. a magnificent temple to Saturn, before which, it is said, Pompey sat, surrounded by his soldiers, while he listened to an oration by Cicero, in which the latter did not hesitate to denounce the general and his policy. At the opposite end of the Forum and across the Sacred Way were the temple of Julius Caesar, the temple of Vesta and the house of the Vestal Virgins, grouped near the temple of Castor and Pollux.

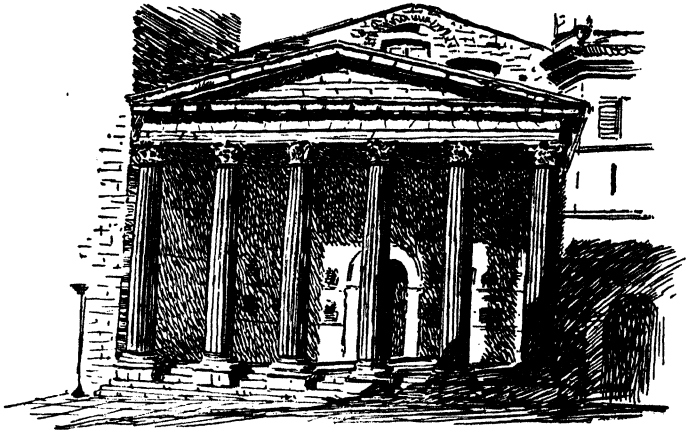
6. *The Arch of Titus.* In the Sacred Way, between the Colosseum and the Forum, stands the beautiful arch of Titus, the finest monument of its kind now existing in Rome. During the Middle Ages it was built over, but has since been excavated and its interesting sculptures restored in travertine, a soft, colored, porous rock which is easily distinguishable from the white Pentelic marble of which the original was constructed.

The single archway was supported by pillars whose capitals were of the composite style with Ionic volutes resting upon two rings of Corinthian acanthus leaves. Under the arch the pillars are adorned with large reliefs representing the triumphs of Titus. On the right the triumphal procession is about to pass under an archway; the soldiers are seen to be carrying the spoils from the Temple at Jerusalem, and among them may be recognized the seven-branched golden candlestick. On the left the

emperor, seated in his triumphal car, is conducted by Roma and crowned by Victory. Over the arch, on either side, are beautiful figures of Victory. On the keystone toward the Colosseum is a figure of Roma, on the opposite side one of Fortuna, and upon the facade are dedicatory inscriptions.

7. *The Janiculum.* The Janiculum is a long hill on the western bank of the Tiber and running parallel to it. Its name was derived from Janus, a king of the early aborigines. Upon it Numa Pompilius was buried; here Ancus Martius erected a citadel as a defense against the Etruscans; from the top of this hill Lucius Tarquinius obtained his first view of the city he had been chosen to rule; and when Lars Porsena came to the aid of Tarquin the Proud his forces advanced over the Janiculum, only to be driven back when they had been checked by the bravery of Horatius.

8. *The Vatican.* North of the Janiculum is the hill of the Vatican, which received its name, meaning *divination,* because in ancient times the Etruscan soothsayers were located here. Upon this hill was built the circus of Caligula, then the circus of Nero, which, however, long since gave way to the magnificent Church of St. Peter; the orgies of Nero, during which he slaughtered Roman senators and covered Christians with oil to make of them blazing torches, have given way to the calm deliberations of the Popes, who began their residence here about A. D. 500.



CHAPTER III

THE RELIGION AND LANGUAGE OF THE ROMANS

FUNCTION. The aim of religion according to the Roman ideal was to ascertain the will of the gods, to secure their assistance in earthly affairs. This was expected to be accomplished chiefly by the two rites, prayer and sacrifice. That Romans never dreamed it was a function of religion to fill the soul with the love of God or of good will to man, or to make human life abound in peace, gentleness, honesty, temperance and the other virtues, are facts we must bear in mind if we expect to understand Roman character.

While it is true that the Romans included in their worship most of the Greek deities, yet we must give them credit for a certain refinement which made them reject, to a degree, those vicious myths which stained Grecian mythol-

ogy. Beyond this, there was little of originality in the Roman religion, for it absorbed not only the gods of Greece, but also those of every conquered nation and seemed to grant them freely a place in the national Pantheon.

In contrast to the Greeks again, the Roman religion was one of form and ceremony, in which originally the king was high priest, and laid down its tenets. Under the Republic the Senate regulated these matters. In order to secure the good will of the gods, it was not sufficient to live the pure and moral life which was thought to please them, but worship must be conducted with exact attention to the established forms and ceremonials. Consequently, the Romans consulted their gods before engaging in any great undertaking, and hesitated to begin unless the omens were favorable.

II. The Roman Gods. The Romans accepted the Olympian gods of Greece with most of their attributes, but changed their names, as may be seen in our accounts of Grecian mythology. These gods were differently ranked, and with them were joined others equally powerful in their way, or even superior. Among the principal gods of Rome were Janus, Jupiter, Juno, Minerva, Saturn, Mars, Quirinus, Bacchus and Vesta.

III. Janus. Janus and Jana, his consort, were two very old Latin divinities, the former at one time probably representing the sun and the latter the moon. Although Jupiter was un-

questionably the great god of the Romans, the worship of Janus held a very high place in their estimation. In every undertaking his name was invoked even before that of Jupiter, and he was considered to preside over all "beginnings:" the first day of the year, the first day of the month and the commencement of every enterprise. On New Year's Day, sacred to Janus, Rome put on a holiday appearance, and her citizens presented one another with figs, dates, honey cakes, etc.

Janus is represented as seated on a shining throne, holding a scepter in his right hand and a key in his left. He has two faces, one youthful, looking forward, and one aged, looking backward. On the road from the Palatine to the Quirinal was a passage which Numa Pompilius dedicated to Janus, and this gateway and arch came to be known as the temple of Janus. In times of war these gates were left open, but in times of peace they were closed; and it is an impressive fact to remember that only four times in the history of Rome was the gateway closed, first by Numa himself, again at the close of the First Punic War, a third time under Augustus, and a fourth under Vespasian in A. D. 71.

IV. JUPITER. Jupiter is by later writers considered to be the same as the Greek Zeus, but in so doing they fail to distinguish the difference in character between the somewhat austere, noble chief god of the Romans and the tricky and immoral Zeus of the Greeks.

Jupiter was the greatest of all the gods, and he held dominion over all phenomena. His epithets were as numerous as his offices. He was *Jupiter Pluvius,* the rain giver; *Tonans,* the thunderer; *Fulminator,* the lightning-hurler; *Serenator,* the weather clearer; *Prodigalis,* the creator of prodigies; *Imperator,* the ruler; *Victor,* the conqueror; *Stator,* the supporter, or stander-by; *Capitolinus,* from his temple on the Capitol hill. The all-seeing eye of Jupiter beheld men and foresaw their destinies, for all events were but the expression of his will. He fought with the armies of Rome against their enemies, and revealed his will to men in various ways which they were taught by him to recognize. Any unwonted appearance in the sky or any strange phenomenon of nature was considered to be Jupiter expressing himself. He was the guardian of law, justice and virtues, and engagements made "in his sight" were considered inviolable. Temples were erected to him in various places under his different names, and sacrifices were made to him on every important occasion. In his character were planted all the virtues of the early Romans, and the attempts made after the conquest of Greece to reconcile his character with that of Zeus appear foolish in the extreme.

V. JUNO. Juno, wife of Jupiter, was the queen of Heaven, and under the name *Regina* was worshiped at an early date in Italy. She stood to women in the same relation that Jupiter did to men, and was a kind of special

providence to the sex from birth to death, with particular care of them in courtship, marriage and childbirth. She was the goddess of chastity, and no prostitutes were allowed to touch her altars. The *Matronalia,* celebrated on the first of March, was her great festival, and June, her month, was considered the most favorable time for fruitful marriage, an idea which even to-day has not been abandoned fully among Christian nations.

VI. MARS. The name *Mars* is a contraction of *Mavors,* or, as it appeared in the Sabine language, *Mamers.* Originally he was an agricultural deity who bore the surname of *Silvanus,* and offerings were made to him as the guardian of field and flocks. The shepherds who founded Rome were a fierce and warlike race, and in time Mars lost his sylvan characteristics and came to be considered the great god of war. As such he is the personification of the stern, relentless and even cruel traits of Roman character, and was honored by his followers as the great father, second only to Jupiter. Numa Pompilius recognized him as one of the three tutelary divinities of the Roman people, and appointed a flamen for his service. According to the old myths, he was the father of Romulus by the goddess Rhea Silvia, the priestess of Vesta, and as such became the real progenitor of the Roman people. In the earliest days his sanctuary was located on the Quirinal Hill that had received its name from *Quirinus,* one of the surnames of the god, which



JUNO

"JUNO, WHO PRESIDES SUPREME O'ER BRIDEGROOMS AND O'ER BRIDES."—*Vergil*

probably meant *spear-armed;* and it was under this name that he was invoked as the protector and patron of the state.

In Rome there were many temples erected to him, the most important of which was just outside the city walls, on the Appian Way. The Campus Martius was named after him, as was also the month of March, the first month in the Roman year. The later Romans identified him with the Hellenic Ares, but the attributes of the gods are so different that the identity is far from certain.

VII. SATURN. Saturnus was one of the earliest Italian divinities, and his name indicates that he was the god who made fertile the fields of the Italians and thus rewarded the labors of the sower (*sator*). Saturn in the myths is the divine king whose reign of mildness and beneficence softened the rough manners of the early husbandmen and taught them the usages of a simple and innocent civilization, so that the whole land received the name of *Saturnia,* which meant a land of plenty. His reign constituted the Golden Age, the time of ideal earthly happiness, to which allusion is so frequently made in the writings of the later Romans.

Although commonly identified with the Greek Cronos, there seems little foundation for the opinion, since the origin of Saturn worship may be traced back into far antiquity, before the Greeks and Romans had separated. Tradition says that he came to Italy from the

East and first settled near the foot of the Capitoline Hill, where a temple dedicated to his worship was erected. The artists of antiquity depict him as an old man with long, straight hair, with the back of his head covered, his feet swathed in ribbons. His other attributes were a pruning knife or a sickle-shaped lyre carried in the hand. The scythe, serpent and wings, which are sometimes to be seen in his statues, were added in later times.

VIII. BACCHUS. The worship of Bacchus (Dionysus) originated in Greece and thence was carried to Rome, where it seems to have been combined with that of an Italian deity, Liber, who controlled particularly the planting and cultivation of fruit. Of the wild and terrible rites which accompanied the celebration of the Dionysia in Greece, sufficient has already been said. Ultimately these rites in Rome, which originally were combined with the worship of Liber, degenerated into the same licentiousness that characterized the Greek orgies, and finally proved a menace to the existence of society. In 186 B. C. the evil had reached its greatest height, and was then subjected to an investigation by the government, which finally acted to prohibit the Bacchanalia entirely, and was so successful that they appeared thereafter only at rare intervals and then on a small and restricted scale.

IX. VESTA. The ancient Latin divinity, the Virgin Vesta, is almost identical with the Hestia of the Greeks, but her worship was

much more important and ceremonious among the Romans. As primarily Vesta was the goddess of the hearth, and as the Roman state was considered one great family, so she became the most important of the female deities. She was recognized by Numa Pompilius, who, it is said, erected to her a small round temple in the Forum, but the center of her worship, the altar which was sacred to the whole Roman people, was located at Lanuvium, about twenty miles from Rome, on the Appian Way.

Wherever the Greeks or Romans went, they carried with them some of the sacred fire which was kept burning on the altar of Vesta; in order that this fire might never be extinguished special priestesses were appointed, called the Vestal Virgins. Originally there were four of these Vestals, but subsequently two more were added. During the period of the kings they were appointed by the ruler, but later by the high priest, who selected twenty candidates, from whom one was chosen. It was necessary that the maiden should be the daughter of free-born parents, then alive, resident in Italy and engaged in no dishonorable occupation; she must be not less than six years old nor more than ten, and must be free from any physical defect. When the maiden was accepted as a Vestal Virgin, she was bound to thirty years of service, during the first ten of which she learned her duties; during the next ten she administered them, and during the last ten she taught the duties to the neophytes. After

thirty years of service she was at liberty to marry, but, as to do so was considered unlucky, most of them continued in the service of the temple.

The Vestal Virgins occupied positions of the highest honor, but their duties were little more than to keep the fire burning, to present offerings to Vesta, to guard the sacred relics, and every morning to sprinkle the temple with water drawn from the Egerian well. Their lives were strictly regulated, and all were under a vow of perfect chastity. The privileges enjoyed by the Vestals were numerous and important: they were entirely free from parental authority; could give evidence without taking an oath; could make a will; had seats in the best part of the theater; received homage from the highest officers of the state. Whenever in walking abroad the eye of a Vestal rested upon a criminal, he was from that moment free.

The punishments administered to a Vestal who broke her vows were dreadfully severe. If she allowed the sacred fire to go out when under her care, she was taken into a dark room, stripped and flogged by the high priest. If she violated her vow of chastity, she was carried on a bier as if dead to a subterranean vault near the Colline gate, where she was immured and furnished only with a scanty supply of bread, water, milk and oil.

X. FORTUNA. Fortuna is an Italian goddess of great antiquity, who was worshiped under a variety of names by both the Greeks and the

Romans. She was the goddess of chance, the giver of prosperity, the controller of destinies, the one who represented the uncertainties of the future. Unlike the goddess of destiny, or fate, she was ruled by no law but her own sweet will, and distributed joy and sorrow with a cheerful disregard of merit. Temples were erected to her in many Eastern cities, and in many places she was consulted as an oracle. The Greek sculptors represented her with a cornucopia, from which she poured her favors, or with a ball, or with wings.

XI. DIANA. The Romans worshiped Diana in remote antiquity, and her attributes were practically the same as the Greek Artemis, but her name is the feminine form of the Roman Janus. She was the pale goddess of the moon and all light generally, the protectress of slaves and the special goddess of the plebeians. More important still, under the name of Lucina, she was the patroness of chastity and the goddess of childbirth. Sometimes she was called the huntress and represented with bows and arrows, and again she was known as Phoebe and Cynthia. Her magnificent temple in Ephesus was regarded as one of the Seven Wonders of the World.

XII. THE NETHER WORLD. The Roman conception of the nether world (Hades) was not unlike that of the Greek. It was ruled by Pluto, otherwise known as Dis or Orcus, and its characteristics may be obtained from the description of the Greek Hades.

XIII. LARES, MANES AND PENATES. These tutelary spirits or deities of the ancient Romans are difficult to distinguish one from another, as the names are often used interchangeably, but yet there seems to have been a difference. The word *Lar* is supposed to signify *lord,* or *hero;* the second word means *the good or benevolent ones,* and the third word refers to the sanctuary or innermost parts of the house. Sometimes the Lares are looked upon as earthly spirits, the Manes as infernal spirits, and the Penates as heavenly protectors. In common acceptation, however, the Lares were spirits who were supposed to watch over and give particular attention to each individual.

Usually they were considered the souls of the ancestors of any given family, who exerted their protective care over their descendants. Their images were placed in a little chapel in the *atrium* (reception hall) of the Roman house, where on certain occasions like the Calends, Nones and Ides of the month, these household images were uncovered, decorated with garlands and worshiped with particular ceremony. Every day also each member of the Roman household bent before his Lares, and no meal was begun in the house without first offering a portion of the viands to these gods. These were the *Lares Familiares,* while a second group, called the *Lares Publici,* cared for the people at large and were given different names, according to the locality in which they resided; thus, there were Lares of Cross-roads,

of Streets, of Highways, of the Sea and of Farms and Country Estates.

The Penates were two in number in each household, and their function was to guard and fill the storerooms, for their favor meant plentiful subsistence to the family.

XIV. RELIGIOUS RITES. The early Romans addressed their prayers and supplications directly to the individual god without the intervention of mediators of any sort, and at first the only semblance of the priestly office was in the *Flamen,* or *Kindler,* of Mars, who presented the burnt offerings to him, and the twelve dancers, who, in March, performed his magic dances. Later "Field Brethren," "Wolf Repellers" and other officials were added until a powerful priestly order was built up, and the details of form and ceremony were prescribed by the state.

The religious offices were vested in four sacred colleges or societies, namely: the Keepers of the Sibylline Books, the College of Pontiffs, the College of Augurs and the College of Heralds.

The Sibylline Books were sacred volumes written in Greek and of an origin which is unknown. The legend relates that the Cumaean Sibyl, most famous of her class, she who guided Aeneas to the lower world, came to King Tarquin and offered for sale nine books. When he declined to purchase, she destroyed three and offered six for the same price, and finally she offered the three last books at the

price which she had charged for the nine. These he bought, and they became the sacred books of the Romans, were kept in a vault under the temple of the Capitol and consulted only in times of extreme danger, when the Keepers interpreted their meaning.

The Romans believed that every unusual occurrence had in it some supernatural meaning, and to reveal or interpret this hidden intimation of the will of heaven was the peculiar province of the College of Augurs. The divine gift of interpretation, it was believed, was conferred from birth by the gods upon the chosen person, who, however, must undergo an educational training before he was permitted to enter upon his duties. There were five classes of auguries which the college interpreted: first, such celestial phenomena as thunder and lightning were considered of supreme importance; second, the noise and flight of birds, particularly the eagle, vulture, crow, raven, owl and hen, the first two of which spoke through their flight and the last four by voice; third, from the feeding of chickens; fourth, from four-footed animals, such, for instance, as the dog, the wolf, or a hare running across the path; and fifth, any trifling incidents or occurrence, as sneezing, stumbling, spilling the salt, etc. In general, auspices had to be taken on the spot where a proposed act was to take place. In Rome they were taken on top of the Capitoline Hill, on ground solemnly set apart for that purpose, and the vast influence

of the augur may be appreciated partially if we think that no important election of king, consul or other officer was valid unless the auspices were favorable; nor could any general lawfully engage in battle, no public land be alloted, no marriage or adoption be valid, unless first the auspices were taken. In war the ceremony was in the hands of the commander in chief, and from that custom comes the use of our latter-day phrase; for instance, an entertainment given *under the auspices of,* etc.

The College of Pontiffs had until the days of Sulla nine members, four patricians and five plebeians (after that time the number was raised to fifteen), who met and supervised the religion of the state, under the leadership of a chief called the *Pontifex Maximus,* or high priest. This was the court of last appeal whenever a religious dispute arose, and as it controlled the calendar and regulated the festivals it had considerable political power. The *Pontifex Maximus,* who was, in fact, the Pope of ancient Rome, chose the Flamens, Vestals and other officials in the priestly order. This title *Pontifex Maximus* was subsequently assumed by the Christian bishops of the Roman Church.

International affairs were controlled by the College of Heralds; as, for instance, when the Romans had determined on war with a foreign state, a herald cast a bloody spear into the enemy's country as a challenge.

Divine service in later times was made up of votive offerings, prayers, vows, sacrifices, libations, banquets, lays, songs, dances and games. Originally the whole Roman religion was sober, dull and frugal in its expression, and there was none of the display which characterized the religious activities of the fanciful Greeks. But when the grand old Romans laid aside their simple manners and frugal habits, the deep reverence paid to their gods disappeared, religion ceased to hold the heart, and lost itself in laziness and luxurious ease. That ancient religion, the binding faith and simple worship which had excited the admiration and astonishment of the Greeks, gave way to unbelief and a jumble of stately pomp and luxury in public worship.

The expense of religious service increased, and pompous ceremonials created heavy taxes upon individuals. On certain fixed days tours of the city were made by unprincipled priests, who, clothed in Oriental garb and led by a eunuch and men playing the fife and drum, made collections for the deities. So confusing was the number of gods and the worship accorded them that there could be no deep religious feeling or sincerity of purpose among the Romans, and thus they were in a state which made the progress of the Christian religion among them a comparatively unobstructed process, for they were ready for any kind of relief from the burdens of their worn-out creeds.

XV. FEASTS AND FESTIVALS. We have spoken of the Bacchanalia under the section *Bacchus,* but the Romans observed a large number of other feasts and festivals, so many, in fact, that scarcely a month passed without one or more of them. This grew out of the large number of gods whom they had incorporated into the religion and who carried them far away from their early abstemious habits. A few of these festivals must be considered briefly.

The *Saturnalia* was one of the most important, and had its origin doubtless far back in ancient Italian times, when the husbandmen, having gathered the harvest of the year, gave themselves over to mirth and feasting. In later times this festival was said to be given in honor of the god Saturn and the Golden Age of which we have spoken. It was a time of great jollity, and marked the temporary removal of the bars which separated the different orders of society. Distinctions of rank wholly disappeared or were reversed. Slaves were permitted to wear badges of honor, or they sat down to a feast in which their masters served them. Crowds of people, dressed in fanciful garments, paraded the streets, shouting *"Io Saturnalia"* (Hurrah for the Saturnalia). With uncovered heads the people offered sacrifices, friends sent presents to each other, business was suspended, the law courts and schools were closed and no war could be begun. In the days of the Republic this ceremonial was held on the nineteenth of December, but when Cae-

sar changed the calendar the date became the seventeenth. This brought about some confusion, and in the time of Augustus the feast covered the three days, the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth, while later it was still further extended to cover the whole week. Three distinct festivals appear within the week, the *Opalia,* in honor of Ops, the wife of Saturn and the goddess of field labor; the *Sigillaria,* in which little earthenware figures were exposed for sale as toys for the children, and the *Saturnalia* proper. The modern Christian carnival descended from the Saturnalia.

On the fifteenth of February the Romans held a festival in honor of Lupercus, a god of fertility, believed to have been one of the oldest pastoral divinities of Rome. The rites were of the simplest kind, and by their rudeness marked their primitive origin, although, when it became fashionable to do so, the Romans sought to find the Greek origin for these festivities. Goats and dogs were sacrificed, and the priests cut up the skins of the victims, twisted them into thongs, and ran through the city striking every one who came in their way. Those touched were supposed to be favored by the gods. It was customary for wives to place themselves in the way of the running priest in order that they might prove fertile. This festival was held on the Palatine Hill in a place called the Lupercal, where was an image of Lupercus covered by a goat-skin. In literature frequent references are made to this feast.

The *Parentalia* was the chief annual festival of the dead, and it extended from midday of February thirteenth to February twenty-first, the last day of the *Feralia* and the only day upon which public games were played. During the Parentalia the higher classes laid aside the *toga praetexta*, temples were closed, graves were adorned and offerings were made to the dead. The Feralia was a lesser feast of the dead, which lasted from the seventeenth to the twenty-first of February.

Among the minor feasts was the *Vestalia,* held on June ninth in honor of Vesta. On this day the Roman matrons were allowed to enter the temple of Vesta, which on all other times was closed to every one except the *Pontifex Maximus* and the Vestal Virgins.

The *Palilia,* or *Parilia,* a feast of purification, was held on the twenty-first of April in honor of Pales, the goddess of herds and herdsmen. It was a simple feast, with the one curious custom: bonfires were built, and the herdsmen drove their herds through the flames and leaped after them.

XVI. The Roman Calendar. Originally, it is said, the Romans divided the year into ten months, but as early as the period of the kings they had changed to twelve months and allowed three hundred fifty-five days to the year. This made necessary an occasional intercalary month. By the time of Julius Caesar the ignorant priests had brought so many irregularities into the calendar that confusion

everywhere prevailed, and he was moved to establish, in 46 B. C., a new calendar, which is still known as the *Julian Calendar* and is followed very closely.

The Julian Calendar remained in use until Pope Gregory corrected errors and established a calendar that after a time was adopted by all European nations excepting Russia, Greece, Rumania and some minor countries.

The Romans distinguished several days of each month, the *Calends, Nones* and *Ides.* The Calends always fell upon the first of the month, the Nones in March, May, July and October fell upon the seventh, and the Ides on the fifteenth. In the remaining months the Nones fell upon the fifth and the Ides upon the thirteenth. The Calends were so named from the old custom of the College of Pontiffs, which on the first of each month called the people together to inform them of the feasts and festivals to be held during that month. The Nones received their name because they are the ninth day preceding the Ides, reckoned inclusively, and the Ides were so called because they practically halved the months. The days of the month were not numbered according to our custom, but were distinguished as follows: those between the Calends and the Nones were known as *days before the Nones,* those between the Nones and the Ides as *days before the Ides,* and the remainder as *days before the Calends of the next month;* thus, as the Ides of January occurred on the thirteenth of that month, the

following day would not be called the *fourteenth* of January, but the *nineteenth day before the Calends of February.*

The Roman Calends were frequently appointed as days for the payment of debts. As the Greeks had no Calends in their months, a popular phrase came into being that is frequently seen in literature: when a man said he would pay *ad Calendas Graecas* (on the Calends of Greece), he meant that he would never pay.

XVII. THE LATIN LANGUAGE. The Latin language belongs to the great family commonly called the Indo-European, or Aryan, and as such it is closely allied to Greek, Persian, German, Celtic, English and most of the other tongues and dialects of Europe. It originated among those tribes which inhabited Italy between the rivers Tiber and Liris, and was the language peculiarly of the Latin tribe. Its vigor and virility may be inferred from the fact that it retained its name *Latin* and never became the *Roman* language; the literature of Rome, too, was known as Latin literature, because it appears in that language. Early in history the language differentiated into two dialects, the one remaining the tongue of the common people, the other becoming the highly-polished language of literature.

1. *The Spread of the Language.* Wherever the Romans went they carried with them the Latin language and established it by force and cunning. In many localities, particularly in

the southern part of Europe, Latin quickly dominated, while in others, more to the north, where the native tongue was strong and the people more rebellious under foreign rule, the progress of the new language was much delayed. The Latin vernacular, then, which had established itself so quickly in Southern Europe, was the direct progenitor of what are now called the Romance languages, namely, Italian, French, Spanish and Portuguese. In all of these languages the Latin element still predominates. Our own English language is deeply indebted to the Latin tongue, but yet the sturdy Britons and later the Anglo-Saxons merely incorporated what they chose from the Latin, and the same is true of the German language to-day. It is just another manifestation of the difference in character between the inhabitants of Southern Europe and those of the North.

The history of the spread of literary Latin is no less remarkable. This reached its highest development in the last years of the Republic and the first of the Empire, when it became one of the most finished languages the world has ever seen. In this form it was separated from the language of the people, followed implicitly by Roman writers, and studied in the schools of Rome as a perfect medium of expression. No variations in vocabulary and syntax were permitted by the critics, so in the later days of the Roman Empire even classical Latin was almost as much a *dead* language as

it is at the present time. Dead, however, as it was in the matter of growth and improvement, it was far from dead as a medium of expression. In fact, throughout all Europe during the medieval ages it was the language of scholarship. To-day it is the best known means of communication between scholars of the European nations; it is the official language of the Roman Catholic Church; it is studied in the schools of every nation of Europe, in the United States and in Canada.

The process by which the Romance languages arose may be called one of corruption rather than a gradual yielding of local native dialects. At the time of the Roman Conquest the Southern European nations officially accepted the Latin and attempted to use it on all occasions, but the people were unable to master it perfectly or found it an inadequate medium to express their own ideas, so they were continually inserting their own words into the Latin vocabulary and modifying the grammar to suit their own ideas. It is almost possible to say that the Italian, French, Spanish and Portuguese languages are really only corrupt dialects of Latin.

2. *Growth of Classical Latin.* Prior to 250 B. C. Latin could scarcely be called a literary language; in any event, the fragmentary records and inscriptions which remain extant are heavy, unwieldy and as crude as the dialects of any of the other tribes. During the next one hundred fifty years the Romans began to real-

ize more completely their peculiar powers of conquest, organization, law-making and oratory, and in developing these powers they refined and developed their language and adapted it to historical, legal and rhetorical purposes. During the reign of Augustus, Latin prose may be said to have reached its full maturity, when it became clear, solid and dignified, a language perfectly adapted to prose writing but not flexible and imaginative enough for perfection of use in poetry. This fact is due to the lack of imagination in the Romans and to their long, pompous, sonorous words which are not easily adapted to light measures. Yet, in the hands of Vergil and Horace it became a fine poetic instrument, although still subject to some limitations that did not circumscribe the Greek.

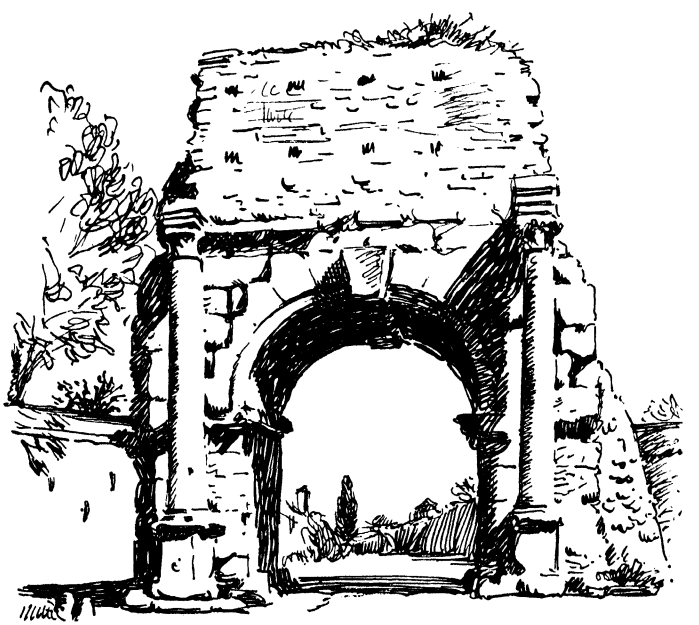
By this time the spoken tongue (*sermo cotidianus*) had become separated and distinct from classical Latin, and was full of words derived from the various tribes of Italy. After Augustus, the language of literature partook of the increasing splendor of Rome, and the writings of succeeding ages lost their simplicity and purity. New words crept in to increase the vocabulary; necessarily there were many borrowings from foreign languages, and there was such a straining for rhetorical effect and literary ornament that Latin ceased to be classic, and the works of the writers are no longer influential. At its best, Latin is a practical rather than an artistic language.

3. *Exactness of Classic Latin.* Some one has said with justice that the Romans were a race of grammarians, and when their language was in its most perfect stage, the greatest commanders and statesmen of the age analyzed the syntax of their writing as carefully as the teachers; were as particular about spelling and as exacting in the choice of words as the most accomplished scholar. Actual composition and theory proceeded together, and as a consequence, in classical writings there are very few sentences which offend against logical accuracy, or which are found defective under critical analysis. In this respect Latin stands alone. Aeschylus and Thucydides, most accomplished of Greek writers, frequently erred against the laws of a language which was then in formation, and in modern times there has been scarcely a writer in the literature of any country who has not used idioms which defy analysis or who has not more than once failed to write in conformity with strict rules. In fact, French, which at first sight appears the most finished of languages, is full of illogical idioms, while in English and German there are still greater imperfections. The study of Latin, therefore, is the best means for giving a penetrating insight into the syntax of language, and as the study is conducted in modern schools this is its chief merit aside from the knowledge it gives of roots and derivatives, for in few schools is there given any appreciation of the real spirit and meaning of Latin literature.

4. *Latin Grammar.* Latin and Greek are both highly inflected, but the grammar of the two languages presents marked differences. For instance: in both Latin and Greek, nouns have three genders; in Latin, however, there are but two numbers, the dual number of the Greeks being omitted; there are six cases in Latin, and only five in Greek; the Latin has no article, no aorist tense, and little, if anything, of a middle voice. The making of compound words and the expression of abstract terms is more simple in Greek than in Latin, and Greek verbal syntax generally is freer. On the other hand, there are five declensions of nouns in Latin and only three in Greek, and the language is more exact and more concise.

5. *The Alphabet.* The Romans derived their alphabet from the Greeks in the colonies of Southern Italy. Originally it consisted of twenty letters, thus lacking G, J, U, W, Y and Z of our alphabet. The signs used were those of the Greeks. C took the place of the Greek Γ (Gamma) and originally had the sound of G, though later it came to represent the sound we indicate with K, and when this occurred the letter K was practically omitted from writing. In 312 B. C., however, Appius Claudius inserted the new symbol G between F and H in the alphabet. I had the sounds of both I and J. Thus we see in Latin inscriptions the word *Jesus* written *Iesus*. Latin did not possess the sound of the English V; that symbol did service for the letter U. During the first century

B. C. the letters Y and Z were added from the Greek. The vowels, scholars are now well united in believing, were given the same sounds that they have in modern Italian; L and R were trilled; S had the sound of *s* in *this;* Q generally preceded a U, and was sounded as in English; T and D were sharp dentals, and the other consonants were sounded as in English.



ARCH OF DRUSUS, ON THE APPIAN WAY, ONCE A SUPPORT OF AN AQUEDUCT



CHAPTER IV

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF LATIN LITERATURE

PERIODS IN LATIN LITERATURE. The history of Roman literature divides itself naturally into six periods which are usually recognized by critics and writers, although not always under the same name:

1. Pre-Literary Period.
2. Early, or Pre-Classical, Period, from 240 B. C. to 84 B. C.
3. The Golden Age, or Classical Period, from 84 B. C. to A. D. 14. This period may be divided into two eras:
 a. The Ciceronian Era, 84 B. C. to 43 B. C.
 b. The Augustan Era, 43 B. C. to A. D. 14.
4. The Silver Age, or Post-Classical Period, sometimes known also as the Period of Spanish Latinity, from A. D. 14 to A. D. 117. This period may be divided into three eras:

a. The Claudian Era, A. D. 14 to A. D. 69.

b. The Flavian Era, A. D. 69 to A. D. 96.

c. The Era of Literary Revival, A. D. 96 to A. D. 117.

5. The Period of African Latinity, from A. D. 117 to A. D. 211.

6. The Period of Decline, Third to Sixth Centuries.

II. THE PRE-LITERARY PERIOD. The scanty remains of Roman literature prior to 240 B. C. are of little importance, and are couched in the old language, which differs so much from classical Latin that it is extremely difficult to translate. They show, however, that there were the beginnings of a distinctively Latin literature which might have developed into something highly important and original if it had not been for the introduction of Greek culture. This means that the Roman Republic had well nigh run its course before it possessed a literature worthy of the name, and that when the Romans began to cultivate a literary taste the craze for Greek models hindered every effort at original thought. In fact, Roman literature is little more than the growth of Greek grafts upon Roman stock.

III. THE PRE-CLASSICAL PERIOD. The Early, or Pre-Classical, Period of Latin literature extends from 240 B. C. to the age of Cicero, and is characterized by a steady growth in all departments, so that by its end in 84 B. C. writers had achieved distinction in every line. The literary remains of this epoch are quite extensive in

many directions, but are so broken that they leave many gaps difficult to fill. Several complete comedies by two great writers, one or two prose treatises and fragments of many other things are all that survive. Epic poetry had its beginning and was established in the form which was afterward perfected; lyric poetry did not reach the same stage of excellence, but there were laudable beginnings; dramatic poetry reached its highest development during this era and fell rapidly into decadence; in fact, the one great achievement of the Pre-Classical Period was its perfection of the drama. Oratory reached a height only exceeded by Cicero in the age immediately following; rhetoric was carefully studied, and its principles closely followed; grammar became a well-established science, and philosophy, in spite of opposition, obtained a recognized standing everywhere among the educated classes.

IV. The Classical Period. The classical period, which extends through the life of Cicero and until A. D. 14, divides itself naturally into two eras, which we shall name the Ciceronian and the Augustan. The period is characterized by the perfection in the Latin used by its writers and by the production of the greatest works in the language, in both poetry and prose. Before the period closed Latin had begun to lose its classical form and to degenerate into the spoken language of the people. This degeneration was an artificial one. Increased attention to rhetorical devices led to pompous-

ness and elaboration. At this time the change was away from spoken Latin, but the artificiality of the new style robbed it of permanence. The pendulum later swung back to "Artlessness"—spoken Latin.

V. THE CICERONIAN ERA. The great figure of this time is the orator Cicero, whose literary activity, beginning in 84 B. C. and ending in 43 B. C., marked the limits of the age. In it oratory reached its highest development; history in the hands of Caesar, Sallust and Nepos took form; lyric poetry reached its highest development, and philosophy was brought to the people in the eloquent words of Lucretius.

VI. THE AUGUSTAN ERA. Brief as are the fifty-seven years of the Augustan Era, they are marked by the perfection of poetry and the beginnings of the decline in all literature. The two great figures of the age are Vergil, who wrote his masterly *Aeneid,* and Horace, who contributed his sweet songs; besides whom were several other poets who brought the elegiac meter to perfection and left a heritage of excellent work to their successors. The only prose of any importance was history, and there is but one name of first rank in that. Livy, the most eloquent, if not the most accurate and reliable of historians, produced a comprehensive work that in style at least has served as a model for succeeding generations, but the other writers may be passed over with a word.

VII. THE POST-CLASSICAL PERIOD. This period includes the early years of the decline in

the use of classical Latin, and covers the reigns of the emperors from Augustus to Trajan. Literature no longer held any influence over politics, and in no department, at least under some of the emperors, did authors dare to express themselves freely. The effect of imperial suspicion was to rob literature of its practical uses, and unfortunately it was in these lines that the Romans particularly excelled. During the whole imperial period, Tacitus and Juvenal were the only powerful and vigorous writers until Christianity made its way into prominence and assumed control of practical affairs.

Only a small part of the great mass of literature has survived, but fortunately some of the best work of the greatest authors has been preserved to show what beauty of form, clearness of thought, and ethical qualities still remained.

VIII. The Period of African Latinity. Rome was no longer the sole center of literary activity, and was already beginning to lose her political and social supremacy. Many of the chief writers were born in the province of Africa, and that fact has given the name selected for the era.

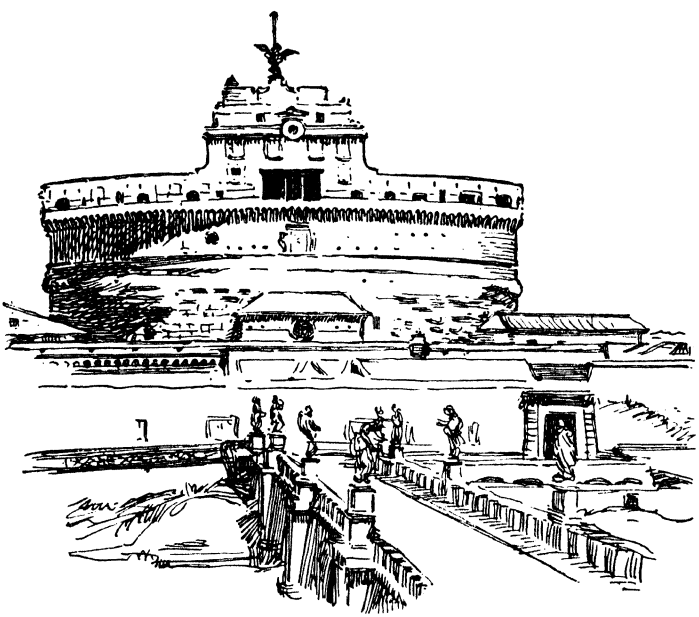
IX. The Period of Decline. The Period of Decline covers the long expanse of years from A. D. 211 until the end of the sixth century, or till the final extinction of the Roman Empire in the West, a date that coincides nearly with the death of Boëthius. There were only a few pagan writers of importance, but Christian literature in Latin developed rapidly.

X. Roman Writers and Their Works. There are only about thirty writers who may be considered excellent, and of them some might be properly excluded from the first class. In the text which follows will be found enough of the writings of these thirty or more authors to enable the student to acquire a considerable familiarity with each, and the critical and biographical writing will give all the information that is necessary for ordinary culture.

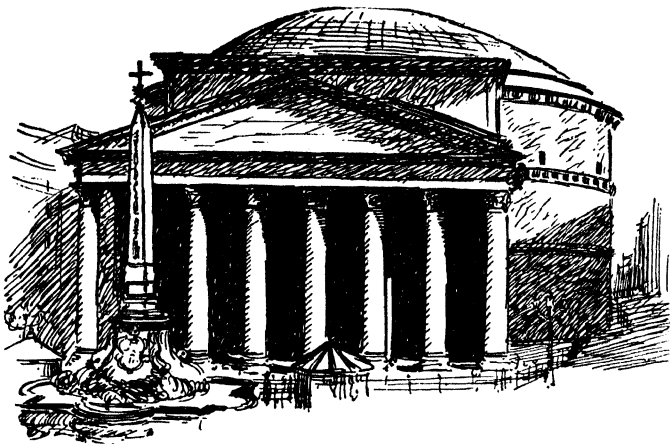
Of the Latin remains, some are complete, others are mangled more or less; still a third class are extremely fragmentary, and concerning the remainder our only knowledge has come from commentators whose works have been preserved. Possibly there are still in existence in the monastic libraries of the Old World some manuscripts that would be invaluable to the student, if they were only known.

XI. Conclusion. To the Hebrews we owe the foundations of our religion, to the Greeks the elements of our arts and sciences, and to the Romans the practical application of all to the needs of everyday life. The Romans named our months; they gave us the calendar practically as it stands; they gave us the laws of Justinian, which have been the basis of the codes of all continental Europe and at a less extent of England and the United States. They gave form and system to Christianity, and their literature has had much to do with developing in modern man the virtues of sturdy patriotism, earnestness, courage and cheerful disre-

gard of ill-fortune; and so long as those virtues are esteemed the study of Roman literature will be an important aid in their acquirement. Nothing will repay the reader more fully than a careful consideration of the succeeding chapters, whose function is to develop the outline just given.



BRIDGE AND CASTLE OF SAINT ANGELO, ROME; ONCE HADRIAN'S TOMB



CHAPTER V

PRE-CLASSICAL PERIOD
FROM 240 B. C. TO 84 B. C.

POETRY, TRAGEDY AND EARLY PROSE

PRE-LITERARY PERIOD. The oldest Latin extant is contained in a sacred chant of the *Fratres Arvales* (Arval Brothers), discovered in Rome in 1778. The *Carmen Arvale* probably antedates most of our other relics, but it was doubtless much modernized before it was inscribed, in the third century after Christ. These brothers, nominally twelve in number, were a body of priests who presided over an annual festival dedicated to a goddess, who was Deadia, or Ops. The festival, held in May when the first fruits were ripe, was a purification ceremony, practiced to insure full crops. Doubtless the hymn has suffered much

in transcription, and the translation appended may not be accurate; in fact, scholars differ somewhat in the translation of almost every word, but it is a good specimen of early Roman worship and is a good example of the rude dialect which, in classical times at least, was unintelligible, even to the priests who recited it. The following is probably the best translation of the lines:

Help us, O Lares!
And thou, Marmar, suffer not plague and ruin to attack our folk.
Be satiate, O fierce Mars! Leap over the threshold. Halt! Now beat the ground.
Call in alternate strain upon all the heroes.
Help us, Marmar.
Bound high in solemn measure.

Each line was repeated three times, and the last five times. *Marmar, Marmor* or *Mamor* is another form of Mars, who by the Sabines was called *Mamers*. The song was chanted to the accompaniment of a peculiar dance called the Tripudium, as the music contained three beats to the measure.

The other principal monuments of ancient Latin are the Salian hymns, the Praenestine inscription, the Laws of the Kings, the inscription on the sarcophagus of L. Cornelius Scipio Barbatus, the great-grandfather of the conqueror of Hannibal, the epitaph of Lucius Scipio, his son, and the fragments of the Twelve Tables. The most interesting are these scanty remains of the Twelve Tables, a portion

of each of which still exists, but not, however, in the original form of the text.

It is probable that the original tables of brass were destroyed by the Gauls, though Livy tells us that they were recovered. Modern criticism rejects this, for we have no account of their having been exhibited afterward to the public. The style of the laws is bold and frequently obscure, but much of this obscurity might disappear if we had the entire text. The difference between the language of the Tables and that of Plautus, for instance, is really very great, and it may be assumed that in his time few people could have understood it.

Another inscription of considerable importance is that which was placed upon the *Columna Rostrata,* or the column erected to Duilius in honor of his naval victory over the Carthaginians, although not enough of the inscription remains to enable it to be translated with even reasonable accuracy. The epitaphs of the Scipios, to which allusion has been made, were written at different dates and placed in the tomb belonging to that family, whence they were taken in comparatively recent times. As they were written in different epochs, they show the transition from the old Roman language to the Latin more clearly, perhaps, than any other fragments.

Practical as the Romans were, there is no doubt but that in their literature poetry preceded prose, as in most other countries. The hymns, of which we have spoken, and most of

the other inscriptions are written in what is called Saturnian verse, a very simple rhythmical arrangement found in the poetry of every age and in nearly every country. Macaulay illustrates the verse by quoting the following line from the well-known nursery rhyme:

The queen′ was in′ her par′lor | eat′ing bread′ and hon′ey.

This will be recognized as iambic hexameter with an added unaccented syllable. In later times and in other languages rhyme was added to this meter to form the common ballad verse of Europe. A good example of the Saturnian verse from a little later period may be seen in the epitaph on Naevius, probably written by himself:

Immórtalés mortáles sí forét fas flére
Flerént divaé Caménae Naéviúm poétam.
Itáque póstquam est Órci tráditús thesaúro
Oblíti súnt Romái loquiér linguá Latína.

A translation of this is as follows:

If it were right that mortals be wept for by immortals,
The goddess Muses would weep for Naevius the poet.
And so since to the treasure of Orcus he's departed,
The Romans have forgotten to speak the Latin language.

When we think that the art of writing was known to the Romans as early as the sixth century B. C. and that they had abundant materials from which a native literature might have developed, that they sang songs at weddings and harvest festivals, chanted hymns to the gods, wrote epitaphs and were familiar with rude dramatic performances in which the lines

were rhythmical in character, we might be led to expect the development of a characteristic native literature. However, the Greek civilization was so much older than the Roman, and Greek literature had developed to such an extent before that of Rome began, that the influence of the Greek colonists in Southern Italy was overwhelming, and it was so much easier to imitate the Greeks than to devise anything original that the Romans yielded to temptation and lost even what they had accomplished.

In 280 B. C. the aged senator Appius Claudius Caecus wrote for publication a speech which he had delivered against the terms of peace offered by Pyrrhus. This is the first Roman speech known to have been committed to writing, and it was popular for two centuries after the death of Claudius. There was also a collection of sayings or proverbs accredited to him, and he was prominent in fixing the spelling of Latin words and for other improvements in the language.

II. INFLUENCE OF GREECE. It is almost impossible to overestimate the influence which Grecian civilization exerted over the Romans. There is nothing quite like it in history, and especially is this true of the department of literature. We may see in history many instances where the literature of one nation has been largely affected by that of another, as English literature was greatly modified at one time by French influence and at another by Italian influence, but never at any time was it completely

dominated by either. The intellectual conquest of the Romans by the Greeks was no less complete than the material conquest of Greece by Rome; almost all Roman literature is founded on Greek models and is little more than the expression of Greek ideas through the medium of the Latin language. For centuries Greek philosophers, physicians and professors of the lighter arts had no rivals among the Romans, and so familiar were the latter with the language and literature of the former that they expressed their feelings almost as frequently by Greek quotations as by those from their own tongue. Perhaps only in the department of law did the Romans retain anything like a national integrity, but here they reigned supreme.

That there were individual exceptions to the general rule of Greek influence is true, and men like Cato, Varro, and to a certain extent Juvenal could understand Greek culture and appreciate it without sacrificing their own peculiar Roman thought, but they never exerted upon their countrymen the influence of those who followed the Greek models and Greek style.

III. The First Latin Poet. We have seen already that the Romans had made the beginnings of literature, and as we continue our studies we shall see that the Roman mind, while it adopted the literature of the Greeks, did show its originality in the manner of its adoption. When the Romans became con-

scious of the fact that the Greeks had a civilization superior to their own and clamored for instruction in its philosophy, its classics and its art, they sought for teachers, and among the first to respond was Livius Andronicus, a Greek captive of Tarentum. He was a slave, probably in the family of M. Livius Salinator, where he acted as tutor of the latter's children, but later, securing his freedom, he set up a school in Rome. Needing textbooks in the Roman tongue, he translated the *Odyssey* into Saturnian verse, and, though from the few fragments which remain it seems to have been a poorly-executed task, yet his books became popular and were used in the schools for nearly two centuries. Although the baldness of the translations and the lack of literary merit were the subject of frequent jest from the Roman scholars who remembered their boyish experiences, yet the conservative Roman mind was long devoted to the translation.

The principal works of Livius, however, are his translations of the Greek tragedies, and the names of about ten of the famous Greek plays that were turned into Latin by him are known. The first was presented in 240 B. C., and he followed the then universal custom of acting in his own dramas. Although not placed among the body of Roman authors, yet he was the first awakener of literary effort in Rome, and he began a movement which bore fruit in a higher type of dramatic literature. The production of his first play occurred at the close of the First

Punic War, when the Romans had leisure to enjoy themselves at theatrical representations, and it is to this that Livius owes his popularity. He composed some Latin hymns for public occasions, but none purely Roman, and of them very little remains.

IV. The First Native Latin Poet. Gnaeus Naevius was a freeborn citizen of the Campania, who lived from about 269 B. C. to 199 B. C. While still a young man he went to Rome and devoted himself to poetry, though he had already served with some distinction as a soldier in the First Punic War. His first play appears to have been brought out about 235 B. C., and although most of his work consisted of translations from the Greek and imitations of Greek plays, yet he wrote two at least on Roman subjects with Roman characters; dramatizing in one the story of Romulus and Remus and in the other the defeat of the Insubrians by Claudius Marcellus and Cornelius Scipio. Because his characters wore Roman costumes, they (the plays) were called *fabulae praetextae,* or "the purple stripe plays." Although only a few fragments remain, yet from these and the criticism of his contemporaries and successors it is seen that he had a natural style, observed good taste, was forcible in his Latin, and that his comedies abounded in a rich but probably coarse humor.

More important than his plays, however, from a literary point of view, was his history in Saturnian verse of the Punic War, which

he introduces by an account of the legendary history of early Carthage. The poem was well received and remained popular for a long time; in fact, the introduction above alluded to was adopted by Vergil in his *Aeneid,* and the student of literature discovers that Vergil was indebted to the same source for many brief incidents and numerous quotations.

Naevius was a man of independent mind and strong personality, and was much given to satire; in fact, he lampooned the Metelli so vigorously that they brought about his imprisonment and banishment, a fact which probably gave him the opportunity to write his first national epic, as he was debarred from writing comedies. We have given in another place the epitaph which he is supposed to have written upon himself.

V. The Father of Latin Poetry. The most surprisingly versatile and powerful of the early Latin poets was Quintus Ennius, who was born about 239 B. C. in Calabria, which was known as Great Greece, because of the large number of Greek colonies that had sprung up there. Ennius entered the Roman army, and while in Sardinia in 204 B. C. met M. Porcias Cato, who took him to Rome, where he gave lessons in Greek and translated Greek plays for the stage. He soon formed an acquaintanceship with a number of the famous Romans, including Scipio Africanus, and in 184 B. C obtained full citizenship. He died from an attack of gout, in 169 B. C.

Ennius, popularly known as the Father of Roman Poetry, is famous principally because of his great epic, *The Annales,* which tells the legendary and true history of the Romans from the arrival of Aeneas in Italy to the time of Ennius, a work immensely superior to the *Punic War* of Naevius. His tragedies were like those of Naevius, either translations from the Greek or based on Greek models, and only some fragments remain. Ennius, however, was skillful in the use of the Latin language, and used it freely in the expression of Greek thought; he also decided that the Saturnian verse, the early Italian meter, was not suitable for epic purposes, and accordingly imitated the hexameter of Homer. It was no easy matter to do this, for the laws of Latin prosody were very different from those of the Greeks, but Ennius skillfully changed the former and established for all time the rules of Latin hexameter, the verse which Vergil made famous many years later. While Ennius was the first great epic poet of Rome, he was likewise the last until more than a hundred years later, when Vergil took up the pen.

Even to the time of Vergil, however, *The Annales* was popular and was read by many. Some lines are notable expressions of Roman spirit and civic rectitude:

Ancient customs and men cause the Roman Republic to prosper.

Whom no one with the sword could overcome nor by bribing.

I do not ask gold for myself, and do not you offer me a ransom: not waging the war like hucksters, but like soldiers; with the sword, not with gold, let us strive for our lives. Let us try by our valor whether our mistress Fortune wishes you or me to rule.

In *The Annales* occurs also a paragraph which the grammarian Stilo says was written by Ennius to describe himself, and if this be true it gives an interesting view of his character:

A man of such a nature that no thought ever prompts him to do a bad deed either carelessly or maliciously; a learned, faithful, pleasant man, eloquent, contented and happy, witty, speaking fit words in season, courteous, and of few words, possessing much ancient buried lore; a man whom old age made wise in customs old and new and in the laws of many ancients, both gods and men, one who knew when to speak and when to be silent.

Ennius excelled also as a writer of tragedy, a branch of literature which received more cultivation than epic poetry, for reasons which we will discuss at length in a succeeding paragraph.

If it seems strange that a man of whose work so little remains should be called the Father of Poetry, we must remember that his renown is dependent upon the influence he exerted upon his followers. If Cicero called him the "Prince of Song," or called him "our own Ennius;" if Horace spoke of him as "Father Ennius" and said that he was the founder of Latin poetry; if Scipio admired him and caused his body to be buried in the family tomb of the Scipios; if Cato the Censor and Scipio Afri-

canus granted him their friendship, surely we may have no hesitation in ranking him as they do.

W. E. Aytoun has translated from a brief fragment of *Andromache,* a tragedy by Ennius, the following lines, a lament by the widow of Hector:

Whither shall I flee for refuge? Whither shall I look for aid?
Flight or exile, which is safer? Tower and town are both betrayed.
Whom shall I implore for succor? Our old altars are no more,
Broken, crushed they lie, and splintered, and the flames above them roar.
And our walls all blackened stand—O my father! fatherland!
O thou haughty house of Priam—temple with the gates surrounded,
I have seen thee—all thy splendor, all thy Eastern pomp unbounded—
All thy roofs and painted ceilings—all the treasures they contain,
I have seen them, seen them blazing—I have seen old Priam slain,
Foully murdered, and the altar of the Highest bears the stain.

VI. The Scipios. The title, "Father of Roman Poetry," does not fully describe the position which Ennius occupied in that early world, and to understand him and his labors it is necessary to know more of the Scipios, that remarkable Roman family to the inscriptions on whose tombs we have previously alluded. Three, at least, of the Scipios are important.

First came Publius Cornelius Scipio, who was beaten by Hannibal. The second, P. Cornelius Scipio, surnamed Africanus Major, who was born about 234 B. C., distinguished himself in the wars against the Carthaginians, administered the final crushing defeat to Hannibal, and served in many important political capacities. Subsequently, he himself was accused of taking bribes, but when he reminded the people that the day on which he was brought to trial was the day on which he defeated Hannibal, they suspended judgment against him. Hurt by the indignity of the accusation, he retired to his country home and never returned to Rome. The third, P. Cornelius Scipio Amelianus, surnamed Africanus Minor, was the adopted son of Publius Scipio, the son of Africanus Major. Distinguished alike by virtue and valor, he was the main leader in the Third Punic War and conducted the siege of Carthage with a heroism and sleepless vigilance which made him ever famous, but so great was his respect for the heroism of the Carthaginians that when their city was ordered to be leveled to the ground he obeyed the command only in sympathy and horror. He was a strict observer of the principles of ancient Roman virtue and did what he could to stay the degeneration of his people. In later life, as the leader of the aristocracy, he lost much of his popularity, and finally in his opposition to Tiberius Gracchus hatred toward him became so intense that he was able to go from the Sen-

ate to his home only under strong guard. He was found dead in his bed, and the supposition is that he was murdered by his opponents. As a patron of literature and Roman virtue, this Scipio stands among the first. Cato the Censor, who rarely spoke good of anyone, said of him, "He is the only living man; the rest are flitting shades."

The great Scipio Africanus was the patron and friend of Ennius; the two were nearly of the same age, had common tastes, were both inspired by spiritual enthusiasm and worked together with a common object. They knew the culture of the Greeks and were thoroughly familiar with their religious ideas. Scipio attracted rather the aristocratic liberals, while to Ennius flocked the people at large. The friendship of the greater Scipio for Ennius was continued by Amelianus, who was a man of more refined tastes and capable of more concentrated effort. Less ardent by nature than Ennius and the elder Scipio, he was more like Terence and Plautus, both of whom were in this coterie of great writers.

Among them they laid the foundation of a broader culture and a more generous conception of humanity. When Terence, in his *Heautontimorumenos* (*The Self-Tormentor*), wrote the remarkable passage which contains the famous line, *Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto* (I am a man: and nothing that man may do is indifferent to me), he voiced for the first time the great principle of human

brotherhood, trite as it may sound to our ears. It is said that when this sentence, full of the spirit of benevolence and self-abnegation, was uttered in the theater, the audience rose and broke forth in hearty applause. In commenting upon this passage, Sir Richard Steele, in the *Spectator,* says:

> The play was the *Self-Tormentor.* It is from the beginning to the end a perfect picture of human life, but I did not observe in the whole, one passage that could raise a laugh. How well-disposed must that people be who could be entertained with satisfaction by so sober and polite mirth! In the first scene of the comedy, when one of the old men accuses the other of impertinence for interposing in his affairs, he answers, "I am a man, and cannot help feeling any sorrow that can arrive at man." It is said this sentence was received with an universal applause. There cannot be a greater argument of the general good understanding of a people, than their sudden consent to give their approbation of a sentiment which has no emotion in it. If it were spoken with ever so great skill in the actor, the manner of uttering that sentence could have nothing in it which could strike any but people of the greatest humanity—nay, people elegant and skillful in observation upon it. It is possible that he may have laid his hand on his heart, and with a winning insinuation in his countenance, expressed to his neighbor that he was a man who made his case his own; yet I will engage, a player in Covent Garden might hit such an attitude a thousand times, before he would have been regarded.

The idea of Ennius as expressed by Terence was that while divergent nationalities might be kept together for some time by outside force, the only durable power would be founded on sympathy with these subject peoples and on

the ground of a common humanity. Such an idea, it is evident, would seem like treason to Cato the Censor and others who were possessed by the old Roman idea of dominance. Although subject to criticism and opposition, Ennius and his patron always stood as leaders of Roman thought and the forerunners of the broader humanity which came to Europe only after the lapse of centuries.

VII. TRAGEDY. In reality Rome never had a distinctly national drama. There never was a series of plays that called for the deepest patriotic or religious feeling, such as those produced in Greece. The transplanted plays from Athens could not appeal directly to the religious feeling of the Romans, but spoke only to their acquired learning. The Greek idea of man struggling alone with a destiny, a will of the gods which he was unable to understand or avert, was utterly foreign to the Roman mind or the Roman conception of life. Schlegel has said that the only dramatic idea which could have appealed to the Romans was that of an individual sacrificing himself for the good of the state. As there were no writers who caught this idea and no other presented itself, a distinctively Roman drama never appeared.

Yet transplanted tragedy in Rome was introduced by men of power and acumen, and it is to their strength that tragedy had its brief but successful career. These men were wise enough to choose for their models not the essentially Athenian Aeschylus and Sophocles, but



THE ROMAN FORUM
RESTORED

A GLIMPSE OF THE CENTER OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE IN THE PERIOD OF ITS GREATEST GLORY.

the more popular Euripides, who was easily intelligible and whose free thinking and the beauties of whose style were comparatively easy of imitation. Livius began writing tragedies, and Ennius followed, and though each gained his greatest fame in other lines, yet to Ennius must be given the credit of having first rendered Greek tragedies into Latin with a distinct purpose, namely, that of setting before the people examples of heroic virtue in order to enlighten their minds on religious and moral subjects. However, the skeptical ideas of Euripides gained ground more rapidly and were so enthusiastically embraced as to more than compensate for any cultural advantage given by the translation.

Mommsen has said that the stage in its essence is anti-Roman, just as culture itself is anti-Roman, the former because it consumes time and interest that belong to the serious business of life and the latter because it creates intellectual ranks and degrees where democracy was the ideal. In spite, however, of the opposition of Cato and the others who clung to the old Roman ideas, the stage became a wonderful engine of popular education, and it rested upon the poets to see that it should elevate rather than degrade. Fortunately, they chose the former, and under all the restrictions that Rome placed on the production of plays the poets were able to make their tragedies worthy of the great Republic.

Roman tragedy was built on the oratorical

mode, wherein weighty sentences follow one upon another with stunning rapidity, and it is evident that people enjoyed hearing the stateliness of these sentences and were willing to sacrifice for them some propriety in diction. Most of the plays fell into trochaic rather than iambic rhythm, and the tetrameter verse was most frequently employed. The rise of Roman tragedy was rapid, reaching its height with Accius, from whose time its descent was quite as rapid; in fact, after 90 B. C. very few plays were written for public production. The tragedies that appeared after that date were written by literary men as a pastime, or were intended only for reading or private recitation. Such were the plays of the Emperor Augustus, of Ovid, and such even the tragedies of Seneca. The reasons for the early extinction of the drama may be found in its foreign character, in the growth of prose literature and in the increasing delight of the Romans in the splendor of gladiatorial combats and the entertainments of the circus. Two of the writers of tragedy, however, deserve further mention.

VIII. M. PACUVIUS. Pacuvius the Eloquent, who was born about 220 B. C., was the son of a sister of Ennius, and as such was brought up in a happy family under most favorable conditions, at Brundisium, where he practiced his art of painting and became celebrated for his skill. Just when he went to Rome is not known, but even there he achieved renown as a painter long before he became celebrated as a tragic

poet. The life of Pacuvius seems to have been one of comfort and ease, surrounded by all that money could buy, entertained and appreciated by many friends, among whom his younger rival Accius must be counted, until he reached the advanced age of eighty-eight, honored and respected by every one.

His writing covers a period of more than thirty years, but only thirteen plays—twelve tragedies and one historical play—can be traced to him. Of the tragedies, two are ranked much above the rest, and Cicero speaks in highest terms of the truly Roman sentiments inculcated. From the few lines that have come down from these plays, critics are led to think that Cicero was willing to forgive some weakness in diction for the sake of the spirit. His idea of what should be expected in a play is shown in the following passage concerning the *Niptra,* which Pacuvius imitated from Sophocles:

> The wise Greek (Ulysses) when severely wounded does not lament overmuch; he curbs the expression of his pain. "Forward gently," he says, "and with quiet effort, lest by jolting me you increase the pangs of my wound." Now, in this Pacuvius excels Sophocles, who makes Ulysses give way to cries and tears. And yet those who are carrying him, out of consideration for the majesty of him they bear, do not hesitate to rebuke even this moderate lamentation. "We see indeed, Ulysses, that you have suffered grievous hurt, but methinks for one who has passed his life in arms, you show too soft a spirit." The skillful poet knows that habit is a good teacher of how to bear pain. And so Ulysses, though in extreme agony, still keeps command over his words. "Stop! hold, I say!

the ulcer has got the better of me. Strip off my clothes. O, woe is me! I am in torture." Here he begins to give way; but in a moment he stops—"Cover me; depart, now leave me in peace; for by handling me and jolting me you increase the cruel pain." Do you observe how it is not the cessation of bodily anguish, but the necessity of chastening the expression of it that keeps him silent? And so, at the close of the play, while himself dying, he has so far conquered himself that he can reprove others in words like these:—"It is meet to complain of adverse fortune, but not to bewail it. That is the part of a man; but weeping is granted to the nature of woman." The softer feelings here obey the other part of the mind, as a dutiful soldier obeys a stern commander.

Pacuvius was much freer in his adaptation than Ennius and therein showed his greater originality, but even he did not depart very far from his Greek models and would undoubtedly have had greater popularity if he had confined his imitations to the work of Euripides instead of selecting for his model so much from Sophocles. His style was rigid, unnatural and oratorical from our point of view, and even the Latin critics find fault with him for his inelegance in the use of compound words and for his invention of words which never found their way into the language. Still, his style is superior to that of Ennius and at times approaches something of the elegance shown by Terence, an elegance thought to be most notable in his epitaph.

IX. Lucius Accius (Attius). A worthy successor to Pacuvius was Lucius Accius of Pisaurum, in Umbria. As he was born in 170 B. C., he was contemporary with Pacuvius dur-

ing the latter part of his life and preserved free relations with the older poet in spite of their rivalry. The date of his death is given as about 86 B. C., and his first tragedy was produced in 140 B. C., about the time when Pacuvius was giving his last.

Of the plays of Accius there are some seven hundred lines existing as scattered fragments, but the titles of about fifty still remain. Two of his tragedies were translated directly from the Greek, but most of them showed wide departures from his models and were marked by considerable originality.

He held his own calling in esteem, and secured the respect of many noted men. Cicero, when a boy, talked with him on political matters, and preserved a liking for him and his work. Accius was careful in his choice of words, and uttered many noble sentiments, but as a general thing his plays seem to be marked rather by polish, ornament and beauty than by high moral thought. His language was oratorical in form, and it was a favorite plan of his to make two of his characters argue a case with due attention to forensic rules.

Some notion of his descriptive power may be obtained from one of his longer fragments, in which a shepherd, who has never before seen a ship, describes the coming of the *Argo:*

So great a mass glides on, roaring from the deep with vast sound and breath, rolls the waves before it, and stirs up the whirlpools mightily. It rushes gliding forward, scatters and blows back the sea. Now you might

think a broken cloud was rolling on, now that a lofty rock, torn off, was being swept along by winds or hurricanes, or that eddying whirlwinds were rising as the waves rush together; or that the sea was stirring up some confused heaps of earth, or that perhaps Triton with his trident overturning the cavern down below, in the billowy tide, was raising from the deep a rocky mass to heaven.

When it is remembered that Accius, who was born only thirty-four years after the death of Livius Andronicus, was the last of the early tragic writers, the brevity of the period will be appreciated.

X. THE "ATELLANAE." The poets grouped in this section are the writers of the *Atellanae,* which were originally entertainments given in the little town of Atellae, between Capua and Naples. The earliest seem to have been given about 360 B. C., and from that time on they were very popular with the Roman youth, who found in them the opportunity to indulge their love of fun and literary amusement, something which they were unable to do under the rigid restrictions which governed the serious drama.

The *Atellanae* can hardly be dignified by the name of drama, but were rather little scenes having no connection one with another, excepting the fact that characters of the same name appeared again and again. Most frequently there was Maccus, a personage with an immense head, who corresponded to our clown, and took upon himself many characters and correspondingly varied names. He was the general favorite, and took cheerfully all the

hard knocks that came his way. Pappus also was the general butt of everybody. The scenes were full of jocularity and ribaldry and, to judge from the fragments of the writings that now remain, were often extremely low and indecent.

XI. EPIGRAMS. A form of composition which the Romans did cultivate extensively and with remarkable success was the writing of epigrams, for which they had the wonderful models of Simonides and other Greeks. Not many of the early epigrams exist; while they were more artificial than those of the Greeks, they were still weighty, complimentary or satirical, and extremely forcible. However, as they reached their highest development many years later, we shall leave a further discussion of them to a later chapter.

XII. EPITAPHS. The Romans buried their dead along the highways, and erected conspicuous monuments upon which they engraved epitaphs where all might read. No fewer than four thousand of these epitaphs are in existence, and many of them date before the time of which we are writing. They are extremely interesting, showing such odd little glimpses of Roman life and character, the doings of the people, their beliefs and their views of life and death. It gives one a curious feeling, as he walks along the Appian Way, to read these messages from the dim past.

About two thousand inscriptions are metrical and are of peculiar interest. At the risk of

anticipating somewhat, we quote at this point some few which seem to come straight from the hearts of the common people.

Not infrequently the stone itself is represented speaking, as in the following:

This mute stone begs thee to stop, stranger, until it has disclosed its mission and told thee whose shade it covers. Here lie the bones of a man, modest, honest, and trusty—the crier, Olus Granius. That is all. It wanted thee not to be unaware of this. Fare thee well.

Sometimes the dead man begs a kindly thought from the passer-by:

May it go well with you who lie within and, as for you who go your way and read these lines, "the earth rest lightly on thee" say.

Or the following:

May it go well with you who read and you who pass this way.
The like to mine and me who on this spot my tomb have built.

The arrangement of the tombs, along the Appian Way, for instance, was purely democratic, for side by side with some famous leader whom all Rome had honored may appear an inscription like the one to the poor physician Dionysius, of whom it is said:

To all the sick who came to him he gave his services free of charge; he set forth in his deeds what he taught in his precepts.

In Southern Italy a trader left this simple record:

If it wearies thee not, stranger, stop and read. On the winged ships have I often hurried o'er the mighty deep; many lands have I visited; this is the end of my journeying which long ago, at my birth hour, the Parcae foretold. Here have I left behind me all my cares and all my labors. Here I fear neither the heavens, nor the storm clouds, nor the savage sea. Here I fear not that loss may overtop my gain. Kindly Faith, to thee I give my thanks, goddess most holy; thrice when fortune was broken and I in despair hast thou restored my fortune. Thou dost deserve that all men should yearn after thee. Stranger, mayst thou live, and fare thee well; may fate always bring thee gain since thou hast not scorned this stone.

The following epitaph on a slave boy was composed by his patron and father:

Traveler, thou who dost walk along the way with footstep firm, stop, I pray thee, and I beg thee, scorn not my epitaph. Twice six years and two months have I passed in the world above, tenderly cherished and loved. I have learned the doctrines of Pythagoras and the teachings of the wise, and I have read books; I have read the divine verses of Homer and the many rules of Euclid for the abacus. I had my pleasures, too, and boyish sports. My father, who was my patron, would have granted freedom to me, had I not unhappily suffered an adverse fate. But now a resting-place below—to the stream of Acheron, through the murky stars of bottomless Tartarus I go. I have escaped life with its unrest. Hope, beauty, farewell. With you I have no lot. Lead others on with your enticements, pray. This is my eternal home. Here have I been placed. Here shall I always be.

Most inscriptions upon the tombs of women praise them in no unstinted terms, and show that the Roman virtues were highly regarded at all times. The real Roman matron, of whose high qualities literature is full, is not more

truly pictured than in this inscription on a stone on the Appian Way:

Stranger, what I have to say is told quickly; stop and read it to the end. Here is the unbeautiful tomb of a beautiful woman. Claudia was the name her parents gave her. Her husband she loved with her whole heart. Two sons she bore; of them the one she leaves on earth, the other she buried beneath the sod. Charming in discourse, gentle in mien, she kept the house, she made the wool. I have finished. Go thy way.

A second tribute is almost equally charming:

Florentina, my sweet, sweet wife, sovereign mistress of my heart, modesty and purity and a loyalty which kept inviolate the marriage couch have made thee dear to thy husband. To the pursuit of arms have I been free to go with mind serene, and my household hath prospered under thy protecting care. Now thy desolate sons seek the comfort which thou didst give, and the house in sadness grieves when thou dost die.

Martinianus records this on the stone of his wife, Sofroniola:

Purity, loyalty, affection, a sense of duty, a yielding nature, and whatever qualities God has implanted in women.

Valerius wrote in memory of his wife the simple line:

Pure in heart, modest, of seemly bearing, discreet, noble-minded, and held in high esteem.

To the memory of Statilia are inscribed these quaint sentiments:

Thou who wert beautiful beyond measure and true to thy husbands, didst twice enter the bonds of wedlock . . . and he who came first, had he been able to withstand the

fates, would have set up this stone to thee, while I, alas! who have been blessed by thy pure heart and love for thee for sixteen years, lo! now I have lost thee.

One inscription on an altar in Rome is in bitter contrast:

Here for all time has been set down in writing the shameful record of the freedwoman Acte, of poisoned mind, and treacherous, cunning, and hard-hearted. Oh! for a nail, and a hempen rope to choke her, and flaming pitch to burn up her wicked heart.

We may infer that the Romans believed in an existence of some sort in the world beyond, though such epitaphs as the following might be taken to indicate the contrary:

Into nothing from nothing how quickly we go.
Once we were not, now we are as we were.

The following was used so freely that now and then it was merely indicated by the initial letters:

Non fui, fui, non sum, non curo. (I was not, I was, I am not, I care not.)

Such epitaphs as the preceding, however, are not nearly so common as those which show that the people accepted a belief in the gods and that there existed a pleasanter place of abode for them after death. Of a little girl it is said:

May thy shade flower in fields Elysian.

And again:

Here lies the body of the bard Laberius, for his spirit has gone to the place from which it came.

And:

The tomb holds my limbs, my soul shall pass to the stars of heaven.

Many believed that the shade of the dead hovered about the tomb, as is expressed in one epitaph:

This is my eternal home; here have I been placed; here shall I be for aye.

But such might find in the grave a relief from labor:

Here is my home forever; here is a rest from toil.

Nevertheless, there were those who took a gay and frivolous view of life, as may be seen from the following:

Come, friends, let us enjoy the happy time of life; let us dine merrily, while short life lasts, mellow with wine, in jocund intercourse. All these about us did the same while they were living. They gave, received, and enjoyed good things while they lived. And let us imitate the practices of the fathers. Live while you live, and begrudge nothing to the dear soul which Heaven has given you.

And again:

What I have eaten and drunk I have with me; what I have foregone I have lost.

Or as the same line expressed it more briefly:

Wine and loves and baths weaken our bodily health,
Yet life is made up of wine and loves and baths.

Latin lends itself particularly to punning, alliteration, curious devices and odd arrange-

ment of words, for the language is so highly inflected that the position of a word in a sentence does not usually affect the meaning. Accordingly, we find many curious epitaphs. A little girl who died at the age of five bore the odd name of Mater (Mother) and on her tombstone is the sentiment:

Mater I was by name, mater I shall not be by law.

Professor Lane has cleverly translated a famous inscription thus:

Site not sightly of a sightly dame.

The Latin word *amoena* as an adjective means *pleasant to see,* and it is thus used in a couplet to a young lady whose name was Amoena:

As a rose is amoena when it blooms in the early spring time, so was I Amoena to those who saw me.

Occasionally there is a touch of pathos in these epitaphs:

A sorrowing mother has set up this monument to a son who has never caused her any sorrow, except that he is no more.

Out of my slender means, now that the end has come, my wife, all that I could do, this gift, a small, small one for thy deserts, have I made.

And the following, which was written in graceful verse to a little girl named Felicia:

Rest lightly upon thee the earth, and over thy grave the fragrant balsam grow, and roses sweet entwine thy buried bones.

Another side of the picture may be seen in four quaint little epitaphs which show a pleasing side of Roman character that we might not expect from that stern and warlike race. These are epitaphs on pet dogs, one of which tells us that the dog "never barked without reason, though now he is silent." Another little dog from Gaul "barked fiercely when she saw a rival lying in her mistress's lap." The best, perhaps, is the tribute paid to the Italian dog Patricus by his mistress, who lived at Salernum:

My eyes were wet with tears, our dear little dog, when I buried thee, a service which I should have rendered thee with less grief three lustrums (fifteen years) ago. So, Patricus, never again shalt thou give me a thousand kisses. Never again canst thou lie contendedly in my lap. In sadness have I buried thee, as thou deservest, in a resting-place of marble, and I have put thee for all time by the side of my shade. In thy qualities, sagacious thou wert like a human being. Ah me! what a loved companion have we lost! Thou, sweet Patricus, wert wont to come to our table, and in my lap to ask for bits in thy flattering way. It was thy way to lick with eager tongue the dish which oft my hands held up to thee, the whilst thy tail didst show thy joy.

XIII. Dedicatory Verses. Dedicatory verses and ephemeral verses of all kinds were particularly common, and to-day many may be seen scratched upon old bridges, temples, altars, statues, upon house-walls in Rome, and particularly in the excavations of Pompeii. Though it is quite impossible to determine the date of many of these inscriptions, and many

were doubtless written years after the time we are considering, yet we can best mention them in this connection. A graceful verse on a bridge over the Anio River in Italy reads:

We go on our way with the swift-moving waters of the torrent beneath our feet, and we delight on hearing the roar of the angry water. Go then joyfully at your ease, Quirites, and let the echoing murmur of the stream sing ever of Narses. He who could subdue the unyielding spirit of the Goths has taught the rivers to bear a stern yoke.

The following poem, dedicated to the forest god Silvanus, was left inscribed on a tablet high up in the Grecian Alps:

Silvanus, half-enclosed in the sacred ash-tree, guardian mighty art thou of this pleasaunce in the heights. To thee we consecrate in verse these thanks, because across the fields and Alpine tops, and through thy guests in sweetly smelling groves, while justice I dispense and the concerns of Caesar serve, with thy protecting care thou guidest us. Bring me and mine to Rome once more, and grant that we may till Italian fields with thee as guardian. In guerdon therefor will I give a thousand mighty trees.

Near an ancient village of Southern France the following pretty sentiment was found inscribed:

This shrine to the Nymphs have I built, because many times and oft have I used this spring when an old man as well as a youth.

XIV. Love Verses. Many of the ephemeral epigrams found on the walls of Pompeii and elsewhere are of an erotic nature, and some are rather pretty, as for instance, the following, as translated by Professor Abbot:

If you can and won't,
Give me hope no more.
Hope you foster and you ever
Bid me come again to-morrow.
Force me then to die
Whom you force to live
A life apart from you.
Death will be a boon,
Not to be tormented.
Yet what hope has snatched away
To the lover hope gives back.

Some Roman lover scratched this on the wall of Caligula's palace on the Palatine:

No courage in my heart,
No sleep to close my eyes,
A tide of surging love
Throughout the day and night.

The following was probably not written by one himself in love:

Whoever loves, good health to him,
And perish he who knows not how,
But doubly ruined may he be
Who will not yield to love's appeal.

The writer of the following has a liberal taste in his choice of beauty:

My fair girl has taught me to hate
Brunettes with their tresses of black.
I will hate if I can, but if not,
'Gainst my will I must love them also.

The man who wrote these lines on a Pompeian wall must have disliked brunettes:

Whoever loves a maiden dark
By charcoal dark is he consumed.
When maiden dark I light upon
I eat the saving blackberry.